

THE  
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- ART. I.—1. *Oceola.—The War Trail.* By MAYNE REID.  
2. *Felicita.—The Romance of Agostini.* Blackwood.  
3. *The Neighbours.* By MISS BREMER.  
4. *DICKENS'S Works.*  
5. *Framley Parsonage.—The Three Clerks.—The Bertrams.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.  
6. *Vanity Fair.—The Newcomes.* By THACKERAY.  
7. *Hypatia.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY.  
8. *Adam Bede.—The Mill on the Floss.* By GEORGE ELIOT.  
9. *Tom Brown's School Days.—Tom Brown at College.*  
10. *The Cartons.* By SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.  
11. *The Heir of Redclyffe.* By MISS YONGE.  
12. *Zanoni.* By SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

It is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that fiction, so long exposed to indiscriminating reproach, has stepped at last into a certain place among the literary 'powers that be.' Thirty years ago many sober people had strong things to say against fiction. Some averred that, like olives, it was nauseous to the natural taste; and that the child's invariable question, 'Is it a true story?' attested the first uncorrupted instincts of youth. Some went so far as to declare that fiction was falsehood, because it was not fact. Fairy tales were banished from the nursery not less rigorously than three-volume novels were declared contraband in the parlour, thirty years ago. Such restrictions were then possible. Children

spent more time in active employments, more time in the kitchen, the stable, the garden, the farmyard; less, a great deal less, with books. With no cheap crimson and gold volumes for presents, no circulating library at the corner of the street, no monthly serials to introduce the poison in a diluted form, young people could be easily limited by domestic police to the perusal of unobjectionably stupid books, or—of none at all. But this becomes impossible when hosts of periodicals and cheap books offer supplies of fiction suited to every class and age. All sorts of philanthropic societies, with the Religious Tract Society at their head, fight against the most vicious part of the press with its own weapons, and seek to invade the enemies' camp by furnishing truth and morality with the pass-word of fiction. But this service, be it observed, is done by stories, not by novels; at least, not by novels in their three-volume form. Serials stand on a ground of their own: and, though many sober people read novels without scruple in their pages, they would be shocked to call them by their right name. It would seem that an unquestionable novel ceases to be the poisonous thing it is, when it appears in monthly numbers! But only let the stories in 'Chambers' or 'Fraser' be bound up in that particular brown calf which stamps the circulating library, and they become in a measure tabooed, to be pushed off serious drawing-room tables, and excluded from serious book clubs. Doubtless all our readers could point out certain households and literary circles to which magazines are readily admitted, while three-volume novels are forbidden.

So far from taking this view of the case, we contend not only that stories and novels stand on the same ground, but that they stand on the same ground as all other books, and must be judged by the same rule. If fiction is not in itself sinful—and those who allow stories yield this point; if it has a special purpose to serve—and those who give stories to their children yield this point; then, a work of fiction is to be judged by its own merits as a work of fiction, just as a sermon is judged by its own merits as a sermon. It is a separate question whether novels which give innocent amusement and recreation, may not be turned into a source of injury by being made a predominant and habitual study. We must not confound the good of novels with the evils of novel-reading, any more than we should confound the wholesomeness of sugar with the mischief of a surfeit. As to our bodily food, the common experience of mankind determines whether sugar is eatable or not, and afterwards the chemist determines whether sugar is adulterated or not; but finally, each individual must determine whether sugar agrees with



him or not. Just so, when the common sense of mankind has decided that fiction does minister to the refreshment of our mental faculties, it is the part of the analyser to test each particular sample, and discover how much is nourishment and how much is sweet clay or poison; but when that is done, each individual reader must decide whether it shall minister to health by moderate use, or to disease by excess.

Perhaps the lowest sort of novel is that which derives its interest from wild adventures or horrors; and in these the author of 'The War Trail' and 'Oceola' greatly excels. We should have judged that his popularity would be almost limited to school-boys, who rejoice in wild adventures, and call everything that belongs to the softer sentiments 'bosh;' but, considering how much all uneducated people delight in horrors, we incline to think he may be popular among a lower order of readers; and, indeed, we have often seen Mayne Reid's works in the hands of adult second-class railway passengers. It would be hard to say that this style of writing does harm; much more hard to suppose that it does any good; but, like the clay with which the wild Indian fills his stomach when he cannot get food, it may possibly allay a craving without doing injury. The wild improbability of these stories is in favour of their harmlessness. When we plunge into Indian wars and stratagems with Oceola, in the swamps of Florida, we find ourselves in a sphere completely separated from our own. It is not *our* life; not *our* joy and grief, *our* good and evil. We do not weigh or consider it,—we pass no judgment, learn no lesson; we look on it as a spectacle, and that is all. If we are but young enough or ignorant enough to lose sight of the gross improbability, then, the more wonderful and appalling the incidents, the better we shall enjoy the phantasmagoria of our adult magic-lantern.

Something of the same influence hangs over us in the perusal of novels of a higher class which profess to give us pictures of civilized but foreign life: such as the two pretty Italian stories which have lately appeared in 'Blackwood,' and the well known novels of Miss Bremer. Just so far as the life presented to us is like our own, we look on it with the interest of sympathy; just so far as it is unlike our own, we look on it with the curiosity of spectators: and the two feelings meet in a suspension of judgment highly favourable to the authors of such works. Everything that is true and good is set down to their credit as well drawn; while everything that is silly or coarse is set down to the discredit of the life they have sketched for our benefit. When the young Italian, in 'Felicita,' calmly discourses to the cousin he loves, about the intended wife whom he does not love, it

does not jar on our feelings as it would do in the mouth of an English lover. When little Lucy makes her wild compact of endless trust with the young Roman painter,—when that young Agostino himself suddenly rises from an idler into a hero,—in short, when the whole story bears on its face the romance which it bears in name, we read it with indulgence, and are willing to accept the faults of the story as part of the social system that belongs to Italy rather than to England. This is equally the case with Miss Bremer's novels. If some of her scenes seem vulgar, some of her characters ill-drawn, some of their sentiments high-flown, we scarcely venture to apply these terms to such unfamiliar phenomena:—perhaps they are only Swedish life and Swedish feelings. When the young married couple find their respected *chère mère* fiddling to her dancing servants on Sunday afternoon; when she slaps and pinches the young bride, and gives them a bundle of veal-cutlets for their breakfast the next morning; when a wife of twenty-seven and a husband of forty scuffle and romp till he is rolled into a ditch,—we stare and laugh, but pass no judgment, for perhaps these are Swedish manners. In short, we accept the home life of 'The Neighbours,' with its quiet wisdom and right feeling, as part of our common humanity; and we accept everything peculiar or fantastic as a Swedish slide in the magic-lantern which amuses us by its novelty, and with regard to which we never pause to decide how far its tragic and comic figures are caricatures of life.

We would fain hope that many of the French novels which we do *not* here notice, owe much of their circulation in England to this suspension of judgment. Unwatchful and dangerous as such suspension is, we would rather think that our innocent boys and girls are thrown off their guard by the novelty of these features of foreign life, than that, seeing all the human loathsomeness that lies beneath the French clothing, they should yet read and enjoy such depraved books.

The union of life-interest with the interest derived from spectacles unlike our own life, is characteristic of one of our most popular English novelists,—Dickens. Sometimes he gives us horrors and adventures, robbery and murder, storm and shipwreck, great Fire of London, spontaneous combustion; oftener he gives us scenes of foreign life,—for what are the lives of thieves, beggars, clerks, footmen, prisoners, and policemen, but foreign to the mass of his readers? But his chief forte consists in delineating that particular aspect of life which admits of high caricature. On this ground he stands forth the unrivalled master of his art. His harlequin slides in the magic-lantern are inimitable; but, when he rises into the higher region of feeling

and passion, his tendency to caricature becomes ridiculous; and when he rises into principles, he shocks us. Yet in the simpler emotions that belong rather to pathos than passion, Dickens is more successful. Little Nelly, for instance, in 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' has been greatly praised; yet we suspect most readers turn with a feeling of relief from her to the incomparable Richard Swiveller. Generally speaking, we like a little pathos interspersed with his delightful fun, as we like a wafer with an ice, less for the sake of the wafer than for the better enjoyment of the ice. As for his principles, they may be said to resolve themselves into three cardinal points, continually implied, though never formally expressed, in his writings. First: that no woman ought to be judged hardly who is led astray by her affections. Secondly: that illegitimacy is no sort of disgrace. Thirdly: that it is an excessively harsh thing that society should make us eat the fruit of our own doings! There is scarcely one of his works which does not contain something uncomfortable or revolting, and something altogether distorted by caricature. He is especially unfortunate in his sketches of women. His ungente women, Mrs. Dombey, Miss Wade, and Rosa Dartle, are monsters; and his gentle women have a particular aptitude for making mistaken marriages. Madeline Bray would have married the wretched usurer Arthur Gride; Florence, the young lady, marries Walter the sailor boy; Ada marries poor lost Richard Carstone, and Esther would have married Mr. Jarn-dyce, if he had not had sense enough to prevent her just in time. And then what sad stories are found in his works:—what sin, and sorrow, and disgrace! Illegitimacy in 'Oliver Twist,' 'Bleak House,' and 'Little Dorrit,'—seduction in 'David Copperfield,'—plotted adultery in 'Dombey,'—hatred between father and child in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' and 'Dombey,'—murder in 'Oliver Twist,'—suicide in 'Nicholas Nickleby,'—murder and intended parricide in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,'—and, saddest, though not worst of all, gradual deterioration of character, and waste of gifts of high promise, in Richard Carstone and Steerforth:—and all these dark spots and stains relieved, not so much by contrasted brightness, by energy in action, or heroism in endurance, as by drollery and broad fun. Perhaps these flaws are less evident in 'David Copperfield' than in any other of his works; it has less caricature, either tragic or comic, less stilted emotions, less broad merriment, and is more like life in its subdued gaiety and pathos, and pleasant cheerfulness. Yet, even in 'David Copperfield,' Rosa Dartle and Miss Mowcher are outrageous caricatures. Authors have a standing jest against the sagacity of critics, based upon the fact that such alleged

caricatures are often the only characters in the book that have been actually sketched from life. As if that altered the case! The most exact of all likenesses, sun-drawn likenesses, are often unpleasant caricatures; and for this reason, that they do what an unskilful author does when he makes an exact copy of nature, apart from the accessories with which nature surrounds her living models. Nature has atmosphere and movement to tone down all her peculiarities; but if a writer does not tone them down to compensate for the want of movement and variety which is found in life, and which surrounds our social existence as the atmosphere does our outward forms, we shall have an exact likeness,—all the more a caricature as it is exact. Dickens's sketches are not always devoid of malice, but we trust they have done little harm. This, at least, must be said for the caricaturist, that if he teaches us anything wrong, he does his best to undermine his own influence, by having accustomed us never to look to him for any sort of teaching. We do not underrate the office of the comic writer:—as *Punch* is to politics, Dickens is to our social life; and, in the laughter they have both raised, they deserve a place, we will not say how high a place, among the benefactors of mankind. Some of Dickens's characters are admirably drawn. Sam Weller, Tom Pinch, and Mr. Bucket will live—ah, we dare not say how long they will live; for the short-lived peculiarities of the age are woven around them; and when England outgrows the nineteenth century, we take it for granted she will outgrow Dickens. What matter? If we minister to our own age, it is as much as man or God requires of us. Merely to amuse is not a high vocation or one with which any man should be content; else were the privileged half-witted jester as high in creation as ourselves. Nevertheless, when mirth is innocent and in the right place, the benefit it confers on health and spirits, and the barrier it raises against sourness and ill temper, is what no wise man will despise.

Next to the great master of comedy and caricature stands one of the pleasantest writers of the present day. He gives us pictures of our own veritable English life, but with a less disturbed atmosphere; for Anthony Trollope is less an Englishman than a Greek. Gay, good-humoured, a reveller in pleasant things, a firm believer in the general rightness and brightness of the course of human affairs, he is quite sure they ought to come right, and quite determined that they shall come right, as far as he can manage it. This by no means implies the absence of sorrow and suffering, weakness and wickedness; for these things are deeply mixed with our mortal life, and must needs appear in all true pictures of it. But then they are intro-

duced in manageable proportions; and our sympathies are enlisted with the smooth working of the great social machine, which demands not only that gentleness and goodness should prosper, but that weakness should suffer, and wickedness be punished. Yet he is a very tolerant and patient master of his puppets; and if there be any strength to battle with the weakness, or lingering worth to balance the wickedness, he is sure to give them new opportunities, and lend them a helping hand. But his unmitigated scoundrels, like Undy Scott, never go scot-free: indeed, our humanitarians would be shocked at the unction with which he expresses his vehement desire to hang Undy, instead of consigning him to the disgrace and ruin of a detected blackguard. In 'The Three Clerks,' poetical justice is fully carried out:—Charley Tudor, thrown, as a mere boy, into bad company and bad circumstances in London, must be helped by friends and circumstances; Alaric, more free to choose right, and therefore more culpable in choosing wrong, must suffer more deeply, and struggle back through suffering; and Henry Norman, always good and pleasant, but a trifle 'spoony,' must have a smooth and prosperous conclusion. Not that Anthony Trollope ever *says* anything like this; it is one of his great merits, that he narrates without perpetually stopping to comment and moralize. He shows us what he wants us to see, and makes his speakers say what he wants us to hear, scattering here and there his own maxims of good-humoured, serviceable worldly-wisdom.

"Those high political grapes had become sour," my sneering friends will say. Well! is it not a good thing that grapes should become sour which hang out of reach? Is he not wise who can regard all grapes as sour, which are manifestly too high for his hand? Those grapes of the Treasury bench, for which gods and giants fight, suffering so much when they are forced to abstain from eating, and so much more when they do eat; those grapes are very sour to me. I am sure that they are indigestible, and that those who eat them undergo all the ills which the *Revalenta Arabica* is prepared to cure. And so it was now with the archdeacon. He thought of the strain which would have been put on his conscience, had he come up there to sit in London as Bishop of Westminster; and in this frame of mind he walked home to his wife.—*Framley Parsonage*, chap. xxv.

Again:—

"It is not surprising that at such a moment Gertrude found that Alaric's newer friends fell off from him. Of course they did; nor is it a sign of heartlessness or ingratitude in the world, that at such a period of great distress new friends should fall off. New friends, like one's best coat and polished patent-leather boots, are only intended

for holiday wear. At other times they are neither serviceable nor comfortable; they do not answer the required purposes, and are ill-adapted to give us the ease we seek. A new coat, however, has this advantage, that it will in time become old and comfortable; so much can by no means be predicated with certainty of a new friend.'—*The Three Clerks*, chap. xlii.

But Anthony Trollope has higher morality than this; if it be not the very highest, it is sound and true, as far as it goes. He never teaches us to call right wrong, or wrong right; and rarely forces on us a tolerance of wrong, by the personal argument that we, too, under the same temptation, might have felt or done the same. We should hold him to be a keen politician; for some of his severest observations are political hits. Conservative as we desire to be in all good things, we think the following remarks have been amply deserved:—

'At that time men had not learnt thoroughly by experience, as now they have, that no reform, no innovation, stinks so foully in the nostrils of an English Tory politician, as to be absolutely irreconcilable to him. When taken in the refreshing waters of office, any such pill can be swallowed. Let the people want what they will, Jew senators, cheap corn, vote by ballot, no property qualification, or anything else, the Tories will carry it for them if the Whigs cannot. A poor premier Whig has none but the Liberals to back him; but a reforming Tory will be backed by all the world—except those few whom his own dishonesty will personally have disgusted.'—*The Bertrams*.

'Framley Parsonage' is, perhaps, the best of Trollope's novels, when read in numbers; but it is a question whether the frequent dialogue may not make the book too prolix as a whole: yet we should be loth to curtail its conversations, especially those of the ladies, so full of wit and tact, of tenderness or spite. The delineation of female character is one of Trollope's chief excellencies. Gertrude and Mrs. Woodward, in 'The Three Clerks,' are well drawn, and almost all the female figures in 'Framley Parsonage' are admirable sketches. Fanny Roberts especially is a perfect woman, without the flatness which generally belongs to perfection; graceful, spirited, true-hearted, and loving, a pattern friend and wife. The scenes in which she is introduced are charming, especially that in which her husband, driven to extremities, confesses the folly and weakness which have entangled them all in debt. She comes to him in his study, and sees his misery in his face:—

"O, Mark, is there anything the matter?"

"Yes, dearest; yes. Sit down, Fanny; I can talk to you better if you will sit."



"But she, poor lady, did not wish to sit. He had hinted at some misfortune, and therefore she felt a longing to stand by him, and cling to him."

"Well, there; I will, if I must; but, Mark, do not frighten me. Why is your face so very wretched?"

"Fanny, I have done very wrong," he said. "I have been very foolish. I fear that I have brought upon you great sorrow and trouble." And then he leaned his head upon his hand, and turned his face away from her.

"O, Mark, dearest Mark, my own Mark! what is it?" and then she was quickly up from her chair, and went down on her knees before him. "Do not turn from me. Tell me, Mark! tell me, that we may share it."

"Yes, Fanny, I must tell it you now; but I hardly know what you will think of me when you have heard it."

"I will think that you are my own husband, Mark; I will think that—that chiefly, whatever it may be." And then she caressed his knees, and looked up in his face, and, getting hold of one of his hands, pressed it between her own. "Even if you have been foolish, who should forgive you, if I cannot?"

"And then he told it her all, beginning from that evening when Mr. Sowerby had got him into his bedroom, and going on gradually, now about the bills, and now about the horses, till his poor wife was utterly lost in the complexity of the accounts.....The only part to her of importance in the matter was the amount of money which her husband would be called upon to pay; that, and her strong hope, which was already a conviction, that he would never again incur such debts.

"And how much is it, dearest, altogether?"

".....If I have to pay it all, it will be twelve or thirteen hundred pounds."

"That will be as much as a year's income, Mark; even with the stall." That was the only word of reproach she said—if that could be called a reproach.

"Yes," he said; "and it is claimed by men who will have no pity in exacting it at any sacrifice, if they have the power. And to think that I should have incurred all this debt without having received anything for it. O, Fanny! what will you think of me?"

"But she swore to him that she would think nothing of it,—that she would never bear it in her mind against him,—that it could have no effect in lessening her trust in him. Was he not her husband? She was so glad she knew it, that she might comfort him. And she did comfort him, making the weight seem lighter and lighter on his shoulders as he talked of it. And such weights do thus become lighter. A burden that will crush a single pair of shoulders, will, when equally divided,—when shared by two, each of whom is willing to take the heavier part,—become light as a feather.....And this wife cheerfully, gladly, thankfully took her share. To endure with her lord all her lord's troubles was easy to her; it was the work to

which she had pledged herself. But to have thought that her lord had troubles not communicated to her, that would have been to her the one thing not to be borne.'—*Framley Parsonage*, chap. xxxiii.

'Framley Parsonage,' like 'The Three Clerks,' is a comfortable book. It would have been easy to make Lady Lufton's prejudices triumph over her affections, and so produce estrangement between her and her son, high tragedy between him and Lucy, and unassisted difficulties to Mark. But why should a Greek, who loves bright faces, make mischief by wrong-doing, if he can make happiness by right-doing? No, Lady Lufton's loving heart shall triumph over her temper and her prejudices; her son and Lucy shall be happy, and Mark shall suffer no more than he well deserves. But this benevolence shall not degenerate into weakness; and Mr. Sowerby, who has given others a bitter cup to drink, shall himself drain it to the dregs. As for the minor characters, let them have their heart's desire; we do not love them enough to visit them with discipline. Griselda Grantly, with her Dives taste for purple and fine linen, shall have a life of purple and fine linen; and so shall the Duke of Omnium,—Nemesis behind them, waiting for the day when Lazarus takes his turn.

In speaking of Mr. Trollope's merits, we shall ignore one of his works, counting it an exception to the usual course of his genius. 'The Bertrams' is a bad book. What right has any author to bring before the public a woman—a lady—so destitute of all the refined instincts of her sex, that she could marry one man at the very time when her heart was so full of another that her utmost pride and self-command could not banish his haunting image? What right has any one to bring the two lovers together, (one, now another's wife,) and let them recall remembrances and exchange assurances of love that would not die? Doubtless, wrong may be so brought before us as to help the cause of right. We are not so squeamish as to think that every narration of immorality must, in itself, be immoral. There are questionable scenes in Charley Tudor's London life, in 'The Three Clerks;' but they are set before us in all their coarseness and degradation, to warn, and not to tempt. And, perhaps, this was the writer's purpose in 'The Bertrams;' perhaps he only meant to warn, by describing the wretchedness that follows one great false step; forgetting the temptation that arises in the reader's mind to excuse, almost to tolerate, error, if the erring are made too wretched, too much oppressed by their hapless doom. In that sad interview between Bertram and Lady Harcourt, in which their love and misery are so touchingly told, we think any reader might be conscious of a

wish to excuse, or even to indulge them in a few more loving words: pity overpowering indignation, at the sight of such extreme wretchedness. It is immoral to make us feel thus. It is immoral to hide the inward guilt and stain which belong to such words of love, under the reckless despair that dictated them, or under the self-command which prevented them from ending in outward shame. And Trollope is guilty of another immorality: he allows a past false step which has ceased to be under our control, to serve as excuse for a present false step over which we still have control. That Bertram was too harsh to Caroline when he broke their engagement, is allowed in plea for his being too tender to Lady Harcourt. That Caroline was wrong in marrying her husband while she still loved another, is allowed in plea for deserting him when the return of her lover makes her feel the dreadful conflict before her. But enough of 'The Bertrams.' We trust its faults will prove a solitary exception to Mr. Trollope's high excellence as a writer of fiction.

After the young Greek follows an old one, probably of the Cynic school. Thackeray gives us to understand that he writes as a moralist:—

"My kind reader will please to remember, that this history has "Vanity Fair" for a title, and that Vanity Fair is a very vain, wicked, foolish place, full of all sorts of humbugs, and falsenesses, and pretensions.....People there are living and flourishing in the world with no reverence except for prosperity, and no eye for anything beyond success.....faithless, hopeless, charityless: let us have at them, dear friends, with might and main."

And how does Thackeray carry out this intention? He makes us almost like Becky Sharp by endowing her with those deservedly popular qualities, tact, wit, good-humour, and good-temper; and by putting her in contact with other persons equally wicked but not equally pleasant, and with one or two worthy people whom he contrives to make ridiculous or contemptible. We are inclined to pardon Becky's wickedness in 'doing' every one she comes across, when every one she comes across so well deserves to be 'done.' Especially has he failed in putting her in contrast with Amelia, that mean-minded whimpering little woman, whose loving temperament never inspires her with one noble sentiment. Becky has at least one element of greatness; she honours even her enemies when they are worthy of honour; while Amelia is incapable of appreciating true merit even in her friends. We pardon her infatuation for George Osborne, that 'selfish humbug, that low-bred cockney-dandy,' as Becky rightly calls him; we

pardon it as a delusion of early youth, rivetted by the premature death of her husband on the battle field; but we cannot pardon her low estimate of, and petty tyranny over Dobbin; we cannot even pardon her hasty marriage, bringing, as it was sure to do, ruin on the man she loved. That hard intellectual type of woman-kind which is commonly stigmatized as 'strong-minded,' is frightening authors from the study of qualities essentially womanly. It is woman's vocation to be strong, not in mind, but in noble and generous impulses; that, while her husband and sons know best what is expedient, logical, or wise, she should know best what is true, gallant, and right. 'Vanity Fair' is a remarkable book, brilliant, entertaining, life-like (as far as life is bad and base); but if we plunge beneath the sparkling surface, it is a dreary book. It gives the real, and utterly omits the ideal: it strips away the veil which our love or trust throws over our neighbours' actions, and holds them up in all their possible selfishness and falseness. The blossom of the gay Epicurean is gone, and we are fed to satiety on the Cynic's bitter fruit. Are we so silly as to imagine that there is such a thing as disinterested service and love? Pooh!—

'What love, what fidelity, what constancy is there equal to that of a nurse with good wages? They smooth pillows, and make arrowroot; they get up at nights; they bear complaints and querulousness; they see the sun shining out of doors and don't want to go abroad; they sleep on arm-chairs, and eat their meals in solitude; they pass long, long evenings doing nothing, watching the embers, and the patient's drink simmering in the jug. Ladies, what man's love is there that would stand a year's nursing of the object of his affections? Whereas a nurse will stand by you for ten pounds a quarter.'

As for affection;—Miss Crawley

'had a balance at her banker's which would have made her beloved anywhere. What a dignity it gives an old lady, that balance at the banker's! How tenderly we look at her faults! If she is a relative, what a kind, good-natured old creature we find her!.....Your wife is perpetually sending her little testimonies of affection; your little girls work endless worsted baskets, cushions, and footstools for her. What a good fire there is in her room when she comes to pay you a visit! The house during her stay assumes a festive, neat, warm, jovial, snug appearance not visible at other seasons. You yourself, dear Sir, forget to go to sleep after dinner, and find yourself all of a sudden (though you invariably lose) very fond of a rubber. Is it so, or is it not so? I appeal to the middle classes.'

As for kindred ties:—

'You who have little or no patrimony to bequeath or to inherit, may be on good terms with your father or your son, whereas the heir of a

great prince, such as my Lord Stayne, must naturally be angry at being kept out of his kingdom, and eye the occupant of it with no very agreeable glances. "Take it as a rule," this sardonic old Eaves would say, "the fathers and elder sons of all great families hate each other, ..... If you were heir to a dukedom and a thousand pounds a day, do you mean to say you would not wish for possession? Pooh! And it stands to reason that every great man, having experienced this feeling towards his father, must be aware that his son entertains it towards himself; and so they can't but be suspicious and hostile."

Don't let us trust any one, dear friends. Not our lovers, lest, while we picture them 'bivouacking, or attending the couch of a wounded comrade, or studying the art of war in their own desolate chamber,' our angel-thoughts happily find the barrack gates shut, and cannot pass through to 'hear the young fellows roaring over their whiskey-punch.' Not our wives; for

the best of women are hypocrites. We don't know how much they hide from us: how watchful they are when they seem most artless and confidential: how often those frank smiles which they wear so easily, are traps to cajole or elude or disarm. I don't mean it in your mere coquettes, but your domestic models and paragons of female virtue..... A good housewife is of necessity a humbug; and Cornelia's husband was hoodwinked as Potiphar was—only in a different way.

Not our friends' kind thoughts and remembrance:—

'Did we know what our intimates and dear relations think of us, we should live in a world that we should be glad to quit, and in a frame of mind, and a constant terror, that would be perfectly unbearable. .... Could the best and kindest of us who depart from the earth have an opportunity of revisiting it, I suppose he or she would have a pang of mortification at finding how soon our survivors were consoled. And so Sir Pitt was forgotten—like the kindest and best of us—only a few weeks sooner.'

Not in such an old-fashioned thing as constancy:—

Perhaps in *Vanity Fair* there are no better satires than letters. Take a bundle of your dear friend's of ten years back—your dear friend whom you hate now. Look at a pile of your sister's: how you clung to each other till you quarrelled about the twenty pound legacy! Get down the round-hand scrawls of your son, who has half broken your heart with selfish undutifulness since: or a parcel of your own, breathing endless ardour and love eternal, which were sent back by your mistress when she married the nabob—your mistress, for whom you now care no more than for Queen Elizabeth. Vows, love, promises, confidences, gratitude, how queerly they read after a while! ..... The best ink for *Vanity Fair* use would be one that faded utterly in a couple of days, and left the paper clean and blank, so that you might write on it to somebody else.

But we must eat the fruit of these ways, my brothers:—

'The bustle, and triumph, and laughter, and gaiety which Vanity Fair exhibits in public, do not always pursue the performer into private life, and the most dreary depression of spirits and dismal repentances sometimes overcome him.....The success and pleasure of yesterday becomes of very small account when a certain (albeit uncertain) morrow is in view, about which all of us must some day or other be speculating. O brother wearer of motley! are there not moments when one grows sick of grinning and tumbling, and the gingling of cap and bells? This, dear friends and companions, is my amiable object—to walk with you through the Fair, to examine the shops and the shows there; and that we should all come home after the flare, and the noise, and the gaiety, and be perfectly miserable in private.'

How should we not be miserable and depressed, when good people are the only ones in this upside-down world who do *not* eat the fruit of their own ways? How many are destined

'to perform cheerless duties; to watch by thankless sick-beds; to suffer the harassment and tyranny of querulous disappointed old age! How many thousands of people are there, women for the most part, who are doomed to endure this long slavery!—who are hospital nurses without wages—sisters of charity, if you like, without the romance and the sentiment of sacrifice,—who strive, fast, watch, and suffer, unpitied; and fade away ignobly and unknown. The hidden and awful Wisdom which apportions the destinies of mankind is pleased so to humiliate and cast down the tender, good, and wise; and to set up the selfish, the foolish, or the wicked. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."'

O what a dreary book! Give us its narrative, its comedy, its brilliant jesting and wit, and let us laugh and be merry; but spare us these reflections, O bitter cynic, if you would not drive us to despair. The grave irony that praises baseness, or the grave censure that condemns it, leaves us equally helpless and hopeless, if you show us no way of escape. When did the bitterness of the fruit ever prevent men from clutching at the fair outside? We want something better, something substantial on which to rest and feed, in the place of this universal negation, this desolate hollowness and barrenness of life. Human nature is bad enough; but while God reigns over the world, and while His Spirit is abroad in it, we rejoice to think that glimmerings of truth and trust and kindness, of faithful service and disinterested love, are ever breaking through the darkness, witnesses of that gracious Presence which offers light and peace to all.

There is a better and brighter tone in 'The Newcomes,' due perhaps to those Solomons, the critics, against whose verdict on



his former work the author jeers in his introduction. The narrative is less effectively told, but there is more variety, and less cynicism. Points which are touched with bitter irony in one, are softened into pathos in the other. Characters are not so completely separated into milk-and-water and *sauce piquante*. We are given something to admire or love in the Colonel and Ethel,—even in Clive and Lord Kew, and in Miss Honeyman, J. J. Ridley, and Madame de Florac. Nay, we find to our surprise, that there is such a thing as constancy and disinterestedness in affection; that it is possible for a younger brother to rejoice when the earl, his senior, recovers from the effects of a duel: more surprising still, we are told that there is something higher than the world's customs and maxims, with which the world is at odds:—

‘It is an old saying that we forget nothing; as people in fever begin suddenly to talk the language of their infancy, we are stricken by memory sometimes, and old affections rush back on us as vivid as in the time when they were our daily talk, when their presence gladdened our eyes, when their accents thrilled in our ears, when with passionate tears and grief we flung ourselves upon their hopeless corpses. Parting is death, at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end,..... and we see it no more: but it has been part of our souls, and it is eternal.’ ‘If love lives through all life; and survives through all sorrow; and remains steadfast with us through all changes; and in all darkness of spirit burns brightly; and, if we die, deplores us for ever, and loves still equally; and exists with the very last gasp and throb of the faithful bosom, whence it passes with the pure soul beyond death—surely it shall be immortal? Though we who remain are separated from it, is it not ours in heaven? If we love still those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?’

This is very beautiful. Again:—

‘O to think of a generous nature, and the world and nothing but the world to occupy it,—of a brave intellect, and the milliner’s band-boxes, and the scandal of the coteries, and the fiddle-faddle etiquette of the court for its sole exercise!—of the rush and hurry from entertainment to entertainment, of the prayerless rest at night, and the awaking to a godless morrow!’ ‘This book is not a sermon, except where it cannot help itself, and the speaker pursuing the destiny of his narrative finds such a homily before him. O friend, in your life and mine, don’t we light upon such sermons daily? don’t we see at home as well as among our neighbours that battle betwixt Evil and Good? Here on one side is Self and Ambition and Advancement; and Right and Love on the other. Which shall we let to triumph for ourselves?—which for our children?’

This is brave, and yet—and yet—Thackeray does not surfeit us with any overwhelming quantity of Right and Love. It is

disappointing to have no higher ideal of manhood than the noble-minded simpleton Colonel Newcome, the generous but weak and undisciplined Clive, or the kind-hearted *roué* Lord Kew. Thackeray seems unable to realize the union of strength and tenderness, of good principles and gay geniality. If any one is excellent, we must expect him to be weak or blundering; if any one is clever and agreeable, we must excuse him for being dissipated. When Ethel has struggled out of the abyss of vanity and selfishness, there is not a man in the book who is fit to touch her hand; (we except the Colonel and J. J. Ridley, who escape the world's brand, only as being unfit to live in it.) As to poor, weak, womanly Clive, his utmost heroism is to bear the destiny he can never conquer. Lord Kew's return to better thoughts, after his duel, is well and happily told: nevertheless, we do not believe in Lord Kew; we do not believe that a young man can range through every form of sensuality from earliest boyhood, and yet remain 'simple, kindly, and modest.' In one respect we entirely agree with Thackeray; we do not want sermons in novels, but we want the very thing he never gives us,—a purer atmosphere to breathe. If the novel-reader catches anything from the novelist, he does it by sympathy, not by reflection; and in vain is the writer's touching pathos or cynical wisdom, whilst, surrounded by hazy views of right, and open tolerance of wrong, we grope with him through the black mist of worldliness, which, like a sooty London fog, hangs over all his pictures of life. If there is one truth which he is in earnest to proclaim in 'The Newcomes,' it is this, that marriage without love is the seed of misery and ruin: yet he should rather have said that marriage without the qualities that excite love is the real source of misery. Men and women are not so unhappily constituted that, when thrown into that close relationship, they should not learn to look with kindness on each other, if there be aught to inspire kindness. But we cannot reform this great social evil, while the influences that minister to it remain unchanged. Are women to bring their whole hearts to the altar, while men bring the burnt-out cinders of theirs? While men are thoughtless, selfish, and sensual, are women to be disinterested and pure? While men love wine and gambling, and the nymphs of the opera, and the gold that supplies these pleasures, are women *not* to love dress and diamonds, fine houses and carriages, and the rank and fashion which they symbolize? There is no remedy for the evil Thackeray deplores, except the higher standard which he never gives us. Let us rejoice if, scared by his terrible picture, one victim here and there may escape the dark abyss; *au reste*, let us take up his writings in our tired hours, as a source

of infinite amusement, rapidly turning over the pages that bring reflections rather depressing than helpful.

In curious contrast with an author whose rôle it is to declare that all is bad which is of man's making, we meet with another equally strong in the assertion that all is good which is of God's giving. If Thackeray is a Cynic, Kingsley is a Jew; a Platonic,—we had almost said an Alexandrian,—Jew, though it might seem like a paradox to charge him with the very degeneracy against which he protests. The spirited sketcher of character, the brilliant painter of scenery, always racy, clear, and forcible, he stands forward as the popular exponent of 'muscular Christianity;' that is, of a religion which embraces every element that belongs to humanity, and which, if it lays a little too much stress on physical development, does it, we may hope, in temporary reaction from a false spiritualism, which has confounded the 'flesh' of science with the 'flesh' of Scripture, and pronounced everything belonging to the body to be either weak or base. It is Kingsley's fundamental maxim, that every part of the creation of God is good, and nothing to be refused,—from the lowest wants of the body, to the widest wants of nations, and the highest wants of the spirit. All that was made by God the Father has been redeemed by God the Son, and may be sanctified by God the Spirit; and on this common ground he loudly proclaims the existence of a universal Judaism, that is, a Christian kingdom of God, over which the Anointed One is already reigning, and within which every natural faculty and every social relation is comprehended. On this common ground he protests against that narrow theory of sects which would limit the kingdom of God to those who are really, or only professedly, obeying Him; and which, by so doing, would withdraw the stamp of God's rightful possession from all that ranges beyond that narrow pale, leaving nature and art, science and poetry, with all the elements of domestic and national life, to the undisturbed dominion of the devil. This is Kingsley's standing-ground, where he offers fight to all opponents; and, perhaps, among his works of fiction, 'Hypatia' most fully illustrates his various points of defence and attack. See, modern Christians, he cries, see what Christianity will come to, if it be separated from the Old Testament; see what a Church will come to when it is cut off from a universal kingdom of God. Have we no sects in England, fighting, with mixed motives and dirty tools, less for righteousness than for their own privilege and policy,—as Cyril did in Alexandria? Have we no pietists in England, limiting their life to the culture of the spirit, and forgetting all beside,—as monks and nuns did in the deserts of Egypt?—with this difference only, that, in a

less corrupt state of society, we can fight our soul-battle in that world from which they were seduced to fly. And have we not the same results around us?—government, law, and order left to careless Romans; a needy populace left to vice and ignorance; strength and courage, as in the Goths, art and philosophy, as in poor Hypatia, left, godless, to sustain themselves. It was not so in times of old,—in those ancient Jewish times, from which we have borrowed one of the few things that were destined to die—their exclusiveness. Narrow as was the Jewish theocracy, it was narrow in numbers only, not in nature. If it comprehended but one nation, it comprehended all that constitutes nations,—every natural faculty, every social relation, every principle of man's or God's government; and for this very reason, that, in the times to come, when the kingdom of God should embrace all nations, there might be nothing wanting to suit its requirements to all. In the better times of the Jewish polity we see the working of this grand national principle, which Christians, to their cost, have forgotten. Kings ruled for God, judges judged for Him, poets sang for Him, artificers worked for Him, soldiers fought for Him. They were not all good men, far from it; but it was stamped into the heart's core of the people that their whole life was a feoff held from the Most High, for which they were bound to render open homage. The anomaly of modern times is this, that while we have higher and holier views of God as the God of individuals, we have lower views, rather we have no views at all, of God as the God of nations, the King of kings and Lord of lords. They who adopt this phrase in Christian hymns, generally repudiate the only meaning that makes it more than a phrase; and altogether deny that God still asserts sovereignty over nations, still demands outward homage, still inflicts punishment and promises reward. Who, in an age that has separated national and spiritual life,—who dares believe that if, at God's command, and for the sake of right, England met danger and risked loss, she would as certainly find protection and safety, as did Judea of old? The unrighteous have lost faith in the God of nations, and, still worse, the righteous have lost faith in Him. We greatly rejoice that a writer as popular as Kingsley is should use his strength to support this forgotten truth; and we equally regret that he should so link it with his own pet notions and fancies, with rash speculations and lax opinions, that from his hands it is too often carelessly or suspiciously received as 'one of Kingsley's views.' He himself does injustice to this old Jewish belief; in truth, he is but an Alexandrian Jew. On points of doctrine, where the ancient Jew was so dogmatic, on points of obedience,

where he was so unswerving, (the Fourth Commandment, for instance,) Kingsley slides off into dialectics, and goes—no one knows where. He seems to want that highest attribute of genius,—full command over its own creations. It is not so much he who makes his characters go further than they ought, as his characters who make him go further than he ought. Thus, in 'Alton Locke' he does not merely portray a democrat, but is dragged down with him into the very cant of democracy. Thus, in 'Westward Ho,' he cannot stop when he makes gallant Amyas Leigh a little too combative, but must needs sink with him into the black heathenism of revenge. Thus, in 'Yeast,' he not only describes the fermentation of social elements, but is himself in the whirl and bubble, and plainly cannot get out. He can speak, and speak well, of the great world-battle between good and evil, and of the living God who overrules it; but when that strife comes to a crisis in each individual soul, Kingsley gets out of his depth, and flounders helplessly. There is scarcely one of his novels in which a soul-crisis is not introduced; yet in his hands these crises become little more than curious facts in psychology. Alton Locke turns from evil to good through a series of vivid fancies or visions; Tom Thurnall, through a shake of the nerves; Amyas Leigh, through three days of delirium, and a dream; while in 'Phaethon' and 'Hypatia' the greatest fact in human existence,—the choice of the soul between life and death,—is brought before us in the merest word-battle of Platonic dialectics. Strange that he who cries so loudly to communities, 'It is not words or views you want, but a real Helper and Ruler,' should, to the individual, offer help and rule in intellectual play of words! Raphael the Jew, who has just found the living God of Israel in the Christian Messiah, comes to the graceful heathen with whom he has studied Plato, and presents to her his new life and light in true Platonic form. By definitions and abstractions, and subtile arguments on the properties of things, and considerations founded on Plato's archetypes, he seeks to lead her to the discovery of a living God and Christ. Are we to suppose that it was thus St. Paul preached to the graceful Greeks of Corinth? We wish we had space for the whole scene between Raphael and Hypatia, but must be content with giving part of the lucid summary with which Kingsley concludes his sketch of the fifth century:—

'And now we will leave Alexandria also, and, taking a forward leap of some twenty years, see how all other persons mentioned in this history went each to his own place.

'A little more than twenty years after, the wisest and holiest man in the east was writing of Cyril, just deceased;—"His death made



those who survived him joyful; but it grieved most probably the dead; and there is cause to fear, lest, finding his presence too troublesome, they should send him back to us.".....Cyril has gone to his own place. What that place is in history is but too well known. What it is in the sight of Him unto whom all live for ever, is no concern of ours. May He whose mercy is over all His works have mercy upon all, whether orthodox or unorthodox, Papist or Protestant, who, like Cyril, begin by lying for the cause of truth; and, setting off upon that evil road, arrive surely with the Scribes and Pharisees of old, sooner or later, at their own place.

'True, he and his monks had conquered, but Hypatia did not die unavenged. In the hour of that unrighteous victory, the Church of Alexandria received a deadly wound. It had admitted and sanctioned those habits of doing evil that good may come, of pious intrigue, and, at last, of open persecution, which are certain to creep in wheresoever men attempt to set up a merely religious empire, independent of human relationships and laws.....And the Egyptian Church grew, year by year, more lawless and inhuman. Freed from enemies without, and from the union which fear compels, it turned its ferocity inward, to prey on its own vitals, and to tear itself in pieces by a voluntary suicide, with mutual anathemas and exclusions, till it ended as a mere chaos of idolatrous sects, persecuting each other for metaphysical propositions; which, true or false, were equally heretical in their mouths, because they used them only as watchwords of division. Orthodox or unorthodox, they knew not God; for they knew neither righteousness, nor love, nor peace. They "hated their brethren, and walked on still in darkness, not knowing whither they were going," till Amrou and his Mahommedans appeared; and.....they went to their own place.

'Twenty years after Hypatia's death, philosophy was flickering down to the very socket. Hypatia's murder was its death-blow. In language tremendous and unspeakable, philosophers had been informed that mankind had done with them; that they had been weighed in the balances, and found wanting; that if they had no better Gospel than that to preach, they must make way for those who had. And they did make way. We hear little or nothing of them or their wisdom henceforth, except at Athens,.....where they descended deeper and deeper into the realms of confusion,.....gradually looking with more and more complacency on all superstitions which did not involve that one idea which alone they hated, namely, the Incarnation; craving after signs and wonders, dabbling in magic, astrology, and barbarian fetichisms; bemoaning the fallen age, and barking querulously at every form of human thought, except their own.....Peace be to their ashes! They are gone to their own place.

'Wulf, too, (the Gothic wise man,) had gone to his own place, wheresoever that may be. He died in Spain, full of years and honours, at the court of Adolf and Placidia, having seen his younger companions-in-arms settled with their Alexandrian brides, up on the sunny slopes



from which they had expelled the Vandals and Suevi, to be the ancestors of "bluest-blooded" Castilian nobles. Wulf died, as he had lived, a heathen. Placidia, who loved him well, as she loved all righteous and noble souls, had succeeded once in persuading him to accept baptism. Adolf himself acted as one of his sponsors; and the old warrior was in the act of stepping into the font, when he turned suddenly to the bishop and asked, where were the souls of his heathen ancestors? "In hell," replied the worthy prelate. Wulf drew back from the font, and threw his bear-skin cloak around him. "He would prefer, if Adolf had no objection, to go to his own people." (Note, a fact.) And so he died unbaptized, and went to his own place.

'Victoria was still alive and busy: but Augustine's warning had come true—she had found trouble in the flesh. The day of the Lord had come, and Vandal tyrants were now the masters of the fair corn lands of Africa. Her father and brother were lying by the side of Raphael (her husband) beneath the ruined walls of Hippo, slain, long years before, in the vain attempt to deliver their country from the invading swarms. But they had died the death of heroes, and Victoria was content. And it was whispered among the down-trodden Catholics, who clung to her as an angel of mercy, that she, too, had endured strange misery and disgrace; that her delicate limbs bore the scars of fearful tortures; that a room in her house, into which none ever entered but herself, contained a young boy's grave; and that she passed long nights upon the spot, where lay her only child, martyred by the hands of Arian persecutors. Nay, some of the few who, having dared to face that fearful storm, had survived its fury, asserted that she herself, amid her own shame and agony, had cheered the sinking boy on to his glorious death. But though she had found trouble in the flesh, her spirit knew none. Clear-eyed and joyful she went to and fro among the victims of Vandal rapine and persecution, spending upon the maimed, the sick, the ruined, the small remnants of her former wealth, and winning, by her purity and piety, the reverence and favour even of the barbarian conquerors. She had her work to do, and she did it, and was content; and, in good time, she also went to her own place.'

Next on our list follows a bold conception: a novel half immoral, half Dissenting; a tale of seduction, relieved by Methodist sermons and prayers! The popularity of 'Adam Bede' has been immense. 'Particular' ladies have placed it on their drawing-room tables; sober people have declared that all young men ought to read it; nay, to our excessive astonishment, we have heard it called a religious novel. Let us glance at the plot of the story. Arthur Donithorne, the generous, honourable, kind-hearted young squire, falls in love with the farmer's niece, pretty Hetty Sorrel; and blindly, and almost unresistingly, abandons himself to the impulses which are certain to bring

disgrace on himself and ruin on his victim. We say, unresistingly, for we count it no resistance to make resolutions which are never put in practice. In the course of three months, (for this is no gradual fall!) he is represented as pursuing his object almost without a struggle, lying to disguise it without a blush, and then leaving his victim, with very insufficient precautions to save her from the worst consequences of their mutual wrong-doing. Then Hetty, without the smallest demur, accepts Adam Bede as an affianced lover, and prepares to marry him; until, overwhelmed by the certainty of her disgrace, she takes to flight, murders her baby in a fit of lightheadedness, is tried, and condemned to die,—Arthur only becoming aware of her situation in time to exert his utmost efforts to change the sentence of death into transportation. Then both become penitent, and are put out of sight for some years, after which Arthur returns home, and Hetty dies.

What is it that makes a novel of which such a plot is the centre, a favourite among thoughtful and religious people? First, the exceeding literary merit of the book, and the artistic skill which hides its evil beneath its good. We doubt if one reader in twenty has ever placed these facts fairly before his own judgment, or given them their right names,—so skilfully are they veiled under inference and silence, so skilfully alternated with the better parts of the story. Also there is great merit in the charm and ease of the dialogue, in the spirit and correctness with which most of the characters are sketched, and in the real wit and wisdom embodied in Mrs. Poyser and Adam Bede himself. Probably, also, the amount of religious talk has found favour with religious people; as if mere words could constitute religion in a book any more than in a life. That which its speakers put forward as their truest convictions, that which is inculcated in the passing reflections of the author, that good or evil which is held up to be followed, tolerated, or avoided,—*that* is the religion of the book. Let us just notice what Adam Bede teaches us on the great question of moral power and responsibility. In an interview between Adam and Captain Donithorne, Arthur says:—

“I should think, now, Adam, you never have any struggles with yourself. I fancy you would master a wish that you had made up your mind it was not quite right to indulge, as easily as you would knock down a drunken fellow who was quarrelsome with you. I mean, you are never shilly-shally, first making up your mind that you won't do a thing, and then doing it after all?” “Well,” said Adam, slowly, after a moment's hesitation, “no. I don't remember ever being see-saw in that way, when I'd made my mind up, as you say,

that a thing was wrong. It takes the taste out o' many things, when I know I should have a heavy conscience after 'em. I've seen pretty clear, ever since I could cast up a sum, as you can never do what's wrong without breeding sin and trouble more than you can ever see."

Again, with Mr. Irwine, Arthur says:—

"I think it is hardly an argument against a man's general strength of character, that he should be apt to be mastered by love. A fine constitution doesn't insure one against small-pox, or any other of those inevitable diseases. A man may be very firm in other matters, and yet be under a sort of witchery from a woman." *Mr. I.*—"Yes; but there's this difference between love and small-pox, or bewitchment either—that if you detect the disease at an early stage, and try change of air, there is every chance of complete escape, without any further development of symptoms. And there are certain alterative doses which a man may administer to himself by keeping unpleasant consequences before his mind: that gives you a sort of smoked glass through which you may look at the resplendent fair one and discern her true outline; though I'm afraid, by the bye, the smoked glass is apt to be missing just at the moment it is most wanted." *A.*—"Yes, that's the worst of it. It's a desperately vexatious thing, that, after all one's reflections and quiet determinations, we should be ruled by moods which one can't calculate on beforehand. I don't think a man ought to be blamed so much if he is betrayed into doing things in that way, in spite of his resolutions." *Mr. I.*—"Ah, but the moods lie in his nature, my boy, just as much as his reflections did, and more. A man can never do anything at variance with his own nature. He carries within him the germ of his most exceptional action." *A.*—"Well, but one may be betrayed into doing things by a combination of circumstances, which one might never have done otherwise." *Mr. I.*—"Why, yes; a man can't very well steal a bank-note unless the bank-note lies in the way; but he won't make us think him an honest man because he begins to howl at the bank-note for falling in his way." *A.*—"But surely you don't think a man who struggles against a temptation, into which he falls at last, as bad as the man who never struggles at all?" *Mr. I.*—"No, my boy, I pity him in proportion to his struggles; for they foreshadow the inward suffering, which is the worst form of Nemesis. Consequences are un pitying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before,—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves. And it is best to fix our minds on that certainty, instead of considering what may be the elements of excuse for us."

Clearly, Arthur and Adam are made of different materials.

\* Whenever Adam was strongly convinced of any proposition, it took the form of a principle in his mind: it was knowledge to be acted on,

as much as the knowledge that damp will cause rust. Perhaps here lay the secret of the hardness he had accused himself of: he had too little fellow-feeling with the weakness that errs in spite of foreseen consequences. Without this fellow-feeling, how are we to get enough patience and charity towards our stumbling, falling companions, in the long and changeable journey? And there is but one way in which a strong, determined soul can learn it,—by getting his heart-strings bound round the weak and erring, so that he must share not only the outward consequence of their error, but their inward suffering. . . . Let us love the beauty that lies in the secret of deep human sympathy. . . . In this world there are many common, coarse people, who have no picturesque sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. . . . Therefore let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of common-place things—men who see beauty in these common-place things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them. There are few prophets in the world; few sublimely beautiful women; few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities: I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men. . . . It is more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is perhaps rather too corpulent, and in other respects not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at the deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay. . . . And so I come back to Mr. Irwine.

From these quotations it would seem that our strength to resist evil consists in a natural power to act on foreseen consequences. Those who, like Adam, have this power, are fortunate; those who, like Arthur, have it not, will be ruled by their 'moods,'—the moods which are part of that nature which no man can act against. The strength which all mankind may possess by virtue of that light 'which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,'—the strength to choose right as right, and to resist wrong as wrong, apart from all consequences, is not recognised in Adam Bede. On the contrary, the whole book is a vivid picture of the irretrievable effects of wrong doing, and its only morality is to impress self-restraint by a clearer view of those effects. At first sight this may seem moral and religious; but it is an immorality and an irreligion to preach only the consequences of sin, whilst the guilt of yielding to it is ignored. Look at the history of Arthur's fall in connexion with the passages we have quoted: the folly and the evil results are drawn by a master-hand; but the coarseness, baseness, and

guiltiness of his whole conduct are so skilfully thrown into the shade, that we do not believe any reader would guess the extent of the wrong he has done, until it comes to light in the interview between Arthur and Adam. Then, as it would seem, for the first time, 'all screening self-excuse forsook him for an instant, and he stood face to face with the first great irrevocable evil he had ever committed'—Then?—not till then!—then?—only for an instant! Though he had to lie to Adam 'as a necessity,' though, 'while it jarred with his habitual feelings,' he could remember that 'he had to be judicious and not truthful,' even after all this, the young man, who is represented as an honourable, high-minded gentleman, instead of feeling himself disgraced for ever, 'would gladly have persuaded himself that he had done no harm! And if no one had told him the contrary, he could have persuaded himself so much better. Nemesis can seldom forge a sword for herself out of our conscience;.....out of the suffering we feel in the suffering we may have caused: there is rarely metal enough there to make an effective weapon.' And when he thought of Hetty, compunctious and anxious as he was, he could argue with himself that 'it was an unfortunate business altogether, but there was no use in making it worse than it was, by imaginary exaggerations and forebodings of evil that might never come. The temporary sadness, to Hetty, was the worst consequence: he resolutely turned away his eyes from any bad consequence that was not demonstrably inevitable. But—but Hetty might have had the trouble in some other way, if not in this. And perhaps hereafter he might be able to do a great deal for her, and make up to her for all the tears she would shed about him. She would owe the advantage of his care for her in future years to the sorrow she had incurred now. So good comes out of evil. Such is the beautiful arrangement of things!' Is this a kind, generous, high-principled gentleman?—rather, as Adam calls him, 'a selfish, light-minded scoundrel.' Our author moralizes on the woful deterioration of two months, and on the slavery exercised over us by our own deeds; but a soliloquy like this is the expression of long-formed character, not of two months' degeneracy. Doubtless there are many Arthurs in the world, but they are *not* generous, high-principled gentlemen. He who can with open eyes walk first into temptation, and then into vice; he who can shamefully deceive the man who trusts him, and seduce the woman who loves him, yet whose first thought throughout is to excuse himself, may be an easy-tempered, open-handed fellow, but he can never have been noble-minded or high-principled; had he been so, his sins would have been torture to him. But then, you see, we were not all born heroes; we all

have not strength to abstain in sight of future consequences; we are governed by 'moods' which lie in our nature—the nature against which we can never be at variance. Therefore, instead of harshly condemning others less strongly built than ourselves, we must have patience and charity towards our stumbling, falling companions. We must get our heart-strings bound round the weak and erring, so that we may share their inward suffering. Human nature is loveable in itself, and even in common-place and vulgar people we shall find deep pathos and sublime mysteries. This is the religion of 'Adam Bede.'

Look at it carefully in the extracts we have given at large. What is the meaning of this strong assertion of the vulgar and common-place against the ideal heroic? The words are true enough in themselves, but what is their import taken in connexion with the story? Mr. Irwine and Captain Donithorne are not common-place, nor do they stand in opposition to any false heroic, but to the true and simple rule of right. In this loud demand for sympathy with them, for charity and patience towards them, is there no fear that we may forget that rule?—especially when we are urged to compassion by love and sympathy alone. Is it by suffering in their sufferings that we are to learn forbearance? Not so, lest pity for the suffering make us forget the sin. It is by high conscience of the rule of right, and by the sense of our own transgression and God's free forgiveness, that we are to learn the only true and safe ground for gentleness towards others. 'Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.' Conscientiousness without humility is harsh and cold, but charity without righteousness is lax and low. We are *not* to let go our hold of God's high standard; we are not to lose sight of the baseness of sin and the darkness of guilt; we are not to forget that by God's help we *can* seek good and avoid evil, against our own 'moods' and against the force of temptation. George Eliot's religion is of a different kind. By the skill of an accomplished author he puts guilt and responsibility out of sight, raises from circumstances an extenuating plea, invests natural character with excusing force, makes the consequences of wrongdoing more prominent than wrongdoing, the sufferings of sin more prominent than sin, and then demands leniency for offenders, not because we too have fallen, but because they could scarcely choose but fall. Well may they hope for leniency in judgment who drag down the standard that alone condemns them: their religion is the religion of 'I could not help it,' and the plea that excuses others excuses themselves. We are far from saying that this is ever put forward in express words; such a masterly



writer does not need to do so; but he always contrives to present to the mind of his readers the idea of our helplessness to resist evil.

The literary machinery by which this is effected, consists of a minute unhealthy analysis of feelings and impulses, to which the action of the will is made subordinate. A mind at cross-purposes with itself is laid bare before us; a mind resolving on good, and satisfying itself with the resolution, only to cling the closer to evil; content to fail, wishing and longing to fail, even while it resolves. We see the whole process of self-debate and self-deceit; we see the low motives lurking behind the higher ones, and secretly swaying the mind against its better convictions; we see the course of temptation and hesitation, and the final surrender to deceit, dishonour, and guilt. But to what purpose is this morbid analysis? The Lacedæmonians bade their children see the loathsomeness of drunkenness in their besotted Helots; but they never bade them contemplate or study the alluring process of temptation, or the gradual progress of degradation. He who bids us do this, forgets the aid which the play of imagination lends to evil. Why do the horrors of war and shipwreck continually tempt boys into the army and navy? Why does one semi-madman's shooting at the Queen, or jumping off the Monument, incline others to the same insanity? Simply, because the imagination is strong to stamp pictorial representations on the mind, and weak to register the prudential or moral motives which serve to counteract them. In 'Adam Bede' the process of temptation is so skilfully managed, so veiled by silence, so entangled by metaphysical analysis, that while the sin and guilt come out plain in the consequences, we are merely left to infer some excusing weakness in the fall. But this point becomes more prominent in 'The Mill on the Floss.' Everything is done to throw around Maggie the excusing plea of helplessness. She is said to be honourable and upright, yet she meets her lover for a whole year clandestinely; she is a good daughter, yet she secretly outrages her father's strongest wishes; she is a loving cousin, yet she steals from Lucy her affianced lover's heart. She does it as her cousin's guest, she does it under her cousin's trusting eye, she feels uneasy and unhappy, and means to do otherwise, but she still does it. Maggie's conduct is most base; but how is it we are not allowed to see the baseness? Why are we told so often that she is truthful and upright, except to suggest the idea of her helplessness to resist temptation? Neither in 'Adam Bede' nor 'The Mill on the Floss' is there any attempt to evade the sufferings that result from sin. The connexion between moral

cause and effect is asserted unflinchingly; and we should hope from this, that the author had written with an honest purpose, as far as he himself had learnt the secret of true moral principle. And yet, why is right principle made so odious in Tom Tulliver, and no principle at all so attractive in Maggie? Was the book written, as we doubt not it has been often read, with a comforting sense of excusability in many a past crisis of our lives, when good and evil, life and death, were set before us, and we did *not* choose life, that we might live?

The literary merit of 'The Mill on the Floss' is very inferior to that of 'Adam Bede.' Much of the wisdom, and almost all the wit, has vanished, and the dialogue is tiresome in the extreme; nor is there a character in the book on which the mind rests with pleasure. Much of this belongs to the design of the author, and he meets the objection thus:—

'It is a sordid life, you say, this of the Tullivers and Dodsons,—irradiated by no sublime principles, no romantic visions, no active, self-renouncing faith,—moved by none of those wild uncontrollable passions which create the dark shadows of misery and crime,—without that primitive rough simplicity of wants, that hard submissive ill-paid toil, that child-like spelling out of what nature has written, which gives its poetry to peasant life. Here, one has conventional worldly notions and habits, without instruction and without polish,—surely the most prosaic form of human life: proud respectability in a gig of unfashionable build: worldliness without side-dishes. Observing these people narrowly, even when the iron hand of misfortune has shaken them from their unquestioning hold of the world, one sees little trace of religion, still less of a distinctively Christian creed. Their belief in the unseen, so far as it manifests itself at all, seems to be rather of a pagan kind; though held with strong tenacity, they seem to have no standard beyond hereditary custom. You could not live among such people; you are stifled for want of an outlet towards something beautiful, great, or noble; you are irritated with these dull men and women, as a kind of population out of keeping with the earth on which they live..... I share with you this sense of oppressive narrowness; but it is necessary that we should feel it, if we care to understand how it acted on the lives of Tom and Maggie,—how it has acted on young natures in many generations, that in the onward tendency of human things have risen above the mental level of the generation before them, to which they have been nevertheless tied by the strongest fibres of their hearts. The suffering, whether of martyr or victim, which belongs to every historical advance of mankind, is represented in this way in every town, and by hundreds of obscure hearths.'

It would seem by this, that we are to regard 'The Mill on the Floss' as written in the spirit of tragedy. We are not to

ask for a moral, or to look for good or evil in it: it is art, not morality. These things, these sordid narrow things, are facts; they have their evil withering effects; they cramp minds and break hearts, and drag down immortality into the dirt, soiled and suffering. This is the picture placed before you: is it not well drawn? Does it not seem pitiable and distressing as it really is? Then ask no more.

Ay, but we must ask more. This is the heathen idea of tragedy,—man conquered by destiny; ours is the Christian idea of tragedy,—destiny conquered by man. Give us loss and suffering of the worst kind,—heart-suffering, mental loss, stifled energies, depressed and unhappy life: give us the cruellest pressure of circumstances, strong temptation, surrounding evil influences; but give us also a soul to struggle and an appeal to the Helper of souls, and we shall conquer at last. We shall not come out of the fire scathless, surely not; we may bear the marks for ever of our own heart-treachery and cowardice,—this betraying, that shrinking; we may have to bear for ever the reproach of some false step, some irretrievable wrong; we may pass beyond hope of any earthly triumph in recognition of our victory, nay, we may be held to be beaten in the conflict; we may,—we may,—but this let us know, that there is no destiny overruling Christians, except their own final surrender; and that, however often we may fall, and however deep be our fall, if we struggle to the last, and call for the aid offered to the struggling, we shall be victors in the end. Just so, says our author, just so Maggie conquered. No, she did not conquer. In her determination to do right at the last, she was too weak to bear the dreariness of the life she had fashioned for herself; and had to be put out of the way, and swept down by destiny in the floods of the Floss.

And what is the secret of this sordid narrow life—of the sharp temper of Aunt Glegg, the inanity of Aunt Pullet, the bewildered regret of Mrs. Tulliver over her house-linen, the sombre old age and heathen death-bed of her husband, the hardness of Tom, the ill-regulated impulses of Maggie, the selfish passion of Stephen Guest, the morbid irritability of Philip,—is it not this, that they have all succumbed to their destiny, that destiny which is made up of inward character and outward circumstance, and are sinking down, amidst clouds and darkness, to the level of their lower nature, instead of struggling upwards, against themselves, into life and light? This is heathen tragedy, but it is not lawful to introduce it in Christian times; it is not lawful to use genius to invest character and circumstance with all the power of destiny, and

by so doing to undermine the heroism of common life, the sacred power of resistance to evil, implanted and sustained by God in man.

In strong contrast with George Eliot's writings, are the four novels which stand at the end of our list. Different in time, and scene, and principle,—as different as the English schoolboy and the Christian gentleman can be from the Pythagorean seer, they are based alike on that great fact of humanity, (the foundation of all religion,) the struggle of man with himself, and with the evil influences and circumstances around him. Tom Brown, the boy at school, struggling against his own heedlessness and lawlessness, and finding help in the help he gives;—the same boy at college, struggling against the same foes in their adult form, with a glimmering insight that the secret of his whole life-battle is to be found in help given and received;—Pisistratus Caxton, the young man starting in life, warm lover and good son, with one hand putting aside the dream of his boyhood, and with the other dragging his fallen cousin out of the mud, and going forth manfully to fight fortune,—all these tell the same story, that life is not all hollowness, as cynical Thackeray proclaims it, nor all helplessness, as George Eliot insinuates; that though it *has* bright elements, glee and frolic for the boy,—love, friendship, genius, and fame for the man, it has also a principle of action, and a work to do; and that in the doing of that work, in the carrying out of that principle, is the true honour and glory of life. The last two stories set forth even a deeper truth. We presume that most readers of 'The Heir of Redclyffe' have said, on the first impulse, 'What a shame it is to kill Guy!' but how could it be otherwise, consistently with the aim of the book? It tells us, in an exceedingly graceful and well-written story, that it is not always by successful work, but sometimes by loss and suffering, and even death itself, that the battle of life must be won. More than this,—that it is not always by *deserved* loss, the consequence of our own sin and folly, but by loss for other's gain, by death for other's life, by vicarious suffering of the innocent for the guilty, (type and shadow of a deeper truth,) that the highest victory is won. It is sad to see Guy, in his bright youth, called, on his bridal tour, to leave his loving, happy wife; it is sad to see Philip going through life with injured health and depressed spirits, a gloomy, regretful man; it is sad to see the heir so fit for his earthly inheritance taken from it, that it may be possessed by one who deserves it so little; but we are not left to indulge this sadness under the dreary conviction that the triumph of evil over good is the

common law and lot of 'Vanity Fair.' Miss Yonge knows better than that. By her skilful treatment of the lighter parts of the story, she prevents the mind from being oppressed by its pathos, and so well works out her hidden meaning, without giving it formal expression, that she makes us feel there is something better than earthly happiness and success, for the sake of which our latent sense of heroism teaches us at last to be content that Guy should die. The same high lesson is brought before us in the wild-dream romance of 'Zanoni.' George Eliot gives us heathen tragedy under a Christian form; Bulwer gives us Christian tragedy under a heathen form, wrapped up in a jargon of art, philosophy, and alchemy. He represents Zanoni, the Pythagorean seer, who has attained the secret of boundless wealth and knowledge, life and youth, constrained by his love, and by the pressure of danger and evil on those he loves, to yield his glorious gifts one by one, to be subject to the malignant powers which he had formerly commanded, beaten backwards, step by step, from intercourse with bright ethereal spirits to the weakness and sorrow of mortal life, until he has to yield that life itself to save his wife and child; yet, in that last hour of defeat, recognising the true secret of victory, and asserting his trust and triumph over earth-evils and spirit-foes.

'Did he mean all that by shaking his head?' says Sheridan, in 'The Critic.' So our English novelists may say, 'Do we mean all this by our amusing stories? Do we inculcate these grand lessons, and do our readers understand us?' That depends:—considering that in novels bad lessons are much more often taught than good ones, we should be glad to think that readers in general did *not* understand them. As a rule, novels are read for mere amusement, all action of the moral judgment being suspended for the time; and in that fact is to be found the greatest evil of a habit of novel-reading. Fiction has two different effects; it is a stimulant and a sedative. It can stimulate the fancy for good or evil, and it can soothe the mind to forgetfulness of good or evil,—to forgetfulness of care or worry, also to forgetfulness of work, of duty, of the claims and responsibilities of real life: and though it is customary to condemn fiction chiefly as a stimulant, we think that, in the present day, its sedative effects are far more pernicious. It is injuring us less by that which it does, than by that which it prevents us from doing. If it raises unhealthy longings in those who, by its aid, mistake fancy for truth, it quiets healthy aspirations by thrusting aside real life, and offering us a make-believe in its

stead. It teaches us to take interest in, to feel with, grieve with, rejoice with, that which is not reality, that of which the great charm is, that it does not trouble us with the severe obligations of truth. Many a youth and man who would throw down in disgust the novels which might tend to stimulate his evil passions, wastes over them, without scruple, the time and thought and energy which should be spent in study or in work. Fiction, at present, ministers less to remembrance of evil than to forgetfulness of good; and in this way our swarming serials are doing us a great ill-service. Their power as stimulants is much lessened by the month's interval that separates the consecutive scenes of the story; but their power as sedatives, to indispose us for steady thought or hard work, is much increased by their constant recurrence and wide circulation, for thus they catch us at unwary moments, and waste far more time and thought than would ever be deliberately given to novels in a more condensed form.

What shall we say to the habitual novel-reader? It is true that God has given us mental stimulants and sedatives to meet the wear and tear of daily life; and that first among those which refresh without after-exhaustion, the pleasures of imagination take their place. In the glory of nature, the graces of art, the charm of poetry, the magic word-painting which we call 'fiction,' God has supplied us with the means of temporary escape from the pressure of reality, when business, or care, or pain, or sorrow, weighs too heavily upon us. We do not say that tonics would not often better meet the need; nevertheless, in many cases of earthly weakness, stimulants and sedatives are allowed and provided. It would be hard to say why fiction may not be lawfully used in the exhaustion of over-work, or in restlessness and pain, as we use the blessings of wine and opium: the helpful grace of God no more forbids the aid of one than of the other. But when we are strong and well, shall we meet the craving for food by wine? Or, when we are diseased, and in need of medicine or the surgical knife, shall we lull ourselves with opium? For our mental and moral cravings adequate food has been provided, and for our mental and moral disease adequate medicine has been given,—real objects, real motives, real sources of joy and grief, of hope and fear; but in our hours of slothful ease the very reality of these things appals us, and, cowards that we are, we shrink from their contact. Anything that will hide their clear outline, anything that will help us to play with life,—business for the busy, beauty for the graceful, fiction for the idle,—shall be thankfully welcomed in the place of truth. We are accustomed to think of habitual novel-reading as the vice of women, (and probably



the quieter life of the sex predisposes them to this indulgence,) but it is far too common among idle youth and men, who need stimulants, yet shrink from vice. Even to such, we question if the conscious stimulant of the habitual dose is not subordinate to its unconscious sedative. Fiction may be pleasant, but the true secret is that reality is not pleasant, that we do not like effort and endurance, those inevitable conditions of mortal life.

It is useless to place around the young restrictions which are not sanctioned by the tone and temper of the age; and we might as well bar our doors against the spring-tide as against the torrent of stories, serials, and green and yellow literature, which inundates us on all sides. Each one must bar his own mind, making conscience to himself of the time he devotes to reading, of the nature of the books he reads, and of the effect they have on his mind. But this would carry us far beyond novels. O, studious young men, who scorn light literature, do you never undermine your principles by wild speculations a thousand times more dangerous? O, respectable fathers, who frown at Dumas, do you never read 'The Times' reports of the Divorce Court, a thousand times more defiling? When the press gives such publicity to every kind of vice and error, there can be no effectual barrier against evil but that which is placed within. Curious youth turns towards forbidden knowledge ere it rightly apprehends the extent of the stain; and it is in that age of departing innocence and advancing temptation that we should most seek to inculcate the great duty of self-restraint. The wise son of Sirach tells us, that 'the knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom.' Who is there that, in sober manhood, has never had cause to mourn over the dark corners of his mind, where dangerous or defiling knowledge has been stored, (drawn from other sources than novels,) and to wish that, in the mercy of God, it had been possible to blot out the memory with the guilt of sin? Our stained thoughts remain to trouble or to tempt us, like dry-rot that has crept into the hidden timbers of a house, which, kept by great care from spreading, oozes out in damp spots on the wall,—an incurable evil, only to be met by a rough remedy, when the architect shall 'take down the house, and build it all anew.'

ART. II.—1. *Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon.* Edited by the REV. JOSEPH STEVENSON, M.A. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, &c. Two Volumes. London. 1858.

2. *Les Moines d'Occident, depuis Saint Benoît jusqu'à Saint*  
VOL. XVI. NO. XXXII. Y

*Bernard.* Par LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT. Deux Tomes. Paris. 1860.

If we might think of the course of Church systems as we are taught to think of the daily action of individual Christians, that it is ceaselessly watched by a concourse of invisible spectators, we should give a prominent place in the 'great cloud of witnesses' to a grand leading spirit by the name of Benedict. That Benedict we mean whose name has been wreathed with saintly honours in both eastern and western calendars; the distinguished Patriarch, the great legislator of Western Monachism, styled with much beauty and some truth, 'the founder of peace.'

*Ipse fundator placide quietis.*

He was born in troublesome times. The heart of Europe seemed as it were in its last agony. The worn-out frame of social life was breaking up. Corruption and confusion were preparing the way for despair; no remedy, no check appeared. Government, laws, manners, customs, arts, sciences, religion, and truth, all seemed to be doomed; secularity, error, and schism rendered the Church unequal to her calling; while civil rule and power were all but lost amidst the triumphs of brute force. There was 'dimness of anguish' everywhere. Indeed, it might have been said of Europe, 'If one look unto the land, behold darkness and sorrow, and the light is darkened in the heavens thereof.' This was all that was seen by the father of those ascetic but active communities which, from the seventh to the ninth century, did so much to redeem the finest parts of Europe from Paganism;—by whose aid, and under whose influence, the founders of the western kingdoms laid the groundwork of modern civilization, and prepared the way for the final establishment of Christian governments. The period of Benedict's birth reminds us forcibly of Samson's riddle, 'Out of the eater came forth meat.' He sprang from among the degenerate representatives of patrician rank; so that from the class which had gone far towards bringing the social life of Europe to its last gasp arose one who, by the vigorous use of extreme measures, took a leading part in bringing that life back into a process of restoration. His mother was one of the last offshoots from the illustrious house of Anicius; and her distinguished son first smiled on her in the cool region of the central Apennines, near the foot of Mount Fiscellus, and the source of the sulphureous Nar. His native town, Nursia, claimed the honour of giving Sertorius to the Roman world, and of being the birth-place of Vespasian's mother; whilst near its gates extensive ruins bore witness for centuries after his death to the dignity and power of his own

ancestral line. The son of so noble a house must be trained at Rome. To Rome the lad was sent under the care of a nurse: a female nurse, of course; for the Romans had learnt to find comfort in the care and rule of old women; nor have they rid themselves of that conceit even to this day. The scenes which were thought most favourable to the preparation of the young Benedict for a place in the world, produced, however, an unlooked-for effect; they repelled his spirit, and sent him into the wilderness. That intuitive philosophy and that spiritual taste for which he afterwards became so distinguished, were manifested when he was scarcely fourteen; for at that age his plan of life was formed, and his resolutions fixed. What others learn from bitter experience, he seemed instinctively to discover, without any painful experiment,—the miserable disproportion between the earlier promises and the later performances of the outside world. Where others saw smiling pleasure, he detected dangers and death in disguise; and, at the same time charmed with an ideal of contemplative piety, he turned his back on the attractions and advantages of the imperial city, forsook family and fortune, and ventured even to break away from a course of liberal education, in search of what one of his biographers calls ‘learned ignorance and untaught wisdom.’ His fond old nurse looked for him, and he was not; he had slipped from his leading strings. Whither had he gone? Montalembert would be grand in answer to this question. ‘History,’ says he, ‘fixes her regards upon the hills which in the centre of Italy and by the gates of Rome detach themselves from the chain of the Apennines, and extend from the ancient country of the Sabines to that of the Samnites. A lone hermit goes to kindle on those heights a fire of supernatural virtue, and to illumine them with a splendour which for ten centuries was to shed its beams upon regenerated Europe.’ We would not be unjust to our author; the friend and vindicator of ‘*les Moines d’Occident*.’ He is industrious, knows how to charm some minds, at least, by the use of his learning, and is not unfrequently eloquent. We have no sympathy, however, with some of his notions, or much respect for the logical powers which he puts forth in their defence; we cannot think he has made his pages fully answer to his purpose, as expressed in starting, ‘I write not a panegyric but a history;’ nor have we been provoked to anything but a smile at his declared intention to ‘avenge’ what he calls ‘catholic and historical truth’ upon ‘that land even where she has been least known,’ as he thinks, ‘and where she still meets with most of antipathy and prejudice.’ To write about monks is evidently a labour of love to the Comte de Montalembert. We wonder he never retreated

under a cowl; but if he had buried himself entirely, we should perhaps have lost the pleasure and profit which his ability and research have afforded us. We should never have been so agreeably introduced to the scene of his literary communion, as presented to us in the Introduction, which is highly characteristic of himself and his book. 'In the silence of night,' says he, 'under the roof of the old dwelling in which I have written most of these pages, behind the massive folios containing the registry of their actions by a laborious posterity, there has seemed to appear around me that imposing train of saints, pontiffs, doctors, missionaries, artists, masters of speech and action, issuing from age to age from the crowded ranks of the monastic order. I have gazed tremulously on these august resuscitations from a past full of unknown glory. From their profaned tombs, their forgotten works, the disdained monuments of their indefatigable industry, and from the defaced sites of their holy habitations, their austere and benevolent looks have seemed to come upon me, their unworthy annalist, confused and overwhelmed with the burden of my unworthiness. I have heard as it were a nobly plaintive voice from their chaste and manly hearts; so much of incessant toil, so much of evil endured, so much of service rendered, so much of life consumed for the glory of God and for the good of man; at the expense, too, of calumny, ingratitude, proscription, and contempt! "Will no one rise up from these modern generations to avenge our memory on the times which are loaded with our benefits while they are forgetful of them?"

*Esoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!*

No apology, no panegyric; a simple and true narrative; truth, nothing but truth; justice, nothing but justice; let this be our only vengeance!" And then I have felt a glowing yet sad emotion run trembling through my veins. I am nothing, I reply, but poor dust; but this dust will be animated, perhaps, when touched by your sacred bones. It may be, a spark of your fire will come to kindle my soul. I have no weapon but a cold and sad pen; and I am the first of my house who have battled with nothing but the pen. But it may at least serve with honour when it, in its turn, becomes a sword in the severe and holy conflict of conscience and majesty despoiled of right, against the triumphant oppression of falsehood and wrong.' In the keeping of such a champion, the honour of any saint would, of course, be safe; everything about the youthful pilgrim or the sainted father would be lovingly dealt with. In fact, our distinguished advocate of Western Monachism has

decked the shrine of Benedict with another wreath, a wreath of ancient flowers, ingeniously freshened, sorted, and intertwined with delicacy and justness, with tender and reverent feeling.

But whither had the boy Benedict wandered? It may be some relief and refreshment to our readers to turn aside into the 'bye-ways of Italy;' to escape from the rattle of Sardinian politics, the unearthly ventriloquism of French diplomacy, and the crack of Garibaldi's rifles; to lose sight of Naples and the last of the Bourbons; and to let the Pope alone to peddle with Peter's pence. A few hours' retreat into the past of Italy may help them to a clearer view of her probable future, and strengthen their confidence by making it more intelligent. Let the traveller start from Rome, then, and turn his face westward in the direction of what was once the *Via Tiburtina*. His steps are to be bent along the course of the Teverone, the ancient Anio. He will pass Tivoli, or the Herculean Tibur. Nothing there must entice him to linger; neither the falls nor the villas of Mæcenæ and Adrian; no, nor even the hope of meeting the Sibyl's ghost, or of catching a moment's communion with the spirit of the once captive Zenobia. His way is upward, along the banks of the storied stream, until, about fifty miles from the imperial city, he finds himself among the hills on the edge of a deep winding romantic gorge through which the waters murmur. At a slight bend of the road, just where, overhanging the deep cleft of the valley, a wayside cross invites the passenger to devotion or idolatry, he will have a commanding sight of a town reposing on a majestic height, crowned with an old embattled fortress: it is Subiaco. Not far from this he will find a monastery which bears the name of Benedict, perched on the rocky slope, and sustained by tiers of imposing arches. Within, he may be shown a grotto or cave in which, long before any ecclesiastical architects or workmen disturbed the silence of that valley, the young wanderer in search of religious repose found a shelter, and a retreat for meditation and prayer. To this grand solitude he had found his way in the year 494, being then about fourteen. He spent three years in his rocky nest, unseen and unknown to any but a friendly monk from the neighbourhood, who shared his own daily meal with him, lowering his portion from the top of the rock by a string with a bell attached, to call the attention of the juvenile saint to his dinner. Near his little cavern, into which the sunlight never came, on a triangular platform which jutted from the face of the rock, was a kind of garden, where he was known to roll his naked body among thorns and nettles, that he might relieve his soul from

torturing passions by calling its attention to the humiliating torments of the outer man. Montalembert dwells on this scene with great complacency. His pen runs into eloquence at the expense of his judgment. 'Such,' cries he, 'was the hard and savage cradle of the monastic order in the West. There is the tomb where that delicate child of the last patrician of Rome buried himself alive; where birth was given to the definite form of monastic, that is to say, the perfection of Christian, life. From this cavern, and from the bed of thorns, have issued those legions of monks and saints whose devotion has gained for the Church her widest conquests and her purest glory. From this source has gushed an inexhaustible current of religious fervour. Here have come, here will yet come, all those whom the spirit of the great Benedict inspires with strength to open new views or to restore the ancient discipline of claustral life. All recognise there the holy site which the prophet Isaiah seems to have shown to the Cenobites beforehand (!) by those words of marvellously exact application: "Look unto the rock whence you are hewn, and to the *cavern of the lake* from which you are dug out." The spot to which Benedict gave a lasting interest, and around which Montalembert's fancy calls up so many glories, had been distinguished aforetime by different patronage, and by other actions and events. The cool and transparent waters falling from lake to lake, amidst the mountain shadows of the quiet retreat, once offered to the sensuous Nero the luxuries of a natural and salutary bath. It became the site of an imperial villa, the delicious Sublaqueum. There it was that, like Belshazzar, the luxuriating sinner was warned from heaven, not by writing on the wall, but by a flash of lightning, which dashed the cup from his guilty lips, overturned the sumptuous tables, and scattered the provocatives of his vicious appetite. It is remarkable that the same retirement should witness the wildest licence of human nature in one life, and in another that same nature under its utmost restraint; that the extreme mode of correcting the evils of carnality should find a birth-place in the very retreat where that carnality was once exemplified in its consummated vileness. Subiaco had seen the evils of a fallen nature in their most flagrant form; and now it witnessed the rise of a remedial system, which, acting on an extreme principle, proved in the end the means of promoting within the Christian Church itself the mischiefs which it was intended to destroy. Subiaco might say, indeed, that, amidst the circling of human affairs, things are never so likely to return to this or that side of the round as when they are pushed to the opposite extremity. The death of Nero had given nature time to rally. In the course of the



intervening centuries she had re-established her sway over the beautiful solitude; and when Benedict adopted it as his home, there was scarcely a token of its former desecration left. The fame of the hermit's uncommon example brought around him, at length, a growing family of disciples. The monks of a neighbouring monastery, bereaved of their abbot, persuaded him to take the place of the dead, and become the father of their house. His paternal style of discipline, however, roused their murderous resentment, instead of regulating their disorders; and, discouraged, if not disgusted, he fled back to his hole in the rock. But the days of his loneliness were over. Several monastic buildings were reared on the hill-sides, and he found himself constrained to act as the patriarch of associated groups of cloistered brethren. For nearly seventeen years he watched over the cowed population of Subiaco. The inroads of vice and the voice of slander drove him forth at last in search of some new and more promising scene of labour. He followed the range of hills toward the south until he reached the centre of a large basin, half encompassed with abrupt and picturesque heights. Here he came upon the remains of an amphitheatre of the Augustan age, marking the site of the old Casinum, the last town in Latium on the Via Latina. The ruins were overlooked by a steep isolated mountain, from whose vast rounded summit the eye could trace the course of the sluggish Liris, range over the undulating plain which stretched toward the shores of the Mediterranean, and look up the narrow valleys which wind away toward the north. There, on the scene which had afforded an elegant retreat to 'the most learned of the Romans,' the 'chaste and devout' Varro, within sight of Cicero's birth-place, and of Aquinum, haunted by the memory of Juvenal, he set up his cross; and laid the foundation of the afterwards celebrated establishment of Monte Casino. Paganism was still surviving among the neglected people of the district. The missionary recluse, joined by many young people of all ranks, who put themselves under his direction, began the work of evangelizing the scattered population, and entered on the task of cultivating the barren hill-sides and the wild and abandoned plains. For fourteen years he toiled, and watched the gradual expansion and permanent settlement of his work; until in March, 544, he peacefully closed his mortal life in the arms of his spiritual children. The memory of Benedict has been somewhat damaged by his earliest biographers, not from lack of affection on their part, but by a fondness overbalancing their judgment. The mischief has been aggravated by their style and manner, with which later times could scarcely sympathize. By the eyes of those disciples who

followed him in the next generation every thing about the saint was viewed in a miraculous light. Remarkable coincidences, such as have occurred in the ordinary course of many an individual life, were talked of and repeated, with colourings and exaggerations, until they were shaped into the traditional records of miracle:—for instance, Gregory's devout manner of describing the unfortunate fracture of the bell which Benedict's friend used to attach to the string by which he lowered the hermit's daily bread from the top of the rock to the mouth of his cell. The charity of the saint's friend excited the wrath of the devil, says his biographer, and he threw a stone one day and broke the bell. The simple fact is, the bell was broken in its descent. Gregory's explanation was that of one whose mind and heart were penetrated with the doctrine of unseen spiritual agencies: a doctrine which the Scriptures teach most powerfully by taking it for granted. Gregory received the lessons of the inspired book; and, with great simplicity, wrote like one who vividly realized them. He will naturally be misunderstood, however, by those who are unconsciously influenced by the cold and sceptical utterances of Deistical, Socinian, or Secular schools. A broad away has been quietly gained for the notion, that no philosopher should admit a spirit-world into his creed. Fashion has sometimes refused to tolerate an unquestioning faith in things not seen. But a reverent spirit is still of great price. We would rather be a Gregory than a Priestley. A Wesley is better for the world's health than a Kant. Human life may gather some warmth and healthy power from among Pharisees; but genial and salutary influences from a Sadducee, never! Our eloquent Count kindles over this question; and we enjoy his scathing philippics. 'But no! neither justice nor pity, neither remembrance nor acknowledgment, neither respect for the past nor concern for the future! Such has been the law of modern progress when it has met in its course with the remains of ancient and venerable things..... Let the oldest and most steadfast benefactors of Christian society then be outlawed and cast under the ban of humanity! But by what hands? By the wretched omnipotence of a troop of sophists and calumniators; of men who have never done any thing for humanity, who have brought nothing to it in the guise of benefits, but an overgrowth of pride, of jealousy, and of discord; who have built nothing, conserved nothing; who began by writing their doctrines with the venom of lies; and who have signed their conclusions with blood!' The greater part of what appears to be marvellous in the older accounts of Benedict's life, may be fairly interpreted as an overwrought exhibition of the distinctive features of his cha-

acter; a picture in which the imagination of the artist has in its own peculiar way immortalized his intuitive discernment, his strong foresight, his philosophical acumen, his practical wisdom, and his deep knowledge of human nature, as they were kept in most intense action under the influence of spiritual feeling and realizing faith. The saint lived to see Mount Casino become a great centre of Western Monachism: the birth-place indeed of powers and influences which were to give a turn to the mental and moral destinies, not only of Europe, but of the world. There was the model farm, which was to excite emulation among the fathers of European agriculture. There was the exemplar economy, from which semi-barbarous rulers and politicians were to receive their first lessons in the science of regulating public labour and supplies. There was the normal school, whose name and power were to call up those seats of learning which preserved for Europe and the world the means of future intellectual improvement; and which left for the benefit of after generations examples of mental culture in sustained harmony with manual exercise. And there, above all, was the missionary station, which gave rise to establishments from which the first evangelizers of Teutonic heathenism went forth to their successful work. We are not blind to the evils of the monastic system; but we cannot refuse to acknowledge the benefits which an all-wise and gracious Providence bestowed upon Christendom through the compelled agency of the Benedictines.

It was on Monte Casino that Benedict composed his celebrated rule, the first monastic rule of Europe: that great standard of conventual life and character which for centuries guided the most powerful communities of the western world. If cloister life was to be perpetuated, the general relaxation which had begun to threaten it must be corrected. A fixed and uniform rule must take the place of the variable regulations and comparative freedom of the more ancient eastern brotherhoods. The somewhat vague and confused codes of former legislators must give place to precise and methodical statutes and laws. To produce these Benedict had only to put his own example into the form of precept. His rule is the written sketch of his own daily action. He enforces no law which he had not himself proved the possibility and, as he thought, the advantage of keeping. His words had a commanding power. The opening of his ascetic rule was indeed a trumpet voice which called up everywhere in Europe new efforts to realize the perfection of religious life. 'Hear, O son!' was soon a well-known appeal, 'Hear, O son, the precept of the Master, and incline the ear of thy heart to Him. Fear not to receive the advice of a good

Father, and effectually to follow it, so that laborious obedience may bring thee back to Him from whom disobedience and sloth had estranged thee.' The rules which followed this preamble, enjoined duties which were all classed under the two heads of labour and obedience. The lessons were hard, but they were needful. The desolated and neglected soil called for labour. Social disorder cried for discipline. Both rulers and people wanted an effectual training to obedience, and an effectual lesson on the supremacy of law. Benedict's elaborate rule called his followers to ceaseless action; to discipline of their own inner man, and the daily exercise of body and mind in some allotted work. Every man must labour with his hands or his brain. Every hour must have its employment in the cell or on the soil; and all the moments of life must be fairly divided between secular and religious duties, relieved by the smallest proportion of rest with which nature can be maintained. Every man was to be disciplined in obedience to God by the practice of obedience to his superior and his brethren. Resistant pride was to be followed to its last retreat, and crushed. The rule required submission, prompt, perfect, absolute. There was to be no reserve, no murmur, not even when things which seemed impossible were enforced. The assembled chapter was the seat of imperative council. The abbot represented Christ as the Master. The brethren formed, indeed, a kind of feudal organization, whose fixed and fundamental principles were sworn celibacy, renunciation of personal property, and absolute submission to a supreme will. The remarkable code which was to be the distinguishing glory and strength of the order is composed of seventy-three chapters. Of these, nine treat of the general duties of the abbot and his monks; thirteen of religious worship, and the offices of Divine service; twenty-nine of discipline, including definitions of faults and penalties; ten of the internal government of the monastery; and twelve of miscellaneous points, such as the entertainment of guests and the conduct of the brethren on their journeys. This celebrated plan of bringing human nature under unnatural restraint, in order to secure for it the blessedness of supernatural freedom, once afforded Bossuet a theme, in dealing with which he proved beyond a doubt that it is possible for a man to be eloquent in the praise of rules to which he would scarcely find it agreeable to conform himself. 'Here,' cries he, 'is the sum of Christianity, a learned and wonderful abridgment of all Gospel doctrine, of all the constitutions of the holy fathers, of all counsels of perfection. Here are eminently set forth prudence and simplicity, humility and courage, severity and sweetness, liberty

and dependence. Here correction shows all her firmness; here condescension has all her charms; the commandment all its vigour, and subjection all her repose; silence her gravity, and speech her grace; power has her exercise, and feebleness her support. And yet, my fathers, its author calls it a mere *beginning*, which is ever to nourish you in fear.' Such a mere 'beginning,' such an instrument of fearful nourishment, doubtless, it proved to many, many a cloistered man, when he had passed his noviciate, and was solemnly pledged to stability for life, under penalty of eternal damnation. But rude and disordered Europe wanted hard measure. It was not for Benedict to estimate the ever-gathering weight of his own character, or to anticipate the growing influence of his own example; as he was not one of that class whose chief concern it is to take the daily measure of their own importance. Nor, perhaps, did he foresee the future depth and range of the power he was originating in his mountain retreat, or the spreading and self-multiplied harvest which was to rise from the handful of seed sown in the desert. But, whatever were his views of himself and the task of his life, the fact was soon before the world that he had founded a monastic family, so prolific in its energy, so balanced in its character, with such capacity for self-adaptation, and so regulated in its action, as to make its influence felt at the proudest seats of European power; whilst it swayed, for some ages at least, the movements of the social system in every part of Christendom. Under the eye of the saint, and beneath his lingering influence, long after his departure, the sons of Italian nobles and the children of barbarian chiefs mingled on Casino with their poorer neighbours, took the same vows, and joined in the same work. Thence the trained companies went forth on their peaceful missions, armed with mental, moral, and spiritual endowments, before which every form of mere physical force confessed its weakness. Rapidly, at several points on the Italian soil, group after group of ecclesiastical colonists laid out their settlements. Many of the secluded wastes of Gaul soon echoed to their choral chants. Spain, too, soon had her Benedictine centres and outposts of cultivation. England was reached. The deep forests and lone marshes of Germany were dotted with their devotional retreats and missionary stations; and even Scandinavian wilds were eventually invaded by this chivalry of the Church. The bands which thus spread themselves over the different provinces were, in fact, the pioneers, the forerunners, the heralds, the creators of western civilization in all its branches. They were prepared for the roughest or the finest work. From among these knots of agricultural labourers,

operatives, and evangelists, there sprang up, when called for, legislators, statesmen, historians, poets, scientific doctors, and bishops; before whose separate but harmonious efforts all the territory that barbarian fury had devastated, and even more, was rescued and laid out as the scene of that purer and happier style of social life which was to be the inheritance of modern Europe.

Montalembert had England in view, perhaps, when he expressed a hope that, by paying a worthy tribute to '*les Moines d'Occident*,' he might 'avenge catholic and historical truth upon that land where it has been least known, and where it still meets with most of antipathy and prejudice.' If so, we think he ought to distinguish things that differ. The intelligence of England will not identify 'historical truth' with what the Count calls 'Catholic;' nor should we be disposed to admit that the avenger of disbanded monks is, in every case, the avenger of catholic truth. England has some reason for antipathy and prejudice against the monastic institute; but she has no unfriendly feeling to 'historical truth,' nor would she be ungratefully forgetful of the benefits she once received from monachism in the day of its real usefulness, when its action was well directed, and its aim was noble. England owes much to the Benedictines. And the story of the Benedictines in England will never lack charm and interest to an English mind. We hope not, at least; for, much that we love dearly and prize most on our native soil and in our distinctive privileges, still bears the mark of their labour, self-denial, wisdom, learning, taste, and virtue. If anything is due to the memory of him who first prepared their way into this island,—and we gladly award our tribute of respect,—the merit belongs to one of Benedict's warmest admirers, and one of the most amiable and devout, though not most discriminating, of his biographers, Gregory the Great. The missionary monks who, under his direction, were the first messengers of the Gospel to the Saxon tribes of the English coast, had caught the quickening flame from Subiaco, and came deeply influenced by the code of Casino; while most of the claustral establishments which sprang up on the scenes of their successful labour were more or less conformed to the same venerable standard. The history of the Benedictines in England shows several strongly marked periods, each of which has its distinctive deeds, or sufferings, or ruling genius. The first was one of much simplicity, loving faith, and happy toil; it was an age of 'first love.' Where this epoch is to be dated, may be thought uncertain. We are entirely free from that fear of admitting the reality of Italian influence over young Christian Saxondom



which has strangely haunted even some of the Roman Catholic authors of England; and are disposed, with such men as Mabillon, to think that Augustine and his companions owed so much to the example and rule of Benedict, that the monastic brotherhoods which arose under their immediate patronage may be fairly classed with the Benedictines. Nor do we think that the distinction would be inappropriately awarded to the fathers of Northumbrian cloister life,—Benedict Biscop, his disciple Bede, and their brethren on the banks of the Tyne. The conventual rule of Wearmouth and Jarrow showed the result of Biscop's travel and observation; but the venerable compiler was largely indebted to the code of his great namesake. Waiving, however, the direct claims of the Benedictines on these northern leaders, and allowing the degree of kindred between the Gregorian missionaries and the saint of Subiaco to be uncertain, it cannot be questioned, that some of the earliest and most distinguished monasteries in the island were purely Benedictine, and that their cloisters were peopled from among the immediate spiritual children of the first evangelists from Rome. The celebrated Wilfred of Ripon, bishop of York in 664, whose character and missionary success we have already noticed, claims the honour of introducing the great order to its distinguished position in Saxon England. He had communed with the disciples of Benedict during his Italian pilgrimage; had become familiar with their now complete regulations; and, though he had been the companion of Biscop, who had been trained under the influence of Lindisfarne, he felt the superior character of the Benedictine discipline, and returned to recommend it with success among both northern and southern Saxons. He might be called the patriarch of English Benedictines. For when his subsequent troubles overwhelmed him, thousands of monks are said to have bemoaned the loss of their friend and guide. In one thing he altered the rule of Benedict. The saint had provided that the monks should have the privilege of electing their abbot. Wilfred, in every instance, made the choice himself, and not only nominated, but appointed, the abbot, and simply ordered the brethren to obey him. Whether he was moved by the lordliness of his own will, or by a conviction that popular elective rights are not good for the spiritual health of religious bodies, does not appear. He might almost seem to have acted on the suggestions of some intuitive philosophy, which enabled him to profit by the foreseen experience of after generations. He was a master spirit. Under his eye the loosely-scattered elements of Christian Saxondom were drawn together, and, for the first time, brought into unity; and with him the first and purest

Benedictine era begins. The Casino rule soon became dominant; and now we are called upon to trace the successive rise of the ascetic colonies on the soil of Christian England. Here commences that development of wisdom, and taste, and practical science, and sacrificing purpose, which marked the youthful period of their history. Here opens that beautiful association of gentle, dignified, learned, loving, and active spirits with some of the loveliest of our island nooks and most richly storied scenes,—an association which was formed during the infancy of the English Benedictine institute. Who that looks upon the old cathedral towers of Ripon but must think of the wondrous church which Wilfred built there, and which his biographer found it impossible to describe, with its long and lofty walls of smooth stone, its porticoes and its pillars, its straight and winding passages, up, and down, and spiral-wise? and who but must wonder how the present house, stuffed, as it was when we saw it, with dark galleries of dirty green-baized boxes, would bear comparison with the old Saxon's Benedictine church? What was said of Wilfred's building is verily true of the interior, at least, of the present cathedral, so called,—that there was nothing like it 'on this side the Alps!' Wilfred's name must be associated, too, with a southern extremity of Anglo-Saxondom. Wilfred and Selsey should always be linked. The wild peninsula was known to the saint when it answered perhaps to its name Seles-æ, 'the island of the sea-calf,' as Bede calls it, or 'the isle of seals;' and there, on the point 'by the way of the sea,' he founded that Benedictine station from which the wretched natives had their first lessons on the alleviation of suffering under famine and pestilence, and from which, indeed, the blessings of Christian civilization were diffused through the wilds of Sussex. The episcopal honours of Chichester may be viewed as the ultimate fruit of Benedictine toil. And before we lose sight of Wilfred, we may remind those who love to ramble on the banks of the Nen in Northamptonshire, that Oundle was one of his favourite retreats, and that it was to this spot, around which the river bends, as if it would affectionately embrace and guard the hallowed nook, he crept at last, in great weakness, to close his laborious life among his cloistered brethren. Nor have we ever followed the course of the river to Peterborough, or wandered over the beautiful range of meadow and pasture land between that old Benedictine centre and Northampton, without thinking of the brethren who set themselves down at Medeshamstede and in Undalum, to work upon the wastes with which Peada and Wulfhere endowed their religious retreats. We were never disposed to offer a '*De profundis*' for their

souls; but cannot, in passing, refrain from blessing the memory of the men to whose early labours the luxuriant soil still bears witness, and the lasting fruit of whose industry affords an illustration, if not fulfilment, of the prophecy, 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' But Wilfred's name was only one of a cluster which brightened the first Benedictine age of England. There was Eddius Stephanus, Wilfred's friend and faithful companion through all his reverses and sorrows; his biographer, too, to whose interesting pages we are indebted for so much light on the state of things towards the end of the seventh century, and whose picture of the church at York, as it was found by Wilfred when he entered the see, offers to modern discontent so instructive a contrast to the present minster. 'There were droppings,' he says, 'through the rotten roof; open windows affording free admission to the birds, which literally found nests for themselves around the altar; undressed walls stained with rain water, and witnessing the unchecked freedom of the sparrows.' Wilfred, we are assured, has the honour of being the first to purge that temple, and the first to glaze the windows of an English church, so as to admit the light and yet keep out the filthy birds. John of Beverley was another of Wilfred's contemporaries, who must be put into our constellation of early monastic exemplars. He figured twice as bishop of Hexham during the most changeful part of Wilfred's course; but was raised to the see of York in 705. He was a lover of solitude, however, and the promoter of peaceful arts, while his active piety left the happiest impression on his own and many following generations. He had loved his hermitage at Hameshalg in Northumberland before episcopal duties were pressed upon him. Amidst these duties he learnt to refresh his spirit on a solitary hill called Ernesshaw, or 'the eagles' mount,' in the forest on Tyne side. Nor did the honour of his archbishopric prevent him from penetrating into the wild region which then bordered the river Hull, and which was known as Dera-wuda, 'the wood of the Deras or Deiri;' there having gathered around him a few men, likeminded with himself, he prayed and worked by turns, until, through obedience to the rule which had come from Casino, he made what was once literally Beofer-leag, or 'the lea of the Beavers,' the cultivated and prolific Benedictine Beverley; for whose genial quietness he at last resigned his seat at York, that he might finish his course amidst the beauties and the songs which he had called up in the wilderness. Theodore of Canterbury had been his preceptor; but, as Fuller, who puts him among his 'worthies' of Yorkshire, says,

'He was not so famous for his teacher as for his scholar, Venerable Bede, who wrote this John's life, which he has so spiced with miracles that it is of the hottest for a discreet man to digest into his belief.' Fuller's difficulty of digestion in this case, however, arose from his incapacity to understand the men and the times at whose expense he indulges his humour. It is often so with great laughers. We find it impossible to 'digest into our belief' that so venerable a biographer should be an inventor of miracles to serve even a pious purpose; or that 'the most reverend Berethun,' in whose 'undoubted veracity,' as an eye-witness, Bede had such confidence, intended to make a false impression in favour of his bishop by a loose mode of using the term 'miracle.' The cases which the historian records may be received as somewhat quaint memorials of John's faithfulness and charity. We are disposed to interpret them as early testimonies to the power of sympathy, kindness, and love, when associated with useful knowledge, practical skill, and genuine faith. There is the case of the afflicted lad with an impediment in his speech, chiefly resulting from neglect. The bishop taught him to speak by a process which it is interesting to find perseveringly employed by an ecclesiastical dignitary of that day, in favour of a wretched forsaken boy. The recovery of a man from the ill effects of unskilful bleeding needs no other explanation than may be found in the personal influence of many a physician over the nervous system of his patient; and the restoration of the earl's servant from apparent nearness to death was evidently effected by the kind words, warm applications, and timely nourishment, which the tender-hearted man afforded to the poor ill-treated serf.\* These and other instances may have seemed miraculous to many who witnessed them; while those, also, by whom they were reported could only wonder, and in their comparative ignorance think themselves right in giving the title of miracles to the good man's deeds of mercy. Let those that glory in the higher enlightenment and more scientific action of their own times justify 'this same confident boasting' by their practical superiority to the men who, with entire unselfishness, used all their knowledge and taxed all their power to the utmost for the true welfare of the world. It is easier, for some, at least, to laugh at the weaknesses of a child-like age, than to emulate its healthful virtues. But he who fulfils his course, although in poverty, and serves his own generation faithfully, in spite of imperfect means, ranks in the Divine kingdom far, far above those who, though 'rich and increased in goods,' and 'having need of nothing,' 'live to themselves,' and

\* See *Bede, Eccles. Hist.*, book v., chap. 2-6.

do little but say to themselves, 'We will "make us a name."'  
'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.'

Among the Benedictine pioneers of improvement in church architecture, in high farming and social science, we must not forget Egwin of Worcester, the first of our English autobiographers: not to be despised, we think, because he reveals very little about himself except his visions. If a good man finds pleasure in his own visions, let him tell them. They will inflict no pain, leave no morbid impression, and at least do no harm; which is more than can be said of the ghastly, unwholesome anatomy of misshapen self which in our own times it has been the way of some philosophers and poets to expose. Egwin was allied to royalty; but from a child his spirit was devout and his thoughts heavenward. Ethelred of Mercia nominated him to the see of Worcester about 692. Like many good men who have risen into high position, his faith and patience were tested by public slander. His character, however, was brightened by tribulation; while his integrity was rewarded by an appointment as tutor to the royal children of his prince. Had this been his only distinction, or had his name merely held a place in the episcopal line of Worcester, his memory, it may be, would have had little fragrance for us; but we must cherish kind and grateful thoughts of the man who so promoted contemplative piety among his people as to rescue the southern part of his native country from the almost exclusive occupation of herded swine, and to open up those scenes along the banks of the Avon to which the greatest of English poets has given immortal freshness. The whole district surrounding the modern Evesham was, at the beginning of the eighth century, nothing but wild forest and tangled thicket. There was a wood called Aet-Homme, which the King had given to Egwin. It was a mere swine range, under the care of four herdsmen. One of these had on a certain day lost himself in the wood, and accounted for his unwonted absence by telling the bishop a story about an open space which he had discovered in the depth of the forest, and a vision of three maidens in beautiful robes, who sang divine music to him. It was doubtless a new version of a lingering Saxon legend, used as a means of propitiating his master. Whatever was the immediate effect of this tale upon the mind of Egwin, he ultimately took advantage of the man's statement, explored the thicket, found a spot on which there is reason to believe that some ruinous fragments of an ancient town remained; and there he founded the celebrated abbey of Evesham, in the name of which the visionary herdsman is in fact immortalized. His

name was Eoves, and his haunted abode was therefore Eovesham. The seal of the monastery represented a swineherd, with an appropriate inscription:—

‘Eoves her wonede ant was swon;  
For-thi men clepet this Eovishom.

‘Eoves here dwelt and was a swain;  
Therefore men call this Eovesham.

At this centre the Benedictine rule of obedience and labour was rigorously acted upon by the associated brethren, who enjoyed the bishop's patronage; and working from that point, they have left their memorial upon many a beautiful meadow, and productive farm, and sunny garden plot on the banks of Avon. Egwin is said to have written not only the history of his monastic foundation at Evesham, and a book of visions, but the life of one who must not be forgotten among the earliest patrons of St. Benedict's rule. This was the saintly and lettered Aldhelm. Of all the leading spirits who distinguished the first and purest age of Benedictine life in England, Aldhelm appears to be the most harmonious impersonation of the proper characteristics of that era. He may be called the Benedictine patriarch of Wessex. Malmsbury abbey in North Wiltshire was his; and under his influence it rose into its highest distinction as a seat of productive labour, learning, and piety. He placed the first earnest workman on the beautiful hill-side which is now the site of the busy Bradford: busy, but not over busy, and happy in her failure to keep pace with her too hasty northern namesake. He, too, made Frome in Somerset a centre of civilizing power. These were vast solitudes in West Saxon-dom at the beginning of the seventh century. Unbroken forest covered a great part of Northern Wiltshire. An Irish hermit called Meildulf had found his way across the Channel, and had buried himself in the wood, where he enjoyed his loneliness without much care about those outside, until he was obliged to work for his stomach's sake. This was often the manner of his country people then, as it has been since to burrow in the darker and more baneful seclusion of England's manufactured deserts. Meildulf had some learning, and he was now obliged to use it for the joint benefit of himself and the children of his nearest neighbours. He became, in fact, the father of hedge schoolmasters on English soil. Scholars gathered round his cabin; and when he had given his last lesson, and his tongue was in the dust, his pupils clung to each other on the spot now become endeared to them, and thus formed



the nucleus of a learned and useful brotherhood. The place came to be known as Meildulfes-byrig, mellowed by and by into Malmsbury. To this sylvan college Aldhelm was drawn at length. The institution took a monastic form; and there he pursued the study of the liberal arts. He was the child of a princely stock; and was born in Wessex about the year 656. His studies had begun under the care of Adrian, the distinguished African whom William of Malmsbury calls a 'fountain of letters and a river of arts.' Adrian was an abbot from an Italian monastery near Monte Casino. He had come to England with Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury, and set up a school in Kent, which helped to form the groundwork of Saxon civilization. From this school Aldhelm came to Malmsbury with a respectable store of Latin and Greek; and, about 682, founded the celebrated abbey with which he remained in affectionate association until his somewhat early death. His memory was long cherished around his favourite retreat as the good bishop of Sherborne, one of the first vernacular poets of his country, the father of Anglo-Latin poetry, one of the earliest English cultivators and patrons of music, the favourite writer of monastic students, and a man who ingeniously employed all his accomplishments in the cause of Divine truth, and for the benefit of the people. He may be fairly taken as a type of the first English Benedictines, and as indicating in his character, attainments, labour, and influence, all that was during that period distinctive in the remarkable institution with which he was identified. There was the diligent accumulation of all available learning, the first gathering of those elements to which, in their subsequent shaping and consolidation, this country owes so much of her mental and moral power. In the literary remains of the leading spirits of that age we may find much that ill accords with our taste. Aldhelm and his contemporaries may seem to use their Greek in spoiling their Latin; or too curiously to make their Latin disport in Anglo-Saxon style; or to violate our notion of judgment in the choice of words; or to give us a painful sense of harshness in composition; or to excite a yawn at their long-drawn flatness and lack of spirit. To us their treatises may appear unattractive in style; in their biographies we may think them chargeable with credulity; and their histories would be by no means popular, supposing us to be admirers of Macaulay: but, amidst all this, there is the deep-laid power, the thorough study, the true independence of thought, and significant manifestations of that deep healthy feeling which did so much to prepare England for her after course. By the care of Benedictine

brethren, England gathered those public and private libraries which sent out their quiet but powerful influences through the circles of social life. York, and Canterbury, and Malmsbury, and Exeter, became representative centres of literary benediction. The *Durham Book* and the *Codex Exoniensis* are representative relics of an age in which the scholarly Alcuin complains in a letter to Charlemagne from the school at Tours: 'I here feel severely the want of those valuable books of scholastic erudition which I had in my own country, by the kind and most affectionate industry of my master, and also in some measure by my own humble labours. Let me therefore propose to your excellency, that I send over thither some of our youth, who may collect for us all that is necessary, and bring back with them into France *the flowers of Britain*.' The monks of the eighth century, by their skill and diligence in the work of writing, copying, and illuminating, became the creators of our bookish taste. They introduced the first symptoms of bibliomania. They supplied volumes for home and foreign demand. Nor is it certain that the glory of being the first printers in Europe does not belong to the Benedictine students of Anglo-Saxon literature. The tradition of a printed grammar still floats about among the echoing rocks and pensile woods of Tavy-side in Devon; and we are inclined to honour the memory of the monks of Tavistock, who, amidst all their struggles to keep episcopal feet from intruding on the delicious solitudes of their rich and powerful abbey, devoted themselves to the interests of Teutonic literature. Indeed, wherever the order of the Italian recluse set up their cloisters, the cultivation of the public mind began. The people, as well as the soil, soon felt their presence, and gratefully repaid their labour, 'some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold.' 'The Anglo-Saxons,' says an earnest student of that period, 'approached the intellectual field which was then laid open to them with extraordinary avidity. They were like the adventurous traveller who has just landed on a newly discovered shore; the very obstacles which at first stood in their way, seemed to have been placed there only to stimulate their zeal. They thus soon gained a march in advance even of their teachers; and the same age in which learning had been introduced among them, saw it reflected back with double lustre on those who had sent it. At the beginning of the eighth century England possessed a number of scholars who would have been the just pride of the most enlightened age; and not only teachers, but books also were sent over to the Franks and Germans. The science which they planted continued to flourish long after it had faded at home.

This cultivation of letters was in that age by no means confined to the robuster sex. The Anglo-Saxon ladies applied themselves to study with equal zeal, and almost with equal success. It was for their reading chiefly that Aldhelm wrote his book *De Laude Virginitatis*. The female correspondents of Boniface wrote in Latin with as much ease as the ladies of the present day write in French, and their letters often show much elegant and courtly feeling. They sometimes also sent home specimens of their skill in writing Latin verse.' This remarkable influence of the Benedictine institute on the character of female life, clearly indicates the important part which it took, during its time of 'first works,' in purging the domestic and social existence of England from the rudeness and manifold afflictions of heathenism. Founded as it was on an ascetic principle, it necessarily gave out some mischief with every blessing, even in the days when it was sufficiently pure to maintain a largely preponderating influence for good. Some of these mischiefs became apparent during its youthful and palmy days. It placed no restriction on the culture of the female mind; and by its freedom in this respect, it gave rise among the gentler sex to a vagrant kind of feeling, a desire for travel in search of mental or spiritual gratification. The religious vow which it imposed, proved, in many cases, an insufficient counterbalance; indeed, its stringent and unnatural application of the bonds of celibacy provoked in some instances a bolder licence, and the Christians of Gaul might complain that pilgrim ladies, in the course of their literary or religious travel, sometimes caused their 'good to be evil spoken of.' But, admitting all this, the social life of England owes no small tribute of gratitude to those who, while bound themselves by a rule which held them apart from the personal enjoyment of family sympathies, were free to employ their growing influence in establishing the sacredness of our island homes: the privileges of the Englishman's hearth, the municipal rights of the people, the claims of Christian equality, and the law of civil freedom. The legitimate influence of pure Christianity upon the social condition of a people, is seen in beautiful light amidst some of the first scenes of Benedictine rule. Our space will not allow us to view more than one class of illustration. The brotherhood appeared to see, from the beginning, that slavery could not consist with the full and fair establishment of Christ's kingdom; that the spirit of Christianity is the spirit of freedom; and that consistent obedience to the law of love, 'the perfect law of liberty,' involves the renunciation of man's claim to all right of property in the person of his fellow. Their piety was pure and simple enough

to prevent them from seeing the possibility of a compromise. Slavery must give place. There was to be no quarter. They found slavery in force when they entered on their calling. Whether the unfree class had become such by the fortune of war, or by marriage, or by settlement in a subjected district, or by surrender under the pressure of want, or by crime, or by any act of tyranny, or whether the parties were in natural bondage, as the children of slaves, Christianity found that class on the soil. The strife of petty states, or the action of law against criminals, or the exercise of the heathen parent's right in his children, had supplied even foreign markets with Saxon slaves; and when the Italian evangelists opened their mission, slaves were among their first converts. The type of the Benedictine hostility to human bonds, however, is seen in Wilfred, who formed the nucleus of his first missionary church in Sussex from the serfs whom he had received as gifts, and whom he taught effectually to identify Christianity with emancipation. Nor will the lover of Christian consistency fail to receive both instruction and pleasure, while he gathers from the records of the purer Anglo-Saxon times interesting evidence that the circle of freedom was continually widening around the establishments of the Benedictine societies, and that the people were taught to associate the act of enlargement from thralldom with the doors of the Church, or with the altar, or with the sacred volume, on the margin or fly-leaf of which the deed or register of manumission was not unfrequently written. One document from an outlying station, at the western extremity of the island, may be taken as very significant of the emancipating process which was quietly but vigorously going on under the direct or indirect influence of the kindred establishments which now dotted the entire country. An entry in a religious book belonging to St. Petroc's, in Cornwall, says: "This book witnesseth that Ælfsige bought a woman named Ongynethel and her son Gythicæel, from Thurehild, for half a pound, at the church-door in Bodmin, and gave Ælfsige the portreeve, and Maccos the hundred-man, fourpence as toll; then went Ælfsige, who bought the serfs, and freed them at Petroc's altar, ever *sacless*, by witness of the following good men, namely,—Isaac the mass-priest, Bletheuf the mass-priest, Wunning the mass-priest, Wulfger the mass-priest, Griffiuth the mass-priest, Noe the mass-priest, Wurthicith the mass-priest, and Ælfsige the deacon, and Maccos, and Tethion Modred's son, and Cynehelm, Béorláf, Dirling, Gratacant, and Talan: and whoso breaketh this freedom let him settle it with Christ! Amen." It is refreshing to trace through this period the legitimate action of unsophisticated

Christian piety upon the evils of an old pagan institute; and to see how accursed slavery creeps away from social life, when goodness and truth are allowed to manifest themselves without let or hindrance from human interest and passion. The first Benedictine age of England offers, in this respect, an unadorned example of Christian consistency. Happy would it have been for some Christian states of later times, and of much higher and louder pretensions, had they allowed themselves to be so fairly swayed and shaped by pure Christian law and feeling. Like young Saxondom, they would then have acted on one principle at home and abroad. Their domestic and their foreign Missions would have been moved by the same spirit, and ruled by the same law. The first English Benedictines were largely baptized with the missionary spirit. But that spirit was in harmony with their practical sympathy for the lowliest of the people among whom they lived. Their leading missionary men proved themselves to be home philanthropists. The Bonifaces and the Willebalds were as honest and unreserved in their action against heathenish bondage on the soil around Nutsall and Waltheim, as they were unshaken and uncompromising in their efforts to rescue the German tribes from the oppressions of idolatry. Nor had any one of them, as far as we can discover, learnt the art of Christian casuistry so perfectly as to leave a 'last will and testament,' in which his soul is 'commended into the hand of the ever-loving Jesus,' while his 'buildings, land, books, furniture, *Negroes*, and every other thing which he stood possessed of,' are bequeathed to an 'elect lady and mother in Israel.' Such things belong to after times; to times of closer alliance between bondage and freedom, or of deeper agreement between the claims of Christ, and the right of one man to use another as part of his own personal goods and chattels. We remember a conversation with a few busy spirits in one of our great centres of modern commerce. We spoke of our 'Quarterlies.' 'I wish,' was the reply, 'you would not write so much about the past; what is the use of it? Why not employ your pen about something practical, something that really exists?' referring, of course, to the existing state of the markets. We might have retorted, had it been polite, that it must be somebody's duty to write about the past, while any person existed who thought ignorance of it to be a virtue; or that existing things are best understood in their relation to the past; or that we are best prepared to perform and enjoy what is practical, when we have an intelligent acquaintance with the past working of the principles on which we would act, and really know our obligation to those past times, in which the groundwork of all existing

advantages was laid. In fact, our lack of sympathy with the past by no means alters our relation as debtors to it; nor in any degree lessens its claim on our gratitude. The modern man of business, who, like Seneca's 'straw upon a river,' 'does not go, but is carried' on his course of over-driven trade, feels, doubtless, that there is nothing in common between him and the humdrum creature that used to mope about in the cloisters a thousand years ago; and when a flourish of our pen, or any other, calls up a shadow from the grave of Monachism, his calculations are interrupted for a moment only, by a feeling somewhat more intense but very like that strong mixture of blank wonder, half respect, half pity, and impatient sense of intrusion, which may be seen transiently expressed here and there 'on Change,' when a clerical lounge happens, from sheer curiosity, to saunter on the floor at business time. Yet there are ties of close kindred between those ancient monks and these men of modern push and accelerated mercantile action. They both claim the honours of one class. They are, indeed, members of the same brotherhood. It is most natural that one should have the deepest sympathy with the other. The fact is, the Benedictines of the first age are the fathers of English commerce; the first patrons and promoters of our island trade. Such quiet retreats as Ripon, and Peterborough, and Malmsbury, and Abingdon, and Tavistock, set forth the first transforming lessons of devotion; but they were, at the same time, the earliest centres of real business life. They gathered around them the practical skill of the country. Their ecclesiastical relation necessarily led to intercourse with other lands, and resulted in the importation of foreign luxuries in exchange for home produce. The mercantile pursuits of the monastic brethren became a snare at length to them, and grew to a magnitude which excited the envy and emulation of powerful competitors in the market. The later history of many a Benedictine settlement seems to be little more than a chronicle of its hard struggles to maintain its rich monopoly of fair and market dues, of harbour rights, or river tolls, or the privileges of export and import, against the keen and unwearied attacks of noble speculators, or chartered corporations, or inquisitive royalty. But to trace the strife back to its beginning, is to arrive at the fact that the advantages which the cowed brethren strove to keep, were the carefully augmented fruits of their predecessors' enterprise; and, indeed, that the first observers of St. Benedict's rule had spirit enough to originate the trade interests of England, while they faithfully observed their vow of personal abstinence from a share in the profits. The modern exchange is of the lineage of the ancient



cloister. Nor need it be ashamed of its birth. If it be disposed to boast of its own broader, faster, or more liberal style, it may not even now, perhaps, be incapable of taking a lesson from some of the old folks, who, slow as they seemed, generally kept their trade healthy and vigorous, by managing it, as they managed themselves, under the rule of temperance and justice.

It must not be supposed that we hold the first English Benedictine age to have been faultless. With all its distinctive virtues it had in it, as we have already intimated, the seeds of corruption. Its principle was monastic, and it must, therefore, of necessity, tend to decay. Montalembert defiantly asks, 'Who will dare to say that the abuses into which the institute fell, were the natural or necessary consequence of the system?' and then replies, 'Good sense and history demonstrate the contrary.' We beg his pardon: good sense has always decided that the indiscriminate enforcement of a rule which does violence to human nature, must, of necessity, result in mischief; and who will say that history proves the possibility of keeping Monachism pure? The noble writer's own historic pages supply an ample refutation of his ascetic doctrine. No; the order of St. Benedict did not keep itself unspotted to the end of the first and best period of its existence. Mr. Stevenson, in his thoughtful, enlightened, and deeply suggestive preface to the second volume of the *Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon*, remarks that, during the anarchy consequent on the Danish invasion, 'an element of worldliness had been introduced into Monachism, which was sapping the very principles of its existence.' The secret of the evil, however, had been introduced before the first Northman's sail had been seen in the offing; and the baptisms of fire which came upon the claustral retreats in such fearful succession, were, perhaps, the punitive and corrective chastisements which belonged to those who had 'left their first love.' Aldhelm writes plaintively about the altered appearance of the brotherhood. The council of Cloveshoe (A.D. 747) calls upon the nuns to lay aside the pomp of dress. Alcuin exhorts them to prefer the virtue of their profession to the display of 'silken hoods and waist-bands, of rings and fillets for the feet,' whilst he significantly complains of 'secret feasting and private drinking parties.' But if their decline had been rapid, their judgment was swift. The first Benedictine era of England closed amidst the 'blood and fire and vapour' of smoke which marked the raging course of the savages whom many a poor sufferer had reason for calling 'sea-wolves.' 'Many circumstances,' says the editor of the *Chronicon*, 'united to cause the storm to burst with concentrated fury upon the English monasteries. They

were the central points of the population; for it was natural that round their walls should spring up, partly for convenience, partly for protection, the dwellings of those to whom they gave employment. The booty was there; and where the carcase was, there the eagles gathered together. The invaders were sure of finding there a supply of food for themselves, and of provender for their horses; whilst the surrounding country was, for the most part, desolate and uncultivated. They were wealthy, for they were the only safe places of deposit for wealth; and, as such, they were employed by the nobles of the land. The sacred vessels of gold and silver, the precious vestments and hangings, the costly shrines, the decorated altars, the images encrusted with precious metals, the highly ornamented books with which these establishments abounded, obtained for them a dangerous reputation, and invited and rewarded the attacks of the marauders. And if these inducements were inadequate, there was the additional stimulus afforded by religious hatred; for it was always gratifying to the worshippers of Thor and Odin to wreak the vengeance of these deities upon the recreant Saxons, who had dishonoured their common ancestry by embracing the peaceful and humble doctrines of Christianity. The Reign of Terror lasted seven years in Northumbria; and, in the end, not one stone of the Columbian monastic structure was left upon another, to tell of the place it once held in the social system. The candlestick was, indeed, removed. The Benedictines, too, were doomed. Five Danish Kings, and as many Jarls, led their barbarous clans across the Humber in 780, and all faces in the southern provinces soon gathered blackness, as the marauders lengthened the line of their horrid march. Bardney became a huge funeral pile, consuming the three hundred mangled bodies of its own monks. The hoary-headed abbot of Croyland sank a mutilated corpse before the altar, and the burning timbers and heated walls of the venerable pile fell in upon the mass of old and young who had died under lengthened torture. The royal Medeshamstede, too, the pride of Saxon architecture, yielded, after a violent struggle, to the assault of the infuriated pagans. A merciless onslaught upon the multitude who had crowded to the sacred enclosure for refuge, opened the way for the murder of the abbot and his monks by the hand of the Danish leader; and for fourteen days the flames fed upon the hallowed dwelling, and upon the mortal remains of those who had perished within its walls. The nuns of Ely were doomed to agonize amidst the ruthless violators of their retreat, until their sufferings were ended by the dagger or the flames. The dark angel passed on to the south, and his fatal brand kindled suc-

cessive fires for human sacrifice. Tradition still gives forth tremulous whispers of what was seen at St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire, or broken undertones about St. Frideswade, of Oxford, where the destroyers were destroyed amidst the burning mass which they had ignited. The records of Gloucester Abbey tell of one fearful visit. Sheppey, in Kent, and Thanet, with its seventy nuns, had a frightful end. And so onward, even to the banks of the Tamar and Tavy, in Devon, the fatal bolts continued to fall at intervals through a long age of misery and death. Just before the close of the tenth century a Danish fleet, under the command of Sweyn, entered the Severn, scoured its banks, and then, sailing round the Land's End, ran up the Tamar, left their ships, carried fire and sword through the country, and descended at length into the beautiful vale of Tavistock. The inhabitants bravely met them at the foot of the hill down which they swept, and there was a struggle, during which, as an old local adage says,—

'The blood which flowed down West Street,  
Would heave a stone a pound weight.'

But resistance was vain. The noble abbey fell; and left no remnant but a fragment of its boundary wall. It was swept away in its youthful glory thirty-six years only after it had been founded by Orgar, earl of Devon. These later and more southern inflictions of the Danes, however, really formed the fiery baptism through which Benedictine life in England entered into its second stage. It had seemed to perish amidst the first fires which the northerns kindled; but it had risen in a renewed form, while the horizon was yet reddening, here and there, over scenes of desolation. The decay of the primitive spirit of the order, the rising popularity of canons regular, and the inroads of sea-rovers, all combined to repress the monastic institute; and the opening of the ninth century saw it apparently extinct. It was dormant for a time; but the spirit of the old rule was, ere long, stirring again. The second Benedictine epoch was opened under royal countenance. The renowned Alfred recalled it into action. None but a master spirit would have attempted this, under the circumstances. The laity had relapsed into all but pagan ferocity; the clergy were ignorant, sensuous, and idle; and Monachism had seemingly left the soil. The educational schemes by which Alfred tried to remedy the prevalent evils are still lauded; but their final success was associated in his mind with the rigorous observance of Benedict's rule. The first memorial of his gratitude for personal deliverance, and for the goodness of God to his kingdom, rose in the form of a

monastery on the spot hallowed to him as his former retreat, amidst the marshes and streams of Somersetshire. Aethelingæt was his first Benedictine house. Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire, followed; and then St. Mary's, at Oxford, under the patronage of his queen. But he found it easier to build houses than to find monks and nuns. He was constrained to seek an importation from across the Channel. This, however, was not encouraging in its result. The work was to be thrown into other hands. By and by, as Mr. Stevenson remarks, 'the monasteries arose from their ashes in increased magnificence; the monks returned from their wanderings; and the zeal of kings and nobles, stimulated sometimes by the fear of impending evil, sometimes by gratitude for past blessings, exhibited itself in a more profuse liberality. As far as its outward and material prosperity was concerned, the Church had walked unscathed through the midst of the burning fiery furnace; and of the clergy it must be said, that the smell of fire had not passed upon them. But the injury was not the less dangerous, in that it gave no outward token of its existence. The monastic system had received a wound from which it did not speedily recover; but for the reforms which at that time were introduced into its working, it must, to all appearance, have been swept away from the face of the earth, as inadequate to fulfil the object for which it had been instituted. If it were to be saved, it must be saved by a recurrence to earlier principles, by the removal of abuses which were becoming engrafted upon the system, by submitting to a reform prudently but firmly administered; and by the exhibition of this reform, not simply as a theory, but as a living reality. For the attainment of these ends a reformer was required, and a stage on which to exhibit the application and result of his reformation. Abingdon furnished both. Its abbot, Ethelwold, in conjunction with Dunstan and Oswald, took the lead in working out these changes; and Abingdon was one of the earliest establishments which submitted to the reformed monastic discipline.

'I do not undertake,' continues Mr. Stevenson, 'to trace the steps by which this revolution in the then existing order of things was accomplished. Not only is the subject too wide to be discussed here, but it can be understood only when taken in connexion with the history of other monasteries, such as Ely, Hyde, and Ramsey. But whenever the question is examined with the learning and candour which it deserves, we shall find that the change in the monastic system, which we cannot hesitate to call a reform, was chiefly planned and executed through the instrumentality of the abbot

and monks of Abingdon.' There is much in the *Chronicon* which Mr. Stevenson has so ably edited, to sustain his views as to the prominent and important influence of Abingdon in the distinctive movements of the Benedictine order during its second period; and it is natural enough that the editor of such a Chronicle should put his own abbot, Ethelwold, in the first place among the 'representative men' of the institute during that era; but, on the whole, we still prefer Dunstan as the type and representative of Benedictine life at the time in question. More stern and exact than in its youthful times, necessarily less genial, open, and free, the institute had to restore itself; to rebuild on its old faith, to come back, if possible, to first principles. We should like to have contributed something towards a study of Dunstan's character, and to have traced the execution of his task, his successes and failures, as he worked from his monastic centre, the venerable and storied Glastonbury. We should like to have shown how the affairs of the order brightened, and then how they became dim amid the dissolving scenes which opened the way for the Norman epoch; and then we might have brought Lanfranc into the light, and examined his character and life as illustrative of the third era, the last days of the Benedictine rule in England. It would have been instructive to watch the brethren in their course through that part of the period in which they honestly fulfilled the purpose of their rule; to mark the first evidence of neglected duty, and see how religious houses became nurseries of evil; to observe them, as they 'sank steadily into that condition which is inevitable from the constitution of human nature, among men without faith, wealthy, powerful, and luxuriously fed, yet condemned to celibacy, and cut off from the common duties and common pleasures of ordinary life;' and, indeed, to follow their fortunes up to the point, at which, by the significant permission or arrangement of Providence, a royal suit on the matrimonial question resulted in the overthrow of the system whose first principles violated the Divine ordinance of marriage. But we must abstain, and be satisfied with a reference to the Chronicles of Abingdon, as affording most instructive lessons on the virtues and vices of the Benedictine order through each and every period of its English existence. There is little at present in Abingdon to show what it once was. But its Chronicle remains to tell, not merely in an incidental way, of England's early days, the aspect of her soil, the social condition of her people, the advance of agriculture, the tenure and descent of property, real and personal, the development and operation of law, and the growth of the constitution,—but chiefly how the Benedictines

worked out their principles at every stage of their history; how by labour, done as a religious duty, they gave a character to the face of the country; how they lent a helping hand to the Saxon serf and the Norman villain; how they filed the bondman's chain; how they taught the children of the poor, and sometimes lifted them above their birth; how they stood between the oppressor and his victim, pleaded in law courts, cheered the prison cell, exercised the healing art, set up dispensaries, and anticipated the benevolent plans of later times; how, too, they gathered and pursued and multiplied the materials of scholarship, acted as Scripture readers at home, and as missionary associations for the salvation of the heathen; while they kept alive within their retreats the flame of spiritual life, and fed their devotion with portions of the sacred page, with the writings of the fathers, and with the sweet and lofty hymns which some of them composed and others set to music. Nor let there be any wonder at finding vital piety in connexion with a system so clearly wrong in principle, and so incurably evil in tendency; for while it is not uncommon for the Divine Governor to bring out of the worst evils the most effectual means of advancing His gracious designs, it appears also to be a law, that corrupt systems may admit of so much good as will bring their evils into strong relief, so that they may be cured either by reform or destruction. And what would have been the fate of Monachism in the Christian world ere this, had those who reaped the benefit of the Reformation faithfully sustained and carried on this movement in which they had embarked? When Protestants, however, gave place to mutual jealousies, and, falling into comparatively hostile sections, lost sight of their great object amidst squabbles for secularities, or hasty efforts to surround themselves with civil immunities and ecclesiastical authority and power, they became gradually disqualified for filling up the ground which the entire destruction of the ancient systems would have left vacant. Nor, perhaps, will Providence ever entirely remove an unworthy organization, even though it merits a speedy and final overthrow, until they who are called to supply its place with something better are altogether ready for their work. Painful as the admission is, Protestants, for a long period, seemed to be getting rather less than more prepared for their place and calling. The isolation, apathy, intolerance, rationalism, and earthliness, which still prevail so widely both on the Continent and in this country, have afforded Rome a plausible argument in favour of that renewed Monachism which, in some quarters, is now openly proclaimed as the best and, indeed, the only check for the swelling floods of worldliness and unbelief.



Many of the ancient orders have risen from the dead ; and are sustaining their claims, in harmony with modern associations, on both sides of the Channel. The Benedictines are alive again among us. There are brotherhoods and sisterhoods once more gathering strength in some of the old haunts ; at York, for instance, and Worcester, and Hereford, and Hammersmith, and Colchester, and Ramsgate, in Stafford, and in Somerset. The ancient order has the smallest number of working centres ; but it is flanked and backed by nearly two hundred establishments belonging to later branches of the monastic family. Are the Benedictines to enter upon a fourth period of rule in England ? It must not be thought impossible. Familiar as some are with little but the free, open, and unsuspecting life of this Protestant land, they become too liable to self-gratulation ; and learn to look upon systems like Monachism as things of the past, to be viewed with curiosity, or wonder, or with contempt. Had Monachism been the creature of circumstances peculiar to one age, and which could never recur, it might not revive ; but, in fact, the system belongs exclusively neither to Brahma, nor Buddha, nor Rome ; it is rather the offspring of human nature ; and, therefore, its renewal never ceases to be possible anywhere, while human nature remains as it is. The present rise of ascetic communities into partial popularity is a reaction akin to that from which such things first arose. It is a reaction from the growing tendency of the Christian Church to fraternize with the world, and to lose sight of its spiritual and heavenly calling amidst the incessant activities of the age.

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ART. III.—1. *Œuvres de PHILIPPE DE MARNIX DE ST. ALDEGONDE : précédés d'une Introduction par ALBERT LACROIX.* Six Vols. Bruxelles : Fr. Vanmeenen. 1857-60.

2. *Fondation de la République des Provinces Unis.* Par MARNIX ST. ALDEGONDE. Vol. V. *des Œuvres complètes de EDGAR QUINET.* Paris : Pagnerre. 1857.

THE Netherlands have been famed for ages as the 'cock-pit of Europe,'—the arena on which kings have fought out their quarrels, or oppressed nations have struggled with their rulers, to assert and maintain their rights, and shake off the yoke of regal and priestly tyranny. For tyranny and imposture of every kind, Papal or other, there is no security but in the ignorance and brutishness of their victims. The slumber of the dark ages had been rudely shaken at the dawn of the Reformation,

and the revival of letters. The nations of Europe awoke to the consciousness of their duties and of their rights, to the sense of what was due to their Maker, their rulers, and themselves; and then commenced the momentous conflict maintained by the Netherlands for eighty years, with varying fortune and final success, in defence of the rights of conscience and of civil liberty, against the combined efforts of Spain and Rome for the extinction of both.

Philip II. had succeeded to the throne of Spain, and to the sovereignty of the Netherlands, on the abdication of his father, Charles V., in October, 1554. The one object of his reign and of his life was the subjugation of the souls and bodies of his subjects to the Church of Rome, and the extermination of heresy and heretics throughout his dominions by all means, and at whatever cost. The craft and subtlety of his nature found ample scope in the prosecution of his infernal task.

William of Orange had early penetrated the insidious designs of Philip and the court of Rome. He encouraged the States to resist the introduction of the Inquisition, and devoted himself to the preservation of the liberties of the Netherlands from the ruin that menaced them. As statesman, governor, and commander, he was a match for the most subtle and formidable of his enemies. But the war upon which they were about to enter was, essentially, a religious war. The truths of revelation, as well as the rights of man, and the progress of society, were involved in the issue. The subtle falsehoods of Romish casuistry were to be unmasked, and the doctrines of the Gospel to be defended by tongue and pen; whilst perfidious policy was foiled in the cabinet, and force repelled by force in the field. At this time there was in training a champion for the service of the Church and of his country, and, for William of Orange, a coadjutor, counsellor, and bosom friend, in the person of Philip de Marnix, Count of Sainte Aldegonde;—to whose character, deeds, and writings, as presented to us by M. Quinet and his colleague, M. Lacroix, we invite the attention of our readers.

Philip de Marnix was born at Brussels in 1538. The house in which the early years of his life were passed still exists.\* His father was a gentleman of Savoy, and by his mother he was connected with Burgundy and Holland. The Seigneur of St. Aldegonde, from which he derived his title, is situate in Hainault, some few miles from Savoy. 'Marnix thus united in his origin,' observes M. Quinet, 'the Savoyard, the Walloon, the Frenchman, and the Dutchman. Combining in his character the moral vigour and pith of Savoy, the penetra-

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tion and picturesque imagination of the country of Froissart and Comines, with the strong sense and imperturbable perseverance of Holland; his whole life was one continuous effort to unite and reconcile these races. His education was completed at Geneva, under the eye of Calvin and Theodore Beza, who, in after life, were his cherished friends and advisers. From this source he derived that energy of conviction which rendered his spirit invincible to the end. Here, too, he imbibed the spirit of the Renaissance, the period of the revival of letters, and his singular mastery of the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages. Calvin taught him the secret of that emancipated French tongue,—clear, terse, and incisive,—which he was hereafter to apply with so much force to affairs of state; and with all this mingled the ineffaceable impression of a republic, drawing from the Reformation the breath of life, and already impregnated, in 1558, with the spirit of Rousseau.' (Pp. 14, 15.)

Marnix returned into Belgium, at the age of twenty-one, a confirmed Protestant and a republican. Here the first spectacles that met his view were the scaffold and the stake, in full operation, carrying into execution the barbarous edicts of Philip for the utter extirpation of heresy and heretics, under the ruthless direction of Granvelle, Archbishop of Arras, who was commissioned to enforce the decrees of the Council of Trent. Of the spirit in which Philip's instructions to Granvelle were framed, our readers will judge, from the King's recently published correspondence with the Spanish ambassador at the Court of Pope Pius V., at Rome, of which M. Quinet presents us with the following extract:—

'You will assure His Holiness that I will try to arrange the matter of religion in the Netherlands, if it be possible, without recourse to force, because that means will involve the total destruction of the country; but that I am determined to employ it nevertheless, if I cannot in any other manner regulate everything as I desire; and in that case I will be myself the executor of my intentions, so that neither the peril that I may run, nor the ruin of these provinces, nor that of the other states that remain to me, may hinder me from accomplishing that which a Christian prince, fearing God, is bound to do for His holy service, and the upholding of the Catholic faith.'—*Correspondance de Philippe II.*

The sympathy of Marnix with the sufferers, and his indignation against their persecutors, led him into secret correspondence with the leading Reformers at home and abroad, carried on with a zeal and activity which, ere long, attracted the notice of the Inquisitors, and obliged him to flee the country. The more

effectually to baffle the search of his enemies, he sought concealment in the stronghold of the Inquisition, and betook himself to Italy, and, it is thought, to Rome itself. It was not long, however, ere he perceived from his retreat that a serious revolution was preparing in Belgium, in which it behoved him to take a part. In 1565 he suddenly re-appeared among the young nobles of Brussels, and the rich merchants of Antwerp, and was satisfied that the popular cause had advanced considerably in his absence. Meetings were held, in town and country, to concert a vigorous opposition to the measures of the government, and to protest against the introduction of the Inquisition. The people waited only a signal from their leaders to rid themselves of foreign domination; the nobles were anxious to regain their former ascendancy, now usurped by strangers; and the conviction was instinctively making its way amongst all classes, that ecclesiastical and political servitude were twin yokes, and must be broken off together; that a dominant priesthood would never brook civil liberty, nor a despotic sovereign sanction the free inculcation of any doctrine of religion, or the practice of any form of worship, other than those prescribed by himself; and, moreover, that this double slavery was being prepared for themselves at the hands of Spain and Rome. 'A terrible thing for the people,' exclaims M. Quinet: 'they had just discovered that their religion was their enemy!'

That a crisis was approaching was obvious to both parties, and neither was ready for decisive action. Margaret of Parma, and her minister, Granvelle, in order to gain time, were prodigal of fallacious assurances and perfidious promises, which only excited the derision of the people. Two years were still to elapse, ere Alva was to crush opposition by military massacres and the fires of the Inquisition.

The three military commanders towards whom the eyes of the people were now turned, were unhappily not prepared to take advantage of this interval. Counts Egmont and Horn were, at best, reluctant leaders of a revolution that had already outrun their conceptions, involving as it did the downfall of the Romish Church, which they hoped to administer to their own advantage, and to that of the country.

The Prince of Orange was still a Catholic, and already resolved on effecting the emancipation of his country; but he was doubtful whether the spirit now manifested by the people were a passing emotion, or the expression of a deliberate determination to achieve their independence. He waited until the revolution should gain strength, before he committed himself irretrievably to its fortunes, as he was ready to do at the fitting

moment. When the hesitation which his natural circumspection created was overcome, he nobly carried out his self-imposed duty to the death.

Meanwhile the revolution was not arrested by the irresolution of its natural chiefs. At the outset, its direction was abandoned to men less known, and devoid of the influence and authority requisite to insure speedy success. Foremost among these were the young nobles educated at Geneva.

'Nine of their number,' says M. Quinet, 'assembled at Breda, in the chateau of the Prince of Orange. None of them were celebrated; but they possessed the great advantage of knowing better than any others, what was necessary to give body to the revolution, and make it irrevocable. One of them especially, with a thoughtful and resolute air,—it was Philip de Marnix,—expressed the wish that the first act should link the nobility together in a reciprocal engagement, which should bind the timid to the fortunes of the bold. It was imperative upon them to mark the conditions which were to be imposed upon the Spanish monarchy,—a declaration of rights which was to precede a war of nearly a century's duration. For that solemn act there was needed a language which should bespeak at once the enthusiasm of the new faith, and the temperate firmness of the statesman. Marnix, in the midst of the group of conspirators, read the declaration which he had drawn up. It closed thus:—

"Having well and duly considered all things, we hold it to be our duty to make sure that we be not exposed as a prey to those who, under colour of religion, or of the Inquisition, would enrich themselves at the expense of our blood and our possessions. In consequence, we have considered to make a good, firm, and stable alliance and confederation, obliging and pledging us to one another by a solemn oath to prevent, with all our might, the said Inquisition from being maintained and received under any colour whatever. And to annul the obligations contracted by these presents, it shall not suffice that the prosecution undertaken against any one of our confederates be founded on a pretended act of rebellion: for we declare that rebellion is not the matter in hand here, and that we are moved solely by a holy zeal for the glory of God, and for the King's majesty, for the quiet of the public, for the defence of our property, of our lives, and of our wives and children, to which God and nature oblige us."—*Quinet*, pp. 22–24.

With this great act, known under the name of 'The Compromise of the Nobles,' the revolution broke out. The fact of this league was widely and secretly circulated; and so thoroughly was it in accordance with public feeling, that within two months it was signed with the names of two thousand of the chief men in Belgium and Holland. It was directed mainly against the Spanish influence which pervaded the government,

and against the Inquisition, which they swore to 'extirpate in every form, as the mother of all iniquity and disorder.'

The first step taken by the confederate nobles was to lay before the Regent Margaret, Duchess of Parma, a statement of the grievances of which they complained, and for which they claimed redress. Marnix drew up this 'request,' which was presented to Margaret on the fifth of April, 1566, by Count Brederode, at the head of three hundred gentlemen. The duchess was observed to be much agitated during the reading of the address. As the deputation withdrew, Berlaymont, one of her council, exclaimed in their hearing, 'Is it possible that your highness can be afraid of these beggars (*gueux*)?' The petitioners noticed the insult only by adopting the name, as their rallying cry and watchword, throughout the coming struggle. On finding their request disregarded, and that Philip was preparing to crush them by violence, they resolved to arm in their defence; and Marnix was appointed to organize their force, and raise supplies, with the title of *Questeur des Gueux*, 'Treasurer of the Beggars.' Funds were forthcoming, and troops levied. Unhappily, in the eagerness of the people to free themselves from their ancient superstitions, excesses were committed. The Catholic churches were ravaged by the image-breakers, and a pretext given to lukewarm and faint-hearted adherents—of whom there were many—to desert the confederates. Marnix deplored the pillage of the churches, but stigmatized the pusillanimity of the men who deserted the cause they were pledged to support.

Meanwhile, with a view to prevent the landing of the Spanish troops coming by sea to the Netherlands, Marnix, and his gallant brother John, raised forces in Brabant and Flanders, and made a simultaneous descent upon Flushing and Zeeland, but failed at both points. Retreating upon Antwerp, they were surprised by a superior force under General Beauvoir de Launoy, and their troops cut to pieces before they could effect an entrance into the city. John de Marnix was taken by the Spaniards, and barbarously burnt alive, under the walls of the city, on the 15th of March, 1567, although he offered two thousand crowns for his ransom. After this defeat Philip de Marnix, reluctant to quit the States, found himself obliged to change his abode daily for several months, and in the end retired into Germany. On the 22nd of April, 1567, the Prince of Orange, summoned by the regent to Brussels, to renew the oath of fidelity, and distrusting the good faith of the government, retired to Dillenburg, the ancestral seat of his family in Germany, by way of Grave and Cleves.

Marnix was not inactive during his retirement from the



Netherlands. We find him first at Emden, busied, in conjunction with his friend Vanderheiden, in raising a fund for the relief of his exiled countrymen. In this year, 1568, the 'Tribunal of Troubles,' established in the Low Countries by the Duke of Alva, decreed the confiscation of his patrimony, and condemned him to exile. He visited successively Wesel, Cologne, and Heidelberg. Debarred from promoting the political cause of freedom, he devoted himself to serving the interests of the religious revolution in the several cities he visited. No one knew better than Marnix that religious and political reforms were identified in interest, and must progress, *pari passu*, to their end. In the social, as in the spiritual life of man, the truth holds good, 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'

The Court of the Elector of Heidelberg was the resort of exiles of all nations, who found invariable protection in his State,—at that time the centre of the Reformed religion. Here Marnix was heartily welcomed, and his character and great qualities were appreciated. He was made Counsellor of the Prince Palatine, Assessor of the Church at Heidelberg, and Treasurer of the Refugee Fund. Here, too, he penned his 'Letter of Consolation to the Brethren exiled from Brabant, Flanders, Hainault, and Artois, dispersed abroad for the Sake of the Christian Doctrine.'

He strove to strengthen the courage of his fellow-sufferers, to cherish brotherly love amongst them, and to reconcile contending sects,—the Lutherans and Calvinists especially,—and not without success. He visited the churches springing up on the banks of the Rhine, presided at secret synods, and addressed to them cheering and monitory epistles, which formed a bond of union among them. Nor was he unmindful of his office as *Questeur des Gueux*. Assisted by a preacher, he went from place to place soliciting the contributions of his party, and soon collected considerable treasure for the revolution.

'In this career,' says M. Quinet, 'Marnix could not fail to meet once more with William of Orange. Both embittered by their common defeat might well be expected to cherish keen resentment, the one against the other. William might reproach Marnix with his precipitation and impatience, which lost nothing; Marnix upbraided William with his hesitation and tardiness, which had let slip the opportunity and ruined the cause. Vulgar exiles would not have failed thus to reopen their sores. For men of the character of the Taciturn and St. Aldegonde, exile has nobler lessons. The instant that these two met, all resentments vanished; they understood that henceforward they must be inseparable. Instead of

reproaches for the past, they borrowed each one the distinctive qualities of the other, and so perfected both. Marnix imparted to William something of his dash and impetuosity; William tempered the fire of Marnix with the cool wisdom of the statesman.

'Aldegonde had judged that in the ruin of his party a man was wanted to raise it up, and that William was that man. He cleaves to Orange as to salvation itself. Preacher at the court, counsellor in the cabinet, aide-de-camp in battle, he quits his hero no more. His grand object is to gain over the prince to the religious revolution. Hitherto the Taciturn had separated these two things,—political liberty, and freedom of thought. Indifferent as to opinions, it was to his indifference he owed his inertness; as from energy of conviction Marnix derived his vigour and promptitude of action. William had not discerned the indissoluble connexion between Spanish and Romish servitude. Marnix demonstrated this to him, and gave a centre of gravity to that hitherto oscillating spirit. The Taciturn embraced the faith of the young apostle, and it was the bond of their heroic friendship. Sully and Duplessis-Mornay were never to Henry IV. of France what Marnix never for a moment ceased to be to William of Orange.'—Pp. 39, 40.

Thus, when the Prince of Orange, in 1568, entered afresh upon the struggle, it was no longer with doubt or hesitation. 'He has concluded,' says Marnix, 'to venture all, that he may win all.' (*'Il a délibéré de mettre le tout pour le tout.'*) Nothing, in fact, could be more daring or unlooked for than his first act. At the very time that the Seventeen Provinces were trodden down, without resistance, by the Duke of Alva, William, taking with him St. Aldegonde, crossed the Meuse in October, 1568, at the head of twenty-four thousand German recruits, and called the people of town and country to arms; but not a man stirred. From the country of Liège he advanced towards the plains of Brabant, not doubting that the people would readily furnish him with the men, money, and provisions, of which he was in the greatest need. But there, as elsewhere, the people, cowed by fear of the Duke of Alva, kept aloof. Attacked by the Duke at the passage of Ianche, Orange was driven back with the loss of three thousand men, and compelled to retire into France, after a disastrous campaign of scarcely six weeks' duration.

The mind of Marnix was deeply grieved by the inertness of the Netherlands at this crisis. He gave vent to his indignation in his work published in 1571, entitled *Belgium freed from Spanish Domination*, in which he bitterly denounces the selfish indifference of the nobles and wealthier citizens, their lip-service in the cause of freedom, and the obstinacy and avarice which usurped the place of honesty and good faith.

Seeing that nothing was to be hoped for from the nobles, Marnix addressed himself directly to the people. He longed to rouse the masses, and sounded the depths of his heart for some accent that might reach their dull, dejected consciences, and thence he produced the national hymn, *par excellence*,—the *Wilhelmslied*,—‘The Hymn of William.’ It was with the strophes of Marnix that the fleets of the United Provinces attacked and chased the Spanish ships from the Zuyder Zee to the Indian Ocean, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. After driving out Philip II., the *Wilhelmslied* led on the republic to battle against Louis XIV. In our times, in 1813 and 1814, Holland was roused when the Netherlands nationality reappeared under the ruins of the Empire. The *Marseillaise* alone has exercised equal power over masses of men. ‘What then,’ asks M. Quinet, ‘is the *Wilhelmslied*? The song of the exile, of the poor Gueux; resignation under past defeat, encouragement to future victory, consolation in ruin, prayer of the soldier, the sailor, confidence in a hero, and, above all, hope in God. This song explains, better than all reasonings, why these men in the end conquered. How could they have been destroyed, who, in the evening of defeat, relied thus on the God of the Maccabees?’ ‘Poems like these are absolutely untranslatable,’ says M. Quinet. ‘It is much if one can reproduce some accents which, wanting the popular rhythm, are faint and colourless.’

‘I, William of Nassau, born of German blood, have remained faithful to my country to the death. I am resolved to live in the law of God, and for that I am banished far from my native land and my kindred. But God will guide me as His instrument. He will bring me back to the helm.

‘You men, loyal at heart, all dejected though you be, God will never abandon you. You who would live as righteous men, beseech Him day and night, that He would give me strength to save you.

‘I have spared for you neither life nor goods; my brothers too, of noble name, have done like myself. Count Adolphus was left in Friesland on the battle field. He awaits in life eternal the Last Judgment.

‘Be Thou my buckler and my strength, O God! O, my Lord, in Thee do I trust; never leave me; lead Thy faithful servant. Enable me to break down the tyranny which makes my heart bleed.

‘As David was obliged to hide himself from the tyrant Saul, so have I had to flee with my noble men. But God raised David from the depths of the abyss. In Israel gave He him a great kingdom.

‘If my Lord so wills, all my royal desire is to die with honour on the field of battle, and to win an eternal kingdom as a loyal hero.

‘Nothing causes me more pity in my distress than to behold you, Spaniards, laying waste the good land of the king. When I think of it, O sweet, noble Netherland, my heart bleeds at it.

'With my own forces only, I, a prince of high lineage, have confronted the pride and the onset of the tyrant. They who were buried at Maestricht felt my power when my bold horsemen were seen charging across the plain.

'If the Lord had so willed it, I would have driven far from you this frightful tempest. But the Lord from on high who governs all—praised be He for evermore!—hath not willed it.'

This ancient Dutch National Hymn was composed of fifteen stanzas of eight lines each, so arranged that if the first letter of each stanza be united, they give the name of 'Wilhelm von Nassau.' Its effect upon the people procured for Marnix from his contemporaries the title of another Tyrtæus, '*alterum quasi Tyrtæum*.' The truth is, says M. Quinet, that in that *Messeniennne Biblique*, he gives a rhythm to the revolution soon to arise and march onwards anew to the cadence of those unpolished verses, half Psalm, half war-song.

It was not enough for Marnix to have inspired his fellow exiles with cheering views of the future. He had seen how depressed was the *morale* of the people in Holland and Belgium groaning beneath the yoke of Spain. To rouse them from their torpor, and make them forget their fears, he undertook to make them laugh in derision of Popery, while smarting under her hands. It is noted by M. Quinet, as a remarkable fact in literary history, that in the bloodiest years of Alva's reign of terror, (in 1569 and in 1571,) Aldegonde composed and published, in Flemish, his gigantic satire on the Catholic Church, *De Byenkorf*, or, 'Romish Beehive,' creating thus the Dutch language in the midst of tragic and heroic laughter. It was received, says Bayle, with incredible applause, and read with avidity and with the keenest relish by the masses for whom it was written. It was translated into Latin, French, English, and German. By a refinement of audacity and irony, Marnix dedicated his appalling book to one of the heads of the Inquisition, Bishop Sonnius. M. Quinet presents us with an opening passage, translated by Marnix himself into French, more than twenty years before the appearance of the *Menippée*.

'The beehives in which our bees lodge, assemble, and do their work, are made of supple and strong clay and osiers of Louvain, Paris, and Cologne, very subtly interwoven. They are commonly named at Louvain sophisms, and are sold by the basket-makers of the Romish Church, as by Johannes Scotus, Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, and other such masters who were very skilful in their art. Now for the greatest safety it is needful to bend these clays and join them together with cables, or 'Cabals,' Judaic or Talmudic, and to plaster them over with good cement made from ancient ruins, with which

the old and crazy councils were walled up, bruised and beaten very small, and mixed with the chopped straw which the apothecaries call *pales decretorum*, moistening it each time with the foam and slaver of the ancient doctors, and mingling with it also a little of the quicklime of the Council of Trent. All this, well crushed together, is mixed with sand from wells sunk by human superstition, or with that sand wherewith the heretics of old twisted their ropes; thou mayest also add a little of that glutinous slime or Indian pitch, a very smooth limy material with which formerly the city and the tower of Babel were cemented, and drawn from the Lake of Sodom and Gomorrah; for that is pleasant to the eye, and is the reason why the bees lodge there and consort more readily.'

'What,' asks M. Quinet, 'can axes and gibbets avail against a weapon like this? Invisible hands were found to deposit the *Buche Romaine* (the 'Beelive') on the steps of the scaffolds; the executioner himself lost his gravity there. The Duke of Alba felt himself vanquished, as Granvelle had been before him; he was become ridiculous.'—Page 50.

By the *Wilhelmlied*, 'Hymn of William,' Marnix had revived religious and martial enthusiasms: by the 'Romish Beehive' he restores, in all, the true sentiment of strength, joy, and hilarity in extreme peril. Henceforward, he may well await the effect of his words. Nor had he to wait long.

At the beginning of 1572 the subjugation of the country seemed complete. The Duke of Alba, deeming his sanguinary mission fulfilled, prepared to quit the Provinces, and return to Madrid. He caused his 'image to be set up' in the citadel of Antwerp, and the following inscription to be engraven on the pedestal: 'To Ferdinand Alvarez of Toledo, Duke of Alba, Governor of the Netherlands under Philip II., for having extinguished sedition, chastised rebellion, restored religion, secured justice, and established peace,—To the King's most faithful minister this monument is erected.' In each of his letters to the King of Spain, he declared that his successors would only have to enjoy the repose he had assured to them. Meanwhile the insane obstinacy with which he forced on the collection of the obnoxious tenth penny on all sales of goods, roused the wrath of the burghers of Brussels into open revolt against the tax. To prevent its being levied, no goods were sold. Trade, wholesale and retail, was suspended. 'The brewers refused to brew, the bakers to bake, and the tapsters to tap,' says a looker-on. It was impossible to buy bread, meat, or beer. The tyrant, thus foiled, determined to make wholesome examples. He sent for Master Curl, the hangman, and ordered him to prepare that very night eighteen strong cords and as many ladders, to hang eighteen of the principal tradesmen of the city at the doors of

their own shops. All was making ready, when, shortly after midnight, Alva was startled by the entrance of a messenger with tidings that the rebels had captured Brill. The tragedy was postponed to the measures to be taken at the instant for averting this bold stroke of the Beggars of the Sea. William de la Marck and his rovers had accomplished the object for which Marnix and his gallant brother John had made their attack on Flushing. To transfer the field of battle from the open plains of the Netherlands to the shores and to the sea, was the sure road to eventual success. The plans of Spain were disconcerted, and the genius and spirit of Holland roused into immediate action, by this daring achievement. The capture of Brill was effected on April the 1st, 1572. Flushing fell into the power of the insurgents on the 6th, and Rotterdam declared for the Prince of Orange on the 8th of the same month. It was obvious that this was not merely the lucky *coup de main* of a handful of desperate men, but the uprising of a people waiting only for a chief. Marnix threw himself at once into the cities of Holland and Zeeland. The 'States General' were immediately assembled at Dordrecht. To this 'Council of Trent of Liberty,' Marnix was sent as deputy for Gueldres. As the first step to insure liberty, he proposed to the States to confer on William of Orange the command of their forces under the direction of the Assembly. These phlegmatic men were moved by his eloquence in spite of themselves. They adopted his proposition, and called on Marnix at once, in the name and behalf of William, to take an oath of fidelity, which he did without hesitation. Never was oath better fulfilled.

William's decision had been already taken. With the three-fold object of giving a basis to the insurrection in the Low Countries, holding out a helping hand to the Protestants of France, and raising the siege of Mons, of which his chivalrous brother Louis had got possession by surprise, he crossed the Rhine on the 8th of July, at the head of one thousand horse. The bulk of his army did not join him until six weeks later, when with a force of sixteen thousand five hundred men he boldly threw himself into the centre of the Spanish forces on the open plains of Belgium, and there waited the arrival of the French Protestant army promised by the court of Charles IX. At that critical moment the news of the St. Bartholomew Massacre fell like a thunderbolt into the midst of his camp. Beaten at Jemappe, his troops mutinous, without pay or provisions, William was compelled to lead them back by Malines, and there disband them. It was then he wrote to John of Nassau, 'I have resolved, by the grace of God, to take my stand in



Holland and Zealand, and there to die and be buried.' This was his fittest fighting-ground, and from it he never removed. The Sea Beggars at Brill had shown him what tactics were best adapted for a national struggle, and he readily took a lesson from these rude instructors.

At this crisis Marnix was Governor of Delft, Rotterdam, and Schiedam, and was sent to re-victual the old fortress of Maaslandois. Surprised by the Spaniards, his guard of horsemen fled, and Marnix was taken prisoner.

The Duke of Alva felt the importance of his capture, and wrote to Philip, 'The troops in Holland have put to death six hundred rebels, and taken Aldegonde, a very dangerous heretic, on whom the Prince of Orange relies more than on any other.' The prince already considered his faithful friend as good as dead, when an unhopèd-for occurrence saved him. News arrived that the Spanish fleet in the Zuyder Zee was destroyed by the Beggars, and that Admiral Boussu, the Spanish Governor of Holland, was taken. William instantly announced that he would deal with Boussu as St. Aldegonde should be dealt with, and the sentence of the latter was deferred. Marnix himself thus refers to his own apprehensions at that period: 'I was constrained to endure proscriptions, banishments, loss of property, hatred and opprobrium of all my friends and relations, and, finally, imprisonment for a year, under the Duke of Alva and Commander Requesens; during which, for three months at least, every night I commended my soul to God as if it had been my last night, knowing that the said Duke of Alva had twice ordered that I should be put to death in prison.'

Marnix knew, moreover, that it was the custom of Philip II. to have the more important prisoners secretly strangled, and that physicians were found to attest that they had died of pleurisy. His faith in the cause of religion was unshaken; but he seems to have despaired of political success, and avowed it. He wrote to William, suggesting the expediency of treating for peace. If Marnix had sustained the moral courage of William, who had despaired in 1566, William repaid him on that day: '*Je maintiendrai*,' (the motto of Orange,) was the spirit of his reply. He bade his friend 'be of good cheer;' and all idea of accommodation was abandoned. In the mean time Alva had quitted the Netherlands, and the Royal army had been compelled to abandon the siege of Leyden. In October, 1574, Marnix was exchanged against Mondragon, and regained his liberty. During his captivity, he began his translation of the Psalms into Dutch. 'The Dutch Bible,' remarks M. Quinet, 'was born in the captivity of Utrecht, as the German Bible in the captivity of

Wartzburg.' This translation, Marnix tells us, was continued, sometimes in exile, sometimes in prison or in the hands of the enemy, always amidst a thousand distractions. He made a double version, one in prose, the other in rhymed verse, to adapt it to the usage of worship. He dedicated his Bible to the States; the Bible in Dutch was to be the foundation stone of the Christian republic of the United Provinces.

The Prince of Orange, at this moment, was more than ever in need of the presence, sympathy, and help of Marnix. Two of his brothers had fallen in the battle of Mook. The high-souled mother of William—one of the noblest among the mothers of great men—strove to uphold his burdened spirit, whilst her own heart was bleeding at the massacre of her sons. 'Humanly speaking,' she writes, 'it will be difficult for you, being deprived of all succour, to resist so great a power in the end; but do not forget that the Almighty *has* delivered you.' In this perilous crisis, all eyes were turned towards William and Marnix. Once more free to act together, they would put forth their conjoint energies with greater effect for the deliverance of the country.

Hopeless of effectual aid from abroad, William, in 1756, proposed to quit a land whence Liberty herself was exiled, and embark with the lovers of freedom,—men, women, and children,—in quest of a new home and kingdom in another hemisphere. Before proceeding to these extremities, it was determined to make a final effort to effect a reconciliation between the Northern and Southern Provinces,—the Walloons and Flemings,—and to turn the combined forces of the two races against their common oppressor. In their reunion against the foreigner lay their only safety.

Marnix was naturally the soul of this negotiation between the two races. Since the conferences at Breda, in 1574, where his first efforts to effect this great object were thwarted by the preponderance of Spaniards present at the negotiations, a desire of reconciliation had worked its way into many minds, and only waited an occasion to break forth. This occasion was furnished at the death of Requesens, the Spanish governor of the Netherlands, by the interregnum resulting from the habitual procrastination of Philip in the appointment of a successor. For a while all was confusion. The excesses of the Spanish bands, 'who confiscate everything, right or wrong, declaring all to be heretics who have anything to lose,' roused the whole population to revolt; and one idea pervaded all minds,—a definitive alliance of all the Provinces against the tyranny of Spain. The States-General assembled at Ghent. Marnix was in their midst, with full powers from

Holland and from the Prince, and threw his whole soul into the constitution of one sole nationality with the provinces of the north and south, on terms of mutual advantage and good-will, as the bulwark of their common safety. With admirable intrepidity and good sense, the Taciturn backed the efforts of his envoy. Addressing the assembled States, he writes:—

‘A faggot untied, in so many separate wands or rods, is very easily broken; but when it is well conjoined and bound together, no arm is strong enough to force it. So in like manner, if you keep yourselves joined and united, as you necessarily will do if you follow my counsel, and if by your declaration you establish an obligation among all to maintain your deed to the last man, all Spain and Italy are not sufficient to harm you. Besides, you will by all means give to all your friends and wellwishers in other lands occasion and cause to declare themselves on your side, and acquire in the eyes of every one the glory and reputation of courageous and magnanimous men.’—*Correspondence of William the Taciturn*, vol. iii., pp. 144–148.

Appeals like this, seconded by the zeal and skill of Marnix, eventually gained the cause of the alliance. On the 15th of November, 1576, Marnix had the honour of signing first, in the name of Holland, the treaty of reconciliation between the two races,—‘the Pacification of Ghent.’

The ill success of the tyrannical rule of Alva induced Philip II. to change his tactics. Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto,—young, insinuating, and pleasing,—was commissioned to lure back to their allegiance the States which the brutal violence of Alva had forced into open revolt. It was much that Holland and Zealand had stood firm against the terrors of the Inquisition and the ruthless atrocities of Alva; it was now to be seen whether they would be proof against the seductive pleas and promises of his successor. Marnix was keenly alive to this new peril that beset the States. He saw that if he did not at once unmask Don John, and show to the public the old foe under the new face, the work of the Confederation would be undone; for a great part of its members, trembling for the consequences of their late temerity, were but too well disposed to be beguiled, if they could but save appearances. He kept a vigilant watch on the movements and professions of Don John, resolved to countermine his subterraneous workings, and unveil his hypocritical candour. In the Assembly of the States-General, at Brussels, November 24th, 1576, he appeared as High Commissioner of William of Orange, and required them in his name to levy troops, contract a loan, and especially not to treat with the new governor on any other basis than the Pacification of Ghent. He also demanded and obtained from the States, for the Prince of

Orange, the fortress of the Chateau de l'Ecluse, as a *point d'appui*, or basis of operations. Having obtained possession of the cipher of Don Juan in his correspondence with Philip II., he proved, beyond all contradiction, that his letters belied his words. This was the first damaging blow at the reputation of Don John; and it was followed up, throughout the whole course of his administration, by a series of appeals, warnings, and exposures, which fully revealed, in its successive stages, the perfidious and ignoble part the new governor had consented to enact, in executing with unscrupulous servility the behests of his remorseless and bigoted master. M. Quinet quotes the following passages from one of the stirring letters addressed by St. Aldegonde to the States; amongst whom were many persons disposed to lend an ear to the fallacious protestations of Don John, arguing that policy would induce him to adopt a more liberal course than his predecessors had taken, and which Philip would be obliged to sanction:—

‘You allege that the King of Spain is necessitated to govern with benevolence; certainly, if this be so, he is lenient by compulsion; now you know how constraint and goodwill agree together. A lion in a cage, fast chained and bound, is obliged to be mild and gentle, and to assume the looks and caresses he is trained to practise. I should think that man very ill advised who should put himself under his paws, hoping that by force he would become mild and peaceable; nay, more, to me it seems that no reason or argument can be more strongly conclusive to the contrary. For Kings never forget an injury done to them. Wherefore it is well said by Solomon the Wise, that “*the wrath of the King is a messenger of death.*” But there is no greater injury in the world can be done to a King than to put him in such a position, that he may be forced by his own subjects to act benevolently in spite of himself. For if private persons esteem promises extorted by force to be worthless, what shall we expect of a Spanish King, nursed in such grandeur and majesty? Do we suppose that he will allow himself to be brought to a point at which he may be forced to abandon force, and use benevolence towards those by whom he feels himself to be outraged by the greatest insult he is capable of receiving?’

‘Who in France, or on this side of it, would have believed that King Charles IX. would not have kept his faith inviolate with the Admiral, whom he never mentioned but as his *father*,—with the King of Navarre, to whom he gave his own sister? And almost all the world were of the same opinion. But I leave others; and to avoid prolixity I will only say, that if any one can allege to me a single example, since the world was a world, in which a King, having been compelled by his subjects to give up force, has governed by benevolence, I shall be content to believe that the King of Spain will forget all that is past, and henceforward rule with more clemency and mildness than any King that ever lived.’

'But I will leave conjectures and come to demonstration. I think you will grant that if Don John shall present to you [as a model for his rule] the government of the country such and in such form as in the time of the Emperor Charles V. of most happy memory, there is not one of the States will dare to oppose it, since in every capitulation it appears that they have themselves put forward this very footing and plan. Don John, and the King himself, declare that such is their intention. I pray you now to consider by whom, and in whose time, were put up the placards (royal ordinances against heretics) from which all these woes have issued: was it not in the time of Charles? and all the persecutions raised against the poor people of the Reformed religion, the name of which is so odious that none will hear it spoken of?'

'Let us come to the political government. Who built the citadel of Ghent, and the citadel of Utrecht? Was it not the Emperor Charles? It must, then, be admitted that, by that peace, Don John may build as many citadels as he pleases. Did not the Emperor Charles, when he wished it, make war and peace, and levy forces by sea and land, without consultation or consent of the States? The very same then may Don John do in the King's name. And did he not put such garrisons and forces in the frontier towns as pleased him? The same power must be granted to Don John. And when this is done, what means, I pray you, will the States have to oppose his designs, or how will they prevent him from taking the heads of all whom it may please him, seeing that the Emperor Charles had the same power?'—*Quinet*, p. 69.

Another trial awaited the Revolution. It has assumed universal suffrage as its basis.

'The suffrage of all for the liberty of all. Of the seventeen United Provinces, ten were Catholic, and only seven Protestant. The enemies of the Revolution saw their advantage, and prepared to use it to defeat the Revolution in the name of the majority. If ten carry it over seven, the minority are bound in honour to give place, and the Reformation must disappear. The secret conference between the two camps in May, 1577, illustrates this point. On the one side were the political leaders of the Catholic party, assisted by the theologians of the University; on the other were Orange, Marnix, Vandermylen, and some trusted associates. The Spanish party, secure in their numerical superiority, proposed a preliminary question. "Do you promise to submit to all that the States-General shall ordain?" asked M. de Grobbendonck. William replied with assumed hesitation, "I cannot tell." "So that," rejoined his adversary, "you would not accept the decision of the States?" "I do not say that," answered William. "The decision might be such as we could accept, or it might not." "You would not then submit to the States touching the exercise of religion?" "Certainly not," thundered William; "for, to tell you the truth, we see that you would fain extirpate us, and we do not intend to be extirpated.'"

It was next the turn of the doctors. These reverend fathers resumed the discussion in Latin. How to lay hold on these sturdy disputants they could not tell. They had not the self-command of the diplomatists, and betrayed unwarily the inmost thought of their party. Dr. Gail went so far as to say that the States that had proclaimed liberty of conscience might abolish it. Aldegonde replied that it was a question of an oath, and not a point of law. He established the moral principle at issue, and repudiated as judges the men who had laid bare the evil passions of their hearts. Was liberty of thought, conquered by blood, to be played for anew at 'pitch and toss,' when every one saw that the dice were loaded beforehand? Hereupon the Conference broke up. Liberty was saved. 'The firm resolve to conquer, the determination not to sacrifice the substance to the form, liberty to its name, was the secret of their victory.' Excellently subjoins M. Quinet: 'A man in earnest has a thousand secret warnings. Strong moral health, native truthfulness, detects fraud in another as surely as some substances reveal, in contact, the poison that lurks in others.' William was ere now satisfied that Popery in the ascendant will use the power and influence it wields to crush Reform. It was not the purpose of Marnix or his master to allow the religious toleration which they conceded to others to be turned against themselves by their enemies. As soon, therefore, as it was evident that the Reformation was not to be extirpated by Catholicism, under pretence of liberty of conscience, the Pacification of Ghent was virtually at an end. The Catholics, by the Act of the Confederation of Arras, were the first to break a truce they abhorred. The two races separated for two centuries and a half. The Walloon Provinces, Brabant, Artois, and Hainault, returned to their ancient vassalage to Spain, and disappeared in the Spanish monarchy. Holland and Zealand, freed from the Church of Rome, moved resolutely onward to a new political existence.

The representatives of the Southern States, in May, 1577, concluded a league, called the Union of Brussels, and consented to receive Don John, stipulating only that he should send back the foreign troops and demolish the fortresses. Don John assented to both conditions, mentally resolved to perform neither.

The Prince of Orange, warned by Marnix of the treachery of Spain, fortified himself in the North, and continued to increase his army. Don John speedily threw off the mask, seized upon the citadel of Namur, recalled the Spanish troops, and marched onwards in open contempt of his word, pledged two months before. The States took the alarm, called William to their aid,



conferred on him the title of Ruward of Brabant, and by his advice chose for their Governor the Archduke Matthias of Austria.

In 1579, Marnix received from the States-General of the North a commission to prepare, in concert with the Prince of Orange, the draft of a constitution for the new Republic. The plan which he drew up forms the basis of what was called the Union of Utrecht, the fundamental compact of the Republic of the United Provinces. The complete rupture of the two races gave rise to the bitterest animosity on either side. The jealousy of the nobles, and the wrath of the clergy, burst forth in the fiercest invectives against Orange and Marnix, who, amidst the distrust and desertion of their own party, remained true to themselves and to their cause.

As soon as it was evident that the Union of the Seventeen Provinces was breaking up, the leaders of the Revolution looked round for support to the countries that favoured the Reformation. Accordingly, in the following year, we find St. Aldegonde despatched on an embassy to England, to solicit aid from Queen Elizabeth, from whom he received little more than vague promises of eventual support. The election of the Archduke Matthias to the governorship of the Netherlands furnished occasion for an embassy to the Diet of Worms, convoked by the Emperor; and Marnix was despatched thither on March 9th, 1578, to advocate the cause of the United Provinces before assembled Germany. Not content with soliciting aid for the infant Republic, he boldly arraigned before the Diet the Duke of Alva, Requesens, Don John, and their successors in the government. His energy, vigilance, and tact, defeated the preconcerted conclusion of a pacification by which Spain alone was to benefit. We may judge of the severity of his attacks by the picture he drew of the Spanish domination.

‘We shall say but one word of what the Duke of Alva has recently done; for who is ignorant into what desolation he plunged Lower Germany, formerly so flourishing? what pillage of private property, what rapine of the public finances, what sacking of cities and towns, what intolerable exactions, how many murders and butcheries of the chief nobility of the country, banishments of the most innocent persons, violation of women and maidens, depredation of lands, profanation of the most sacred laws, and the rights and privileges of the country abolished and trampled under foot! To say all in a word, how insupportable was the servitude endured from the proudest and most insolent soldiery in the world! And if perchance there be any one here who thinks that the noise and report of so many cruelties exceed the truth of the facts, let him remember the words of the

Duke of Alva at his last banquet on the eve of his return to Spain. This avowal must suffice, since he glories publicly in having put to death 18,800 men by the hand of the executioner, without reckoning the innumerable crowds slaughtered in their own houses or slain on the field of battle.'—*Quinet*, pp. 90, 91.

To the Duke of Alva succeeded Requesens, who recruited the old bands with a new troop of famished soldiers, to suck, exhaust, and dry up the little moisture and blood that still remained.

The language of St. Aldegonde was not less energetic when he addressed himself to the Germans. He was not there merely to ask their support; he warned them of the danger that menaced their country from the overweening ambition of Spain, 'whose overflowing and boundless lust of dominion cannot be restrained within the narrow limits of Lower Germany; since hardly does the whole world suffice them, and in the bottom of their hearts they have already devoured universal monarchy. The States-General of the Low Countries beseech you by my mouth no longer to permit these strangers, whose insolence and pride are so justly hated by all the world, to come and plant their homes on the very threshold of the Empire, on the very ramparts and bulwarks of Germany,—to sit down at the mouths of the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Meuse, to occupy your seaports and harbours, and to unsheath their knives and swords to butcher you, when they shall have laid the yoke of your cruel tyranny on the necks of your friends and allies.'

The aid which Aldegonde obtained from Germany was limited to a few thousand men under the command of the Elector Palatine; whilst large bodies of Spanish troops were marching rapidly on the Netherlands, under the command of Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, the most skilful and successful general that Spain had yet possessed. In this extremity, the eyes of Orange and Marnix were directed to France, and Marnix was commissioned to offer the government of the Low Countries to Francis, Duke of Anjou, brother of Henry III. On the success of this negotiation rested the last hopes of the States. Aldegonde had prepared a constitution or charter of liberty, based on the principle that every people has the right of changing its government at will, which Anjou readily signed. This charter Marnix was wont to call 'the Prince's muzzle,' believing that by it he held the Prince sufficiently in check, and that his interest, if not his honour, would lead him to the observance of his oath. He repaired with him to the court of Henry of Navarre, whom he was desirous to secure as captain-general and ally of the Netherlands; from thence he took the Duke to

England, hoping that a marriage might be arranged between that Prince and Elizabeth, and the power of England be thus engaged in defence of the States. After much coquetting between the Queen and her suitor, Marnix reported to the States that he had seen the lovers exchange rings, and afterwards succeeded in bringing the dilatory Duke to Belgium. He led him first to Antwerp, where he was received with acclamations as the pledge of alliance with France, and inaugurated on the 19th of February, 1582, as Duke of Brabant and Count of Flanders. The greater part of the cities of the Netherlands accepted the duke as governor, and Alexander Farnese found himself reduced to the defensive. Marnix was chosen president of the Privy Council, and received the keys of the city of Antwerp. The Netherlands, however, were soon to learn how feeble a rampart for the liberties of a people is the oath of a prince. The French courtiers in his train, working upon the vanity of the fickle and frivolous Anjou, advised him to rid himself of the restrictions imposed upon him by the charter, as unworthy of his own dignity and of the honour of France. Influenced by these suggestions, and jealous of the ascendancy of Orange and Marnix, the Duke attempted by a *coup d'état* to make himself absolute master of the country in one night. On the 17th of January, 1583, at a preconcerted hour, the French garrisons rose upon the unarmed inhabitants of the cities which had received them, only to undergo an ignominious expulsion at the hands of the sturdy burghers. Anjou fled away to Dunkirk, and died soon afterwards at Château Thierry, having deepened the hatred of the people for the French, and strengthened by his perfidy the revolution he wished to destroy.

After the ignominious flight of the Duke of Anjou, the Council of State was broken up and dismissed by the Assembly of the States-General of the United Provinces; and Marnix, deeming that the conduct of affairs was hastening the ruin of the country, resigned his public employments with the consent of the Prince of Orange, and retired to his mansion at Soubourg, in the island of Walcheren, to recruit his health, impaired by the incessant labours of the last fifteen years. But his presence could not long be dispensed with, and he was soon recalled to political activity. The Duke of Parma alone profited by the distractions of the States. Belgium, exhausted by its efforts, and betrayed by its Catholic leaders, became an easy conquest. William of Orange retired into Holland. Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp were almost the only cities that made head against the Spaniards; of these, Antwerp alone was capable of long resist-

ance to Alexander Farnese. As a rampart also to Holland, Antwerp had a double importance, and the energy and skill of Marnix pointed him out to William and to the country as the person best fitted for this post of confidence. It was not without hesitation that he consented to accept the trust. He had expressed his apprehension that the violent hatred evinced towards him since the affair of the Duke of Anjou might prove injurious to the public service. The reply of Orange was worthy of them both. 'St. Aldegonde, let us allow them to march over us, if so we can help the Church of God.' He persisted, however, in declining the title of 'Margrave of Antwerp,' offered him by Orange, and was appointed first burgomaster of Antwerp, whose functions embraced the civil administration and military defence of the city.

No sooner had Marnix shut himself up in the city, then invested by the Prince of Parma, than tidings reached him of the assassination of the Prince of Orange by Gerald Balthasar, at Delft, on the 10th of July, 1584. The consternation of the people, deprived of their beloved and trusted leader, was extreme. 'It seemed,' writes a contemporary, 'as if all authority had died with him.' In this hour of deepest grief and anguish, Marnix did not despond. He exerted all his energy, tact, and powers of persuasion to rally the drooping spirits of the people, and sustain the courage of the besieged. He summoned the Council, and urged upon them the immediate execution of the instructions given by the Prince of Orange to cut through the dykes which banked out the sea, and submerge the surrounding low lands. This measure would make the approach of land forces impossible, and leave to the investing force but the option of instant retreat before the advancing waters, or being overwhelmed as was the host of Pharaoh in the Red Sea; whilst it preserved the communication of Antwerp with Holland and Zealand, and provided for its relief by opening a seaway for their flat-bottomed fleets up to the gates of the city. The short-sighted avarice of the burghers rejected the advice of the burgomaster. Marnix tells us that their refusal made his hair stand on end, but his spirit did not quail before these appalling obstacles. He headed in person two desperate assaults, and ordered repeated sorties. We must refer our readers to the spirited and picturesque pages of M. Quinet, for a description of this memorable siege, sustained by Marnix for thirteen months against the army of Farnese without, and famine, fear, and tumult within. He was compelled to capitulate on the 17th of August, 1585, but not until all provision was so thoroughly exhausted, that three days after the surrender not a

loaf of bread was to be found in Antwerp. The terms of capitulation were as favourable as could be expected after so obstinate a defence:—Antwerp restored to Spain, the lives and property of the inhabitants respected, four years granted to the Reformed to quit the country, and the garrison free to retire, Marnix engaging not to serve in arms for another year.

No sooner had Antwerp fallen, and with it the cause of national independence in Belgium, than the most violent outcry was raised against Marnix. He was denounced as a venal traitor by the men at home whose short-sighted economy shrank from the timely sacrifice which alone could avert the evils they laid to his charge; and the Dutch, whose jealousy, perfidy, or selfish unconcern, had delayed, until too late, the despatch of their fleet to the relief of Antwerp, now pretended that he had surrendered the city unnecessarily; that the imminence of famine was a pretext, and that the gold of Philip had opened the gates of Antwerp. With a precipitation that precluded investigation, deliberation, or defence, the States of Holland proscribed St. Aldegonde. The men who were daring enough to accuse him of corruption, were not daring enough to face inquiry. The greatest warriors and statesmen of his own day acquitted him of the foul charge, and posterity has ratified their verdict. Mr. Motley, who devotes several pages of his invaluable *History of the United Netherlands* \* to a minute, searching, and scrupulously impartial inquiry into the grounds of this charge, has put his slanderers for ever out of court, and established the purity of St. Aldegonde beyond further question.

Marnix could not allow these calumnies to pass unanswered. He published, in 1585, a justification of his conduct, under the title of *A Commentary on the Affairs of Antwerp*. This vindication, long supposed to be lost, has been brought to light since the publication of M. Quinet's *Marnix*, by the researches of M. Mertens. We have a valuable analysis of this pamphlet by M. Albert Lacroix, in his *Notice Bibliographique de Marnix*, in the *Works of Marnix*, vol. iv., pp. 317, 321, from which we quote as follows:—

'Marnix examines, in this commentary, the situation of the country before his nomination as burgomaster of Antwerp. He exposes the difficulties he met with in this eminent post, and relates the varying events of the siege, the means he used to deceive the enemy and prolong the struggle, notwithstanding the scarcity of provisions, the want of money, and the small number of troops under his orders. He explains very accurately the faults previously committed,

\* Vol. i., note on Marnix de St. Aldegonde, pp. 251, 271.

which allowed Parma to penetrate so far into the country, and complains of the backwardness of Holland, after the death of William, to bring aid to Antwerp. The people themselves insisted that he should treat with the besiegers, and Marnix concluded nothing without the consent of all the authorities. He concludes in the following manner: "I commit myself now to the judgment of every reasonable man, to decide whether—in such an extremity of all things concurring with one accord to the utter ruin of so fair a city, and so worthy a community—I merit reproach for having wished to remedy it by so reasonable an arrangement, or do not rather merit praise for having so long maintained the defence without any remarkable tumult or effusion of blood, when there was so great a multitude of inhabitants, the greater part merchants and mere artisans, deprived of all trade, of all manufacture, destitute of all the conveniences and necessities of life, and amidst so great a diversity of humours and opinions, so great popular licence, such confused anarchy, so many commanders, and most of them quite inexperienced in war, with so little authority, so little money, so great scarcity of provisions, so small forces, whether soldiers or sailors, so little prospect of help, and without support from any King or prince whomsoever, not even from the men-of-war within the city; and all this after having made such great and strenuous efforts to maintain it to the last, not with the police only, but by feats of arms by land and sea, without having spared any labour or peril that presented itself. I know well that there are people enough who, sitting at home at ease, and out of reach of hard blows, wish to show their capability by criticisms on the deeds of others, founded on the events and issues of affairs. I pray all into whose hands these writings may come, that, laying aside all passion, they will judge of actions with reason and equity; and since it is evident that I have done nothing but what it becomes a good man to do, that they would hold my honour in commendation before all calumniators, remembering that I am not the first, nor shall I be the last, who has been wrongly blamed; but that all those engaged in the conduct of human affairs are liable to the same fortune. I commit myself to Him who knoweth the thoughts and the hearts, who governs all. I call Him to witness on my behalf, that in all that relates to the surrender of Antwerp, as in all my other actions from my youth up, I have conducted myself in all sincerity and fidelity, without regard to my private interests, but solely to His glory, and the good of this poor people."

'We have analysed this eloquent justification of Marnix,' writes M. Lacroix, 'because it is the principal document to consult in an historical point of view, and throws great light on the circumstances which preceded and accompanied the siege of Antwerp; and also because, in a personal point of view, it is of the highest importance as respects our hero and his fame.'

Relying on his innocence, St. Aldegonde retired to his estate in Zealand, from which the States had proscribed him. No



one dared to come forward openly as his accuser. The States, ashamed of their hasty decision, soon restored to Marnix their confidence, and prevailed on him to accept the most difficult and important missions. As early as 1587, they nominated him as their representative at the proposed conferences for peace with Spain. The perfidy of Spain, however, set aside the conference; it having been proved that a monk had received large sums of money to assassinate Maurice of Nassau, Barneveldt, and St. Aldegonde. Here was evidence enough to clear Marnix of collusion with Spain. Philip II. and the Pope, conspiring against the life of Marnix, the defender of Antwerp, attest that he had not betrayed that city in their favour.

In the intervals of the various missions devolved upon Marnix by the States, or by Maurice de Nassau, the *Picture of Differences of Religion* occupied much of his leisure. This work, at once political and religious, a book of controversy and satire, of history and theology, is the greatest monument of the genius of Marnix; but he was not permitted to complete it. Death surprised him whilst busied with the last pages of the history of the Papacy. In this work Marnix clearly defines his leading idea, and discusses a vital question,—newly revived, and apparently approaching a solution in our own day,—the divorce of the spiritual from the temporal power throughout Catholic Europe. The Papacy bears hard upon Governments; it seeks 'to usurp entire and absolute domination as well over the temporal as over the spiritual.' Catholicism, in a word, invades the domain of politics. Marnix thus pithily puts the popular programme in his day as in ours. He demands 'that the ministers and pastors be content to preach the doctrines of the Gospel in such wise that princes may be princes, and priests priests, without mixing, pell-mell, these totally incompatible vocations.'

At the outset of his book Marnix anticipates an objection to the employment of irony in the discussion of religious matters:—

"Thou wilt tell me," writes he in his preface, "that it is not fitting to jeer at grave matters concerning the honour of the majesty of the living God, and the salvation of Christian souls. I confess it, and thus ridicule will be out of question when we are searching out for truth. But if, peradventure, we find that those who have been refuted a million times are only deluding Christian souls anew, do you not think it right to lay bare their shame to public view, since their obstinacy and bare-faced impudence are past remedy?"—*Quinet*, p. 149.

He then cites the examples of Elijah against the priests of

Baal, of Paul in reproving the high priest, and of the ancient fathers in dealing with gainsaying heathens and heretics, to show 'that where there remains no other hope of remedying the evil, and that it would gangrene the rest of the body, it is necessary to apply the cautery of ignominy to make them ashamed of their impudence, or to disgust others with it who allow themselves to be deluded by them. For this reason the Christian philosopher Herman wrote a book entitled, *The Mockery of the Gentiles*. Following, then, these examples, I am of opinion that while treating the sacred mysteries of God with all reverence and humility, we should not forbear to expose to shame and opprobrium the foolish cavils of heretics and profane persons in a style worthy of their impiety..... However, I pray all who fear God and seek after the truth in a good conscience, that they be not scandalized at this method, since it is only the better to bring out the truth, and repress the audacity of those who make it their business to keep it concealed.'

'I know not,' says M. Quinet, 'whether, in any part of the *Satire Menippée*, there is to be found a passage glowing with livelier colouring than the following, in the work of Marnix, relating to France and Spain in the sixteenth century:—

"The King of France is dead, and our Fleur-de-Lis has just now received a terrible hurt from the Papa-gallic claws; it has narrowly escaped being trodden down and crushed beyond the possibility of recovery. They did not at first think of overturning the throne of France. True it is, at last they have contrived to do so; but it has been done by leaving upon it traces of the frightful power of the Vatican fraud, which seems at this time to strike greater terror into the magnanimous heart of France, than in the most insignificant nook of all Italy. I know well that the hand of God is not shortened; but what would you have? Believe me, friend, these Papal mules are vicious beasts; they have hay twisted round their horns, and they kick out behind like horses broken loose. I am of opinion that we were about to kiss the baboon, and prostrate ourselves before the divine slipper; perhaps he will give us some morsel of a stray benediction, and we shall be again the best of children; for certainly our Pragmatic Sanction, the good old damsel, with her broad band of green satin, and her big paternosters of jet, cannot secure us henceforward; she has not a tooth in her head, and her natural heat begins to fail her. Even her good gossip,—the Liberty of the Gallican Church,—has long since passed to the other world. Many a *De Profundis*, and mass for the dead, has been chanted for her already. Would it not be better for us to serve the Catalan, and grasp the shadows of the Spanish doubloons, than to have a Huguenot King? I refer you on this business to the Holy League, who have had very recent tidings concerning it.

"Let us come now to Spain, which parades her Catholic King,

and would fain give law to the Holy Father, and dispose of his bulls and benedictions, as being the only support and staff of Holy Mother Church, the mainstay of the Holy Catalanic, Apostolic, and Roman faith. But, again, I pray you, (*por vida suya*,) Senor Charlatan, how long is it that she has soared so high? how long since she freed herself from the yoke? I have marked well her swagger, when she had the wind astern, and the good St. Iago set up the rigging of the Holy Inquisition; so, also, am I well assured that it was on its Loyolatic anvil that the last consecrated anchor of the ship was hammered out. But, for that matter, never believe that the Holy Father will consent to be Chaplain to the Catholic King; neither would he have any good reason for it, so please you, Monsieur Ambassador of Spain. How seems it to you? Is Spain more privileged than the rest? must she not submit to practise the bowings and scrapings, as well as France? I do not say that she may not be preserved as the last dainty dish, as was Ulysses at the banquet of Polyphemus; but, believe me, she will one day feel the crunch of the Cyclopic teeth of the great Polyphemus Hurl-thunder; for he deems that she belongs to him as his first and principal portion.

“If they think to make a buckler of their East and West Indies, which furnish them with ingots of gold, they must remember that they owe it all to the liberality of the Holy Father.

“As for the kingdom of England, that is no wedding dowry for us. They have shaken off the yoke, and armed themselves with the thunders of the Capitol. Do not be amazed, then, if these sanctimonious fathers are infuriated against the Queen of England, who hinders them from enjoying their delights. They have finally sold her kingdom to the highest bidder, who, in order that all these brave Don Diegos and Rodrigos of Spain that had engaged to instal themselves ‘Knights of the Round Table’ in Great Britain, might be made to drink salt water, fitted out that formidable Armada, upon which the Lord blew from heaven!”

‘This book,’ writes M. Quinet, ‘a real catapult, the greatest, boldest, deadliest, that the French language ever produced, appeared in 1599, published at Leyden, by St. Aldegonde’s widow, after his death, and by her dedicated to the University and the States. It was the last word of the sixteenth century. Irony in full triumph,—no longer reserved and timid, as in the days of Erasmus,—not bitter and doleful, as in Ulric von Hutten,—but full, super-abounding, sated with booty-feasting victory, elated with the future. The corpse of the past is dragged seven times, amidst an inextinguishable roar of laughter, around the antique Ilion of the Middle Ages.’—*Quinet*, chap. xv., p. 151.

It was not in political and theological controversy alone, that the active spirit of Marnix was occupied. To him the States General turned when a foundation was to be laid for the National Church. The Reformed Churches of Holland did not yet possess the Holy Scriptures in their native tongue; and Marnix was officially charged to make a complete translation of the Bible

into the Dutch language. For this purpose he quitted Zealand, and repaired to the University of Leyden, which he had himself founded. This glory was denied him. The old champion sank exhausted on the Bible, as he finished the last verses of the Book of Genesis. He died at Leyden on the 15th of December, 1598, in the sixty-first year of his age, and his corpse was conveyed for interment to West Soubourg.

Few details have come down to us of the private and domestic life of Marnix.

'All that is known by tradition,' says M. Quinet, 'is that he was thrice married; that his first wife was Philippe de Bailleut; the second, Catherine de Eckeren; and the third, Josina de Lannoy. He had by these marriages four children; one son, Jacob, killed on his first campaign; and three daughters, Marie, Amalia, and Elizabeth, who lived in Holland, where one of them married one of the Barneveldts, and the two others principal citizens of the republic.'—Page 159.

We may thank his defamers for some interesting references to his personal history, in his replies to their libellous invectives. That he was of ancient nobility he has shown by abundant historical evidence in his answer to a pamphlet in which he was stigmatized as sprung from ignoble blood. Having established his descent from true and ancient gentlemen of Savoy, he rebukes his assailant in a strain that reminds us of the manful self-vindication of Milton against the slanders of Salmasius and others.

'Even had it been that I was without nobility of birth,' says St. Aldegonde, 'I should be none the less or more a virtuous and honest man; nor can any one reproach me with having failed in point of honour and duty. What greater folly can there be, than to boast of the virtue and gallantry of others, as many do, who, having neither a grain of virtue in their souls, nor a drop of wisdom in their brains, are entirely useless to their country! Yet there are such men, who, because some one of their ancestors has been esteemed, or done some valorous deed, think themselves fit to direct the machinery of the whole country, or to govern the world, having, from their youth, learned nothing but to dance and spin like weather-cocks, with their heads as with their heels.'—*Réponse à une Libelle fameuse. Lacroix, note, p. 277.*

The unalterable friendship between William of Orange and Marnix was cemented by their common devotion to the cause of Christ and of their country, and their firm reliance on Divine aid in their conflict with Popery and despotism. The strength of their cause lay in the force of truth. Their successes were the triumphs, and their defeats the trials, of their faith. The

maintenance of the Reformation in Holland and Zealand, nay, the very existence of the United Provinces, was depending on the issue of the struggle. These States, animated with their spirit and influenced by their example, repudiated the decrees of the Council of Trent, and, as we have seen, adopted as the basis of their religion, and the Magna Charta of their liberties, the books of the Old and New Testament in their mother tongue. They had learned—and the conviction was burnt in upon their minds and hearts—that Popery and civil freedom, despotism and religious liberty, were irreconcilable opposites, which could nowhere co-exist, and that deliverance from bondage to either was to be found only in the destruction of both. Their illustrious leaders, Orange and Marnix, believing that God was with them, and that 'the right arm of His majesty' would maintain His own cause, had no other ambition than to be honoured as His instruments in working out deliverance for His people. Hence their hearty co-operation, their pure and steadfast patriotism, the stability and consistency of their political career, and their constancy and resignation in the hour of trial; forming an instructive contrast with the irresolution, vacillation, and doubtful adhesion of their Catholic political associates among the nobles, fluctuating incessantly as interest, ambition, and mutual jealousy and distrust impelled them. At one moment we have seen them thwarting the patriotic designs of Orange and Marnix, at another obstructing the prosecution of vitally important measures initiated with their common consent, and which they were pledged to carry out.

M. Quinet, and his able coadjutor, M. Lacroix, have conferred an invaluable boon on the men of this generation in recalling from unmerited oblivion the writings of the master spirit whose genius and achievements are so eloquently portrayed by M. Quinet in the book before us. Nor can we better express the nature and importance of this service than in the biographer's own words:—'Every forgotten man, who now revisits the light, brings with him some lost truth, some forgotten lesson, of which the world stands in need.' Holland and Belgium both owe to Marnix a debt of undying gratitude; and to a revived consciousness of their obligation we would gladly attribute the creditable reception given to the republication of his collected works, of which the title appears at the head of this article. Foremost in the list of subscribers stands the name of the Duke of Brabant, heir apparent to the throne of Belgium; and next, in graceful proximity, that of Prince Frederick, of the Pays Bas, Crown Prince of Holland; followed by cabinet ministers, magistrates, heads of universities, men of letters, and a long array of citizens

of the chief cities in both nations. The writings of Marnix de St. Aldegonde constitute a nobler and more enduring memorial to his fame than 'storied urn or animated bust;' 'for books' (a greater than Marnix has said) 'are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured to a life beyond a life.' We are unwilling to think that the city which gave birth to Marnix de St. Aldegonde will withhold from its greatest citizen such fitting monument as the sculptor's art can raise. Meantime we congratulate the nations of Belgium and Holland alike, that in this collected edition of his works they possess an imperishable memorial of their great countryman. '*Si monumentum queris, perlege.*'

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ART. IV.—*Personal History of Lord Bacon.* From unpublished Papers. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. London: John Murray. 1861.

LORD MACAULAY, in his famous article on Bacon, while reluctantly passing sentence on the moral character of the father of modern science, describes, in a beautiful passage, the gratitude and affection which posterity cherishes for the memory of the great men who have benefitted it, and its unwillingness to believe that they who have been intellectually so great, can have been morally base or little. Such has naturally been the feeling with which men for two centuries and a half have regarded the portrait which has been drawn of Francis Bacon, author of the *Novum Organum*, and Lord Chancellor of England; and from time to time various attempts have been made to shake the credit of that representation of the great philosopher which is embodied in the antithetical line, familiar to all,

'The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.'

Indeed, it is not merely the feeling of combined gratitude and affection towards the dead that prompts this unwillingness to believe in the union of moral turpitude with the highest intellectual powers: the dignity of human nature itself is at stake, and we all feel ourselves personally concerned to rescue from obloquy, if we can consistently with truth, the fame of one whom, in com-



mon with a few others equally great, we would select as representative of our common humanity in its highest phase. If the philosopher, whose vast mind took 'all knowledge for its province,' really was mean, cowardly, and avaricious, we feel that a dark stain has been cast upon the glory of the mind of man, where it shone forth most brightly; our faith in our nature is shaken, and we experience, with more than common bitterness, the deep alloy with which all human excellence is tempered. It is natural, therefore, that we should keep jealous watch over such mixed portraiture of the men who are highest in fame, and should endeavour to right their memories, if they have been wronged, with as much fondness as if they were those of personal friends. And, fortunately, the reversals of historical judgments which from time to time have obtained credit, though few and scattered, are yet numerous enough to justify us in allowing no infallibility to the sentences of contemporaries and of the generations that have intervened between them and us. For our own part, indeed, we regard these attempts to reverse the verdicts of past ages, in general, rather as displays of critical ingenuity than as genuine investigations of truth; but some alterations of historical judgments we could name in which the public is now generally willing to acquiesce. The honour, if such it should prove, of making the first attempt, that fixed the public attention, to discredit the received moral portrait of Bacon, is due to Mr. Basil Montagu, though several other writers had preceded him in the difficult, yet grateful, task. Mr. Montagu's biography drew forth that brilliant article from Macaulay, which is, perhaps, the best known and the most splendid of all his essays, but which has been severely criticized for its injustice to the ancient philosophers, and which will possibly be hereafter criticized as severely for its injustice to the moral character of the modern philosopher, whose intellect and philosophical system he extols so highly and so justly.

In the unfavourable view which Lord Macaulay there sets forth, Lord Campbell concurs; though it would be doing injustice to the former to compare, beyond this general point of condemnation, the reluctant condemnation which he passes on the illustrious accused with the tirade which the present Lord Chancellor has published, under the name of a biography, against his great predecessor. Lord Campbell begins with professing that he approaches his difficult and delicate task with trembling and anxiety; and then immediately indites a long string of antitheses, taking the worst possible view of Bacon's conduct, and thus, in a manner, passing sentence before evidence has been heard. The whole article is conceived in the same

spirit; it is one long, unrelenting vituperation, which, we should hope, will defeat its end by its own bitter extravagance. For ourselves, we confess that, when we read Mr. Dixon's eloquent and generous defence of Bacon, our opinion of his moral baseness was greatly shaken; it was still further undermined by examining Mr. Montagu's representation of the disputed points in his conduct; but, when we came to read the present Chancellor's account of the most illustrious of his predecessors, the doubt was changed almost into positive disbelief.

Yet we say 'almost' advisedly. Mr. Dixon's defence, able and ardent as it is, has not quite converted us to the positive side of the favourable view he takes of the character of his hero. We wish for further examination; and earnestly hope that other biographers and historians will rise to handle this important and interesting question, and set it beyond all doubt whether we are to include Francis Bacon's moral qualities in the admiration which we feel for his intellect, or still to regard him as an instance of the alloy of evil in human excellence, and to read his history with chequered feelings, as combining so strangely 'so much glory and so much shame.' Yet, though we are still in some doubt whether to accept the noble portrait which Mr. Montagu and Mr. Dixon draw of their common hero, we can state, decidedly, that we have little or no doubt, that the picture so often presented, of the great chancellor's moral baseness, is vastly overcharged, and that whether or not we are to regard him in the lofty aspect in which he has been set by those two of his biographers, he is at least such a character as we can look upon with esteem and affection, alloyed with no greater defects than our common frailty will readily incline us to pardon. If even such a character of him can be established, the victory will really be won; it will be idle to accuse him of carelessness, if the rapacity with which he has been charged can be disproved, or to blame him for not being before his age in criminal procedure, if it can be shown that he acted no worse than his contemporaries. We may still find cause for blame in him, as in every other human being; but we shall find his faults small in comparison with his virtues, and the occasions of blame not grave or frequent enough to affect our general affection and esteem.

And now we can follow Mr. Dixon while he traces the 'personal history' of his illustrious subject, paying especial attention to those parts of it which have hitherto been usually the subject of condemnation.

Francis Bacon was born at York House, in January, 1561.

The son of a Lord Keeper of the Seal, he seemed to have inherited the fairest prospects of advancement; but these were early clouded by his father's death, in 1580, which left him with a slender income, and with a greatly diminished hope of official eminence, under the influence of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, which was naturally exerted in favour of his own son Robert, to whom his cousin Francis thus early became an unintentional rival. This jealousy and, perhaps, the suspicion which it is difficult for mere practical men not to feel for the philosophical and far-seeing minds whose schemes cannot always be reduced immediately to practice, caused the cautious Burleigh to look coldly on his aspiring nephew, who had taken 'all knowledge for his province;' and the latter, disappointed of an official post which might afford him at once the means and the leisure to devote himself to his grand work, was forced to betake himself to the study of the law, and entered himself at Gray's Inn, where we find him as early as July, 1580. Five years later he entered the House of Commons, where he soon became popular, and where, in the transaction concerning the trial and execution of the Queen of Scots, his fame 'as a patriot and an orator' became 'formed and fixed.' There in March, 1593, he ventured to oppose the Court; but, as his conduct is represented by those biographers and historians who take an unfavourable view of it, on the rebukes of the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Keeper, made humble recantation, and attached himself to the Court party. Mr. Dixon, however, represents his conduct on this occasion as consistent and honourable throughout; but we must pass over the arguments with which he supports this view, to come to Bacon's treatment of Essex, which has afforded to Lord Macaulay and Lord Campbell grounds for one of the gravest accusations they bring against him. The relation which these writers represent to have existed between Essex and Bacon, was that of friendship; and the latter consequently is accused of violating the ties of honour and affection in appearing against the former on his trial for high treason. This crime, it is further alleged, grievous enough if it had stood by itself, was heightened by ingratitude, the Earl having been the constant patron and generous benefactor of the struggling lawyer. Macaulay adds a yet further charge against Bacon, of cruelty in aggravating the crime of the accused Earl, and in comparing him to the odious examples of Pisistratus and the Duke of Guise. These matters are fully discussed by Mr. Dixon, who has devoted a somewhat large portion of his book to the closing and disastrous scenes in the unfortunate favourite's career. He represents Bacon as bound to him only by the tie of business, in service and advice from

time to time rendered; for which the Earl, who consumed his ready money in his own extravagant mode of living, endeavoured to pay the man of law by procuring for him the office of Solicitor-General. Elizabeth and the Cecils were, at first, inclined towards Bacon's pretensions to this post, until Essex turned the Queen's humour by his importunate and unreasonable demands, and caused his friend to be passed over in favour of Fleming. Such is Mr. Dixon's representation of this matter, which has usually been made to display Essex in so amiable and generous an aspect. The new view of the case, though reflecting some blame upon Elizabeth, in passing over a man whom she thought worthy merely because he was recommended by so importunate a patron, is not an unnatural one; and certainly it seems to be borne out by a letter from Sir Robert Cecil to his cousin, in which he writes, 'I do think nothing cuts the throat more of your present access, than the Earl's being somewhat troubled at the time.'

After this unfortunate issue of the suit, the Earl of Essex, according to Lord Campbell and others, bestowed Twickenham Park upon the disappointed suitor; but Mr. Dixon avers that this park was never the Earl's to give, but had been leased to the Bacon family by the Queen in 1574. Essex, however, did present his friend, or his man of business, whatever name we are to give him, with an estate, which the latter, after having made improvements upon it, sold for eighteen hundred pounds. This, however, was scarcely a third of a single year's income from the solicitorship, and, if Bacon really did lose the latter though the unreasonable importunity of Essex, could be regarded by neither as in any way an equivalent. Bacon, in accepting it, whether as a free gift, or as a price for services done, entered a natural and becoming protest against the requirement, by the donor, of a kind or degree of gratitude that was incompatible with higher duties. 'My lord,' he says, 'I see I must be your homager, and hold land of your gift; but do you know the manner of doing homage in law? Always it is with saving of his faith to the king.'

In 1596, an attack, by land and sea, was organized against Cadiz; Lord Effingham commanding the sea-forces, while the command by land was intrusted, after much hesitation on the Queen's part, to Essex. The attempt was completely successful; but Essex, jealous of the honour won by Effingham and Raleigh, deserted his post, and returned to England, where he immediately hurried up to London, to lay his imaginary grievances before the Queen. He now began to surrender himself to the influence of Sir Christopher Blount, who had married his mother, the

widow of Leicester, and rapidly slackened in his intimacy with Bacon, who had counselled him to pursue a very different course from that which he had followed.

And now, if we are to believe Mr. Dixon, who gives state papers for his authorities, commences a dark page indeed in the history of Essex. Ireland is in revolt under O'Neile. Essex solicits the command of the forces to be sent against the rebels: to employ them, not against the insurgents, but against his Queen and country. He is a descendant of John of Gaunt. With this army he purposes to prosecute an imaginary claim to the English crown. All the world knows his ill-success against O'Neile; but in the volume before us is revealed a conspiracy with the rebel chief, which was to make him Lord of Ireland, and Essex King of England. Twenty thousand troops had been disembarked, in May, 1599, in Dublin. Their general appointed Blount, although a Papist, his marshal of the camp, and Southampton, although in disgrace with the court, his master of the horse. In September, he suddenly carries his army over to England, leaving Ireland to the mercy of the rebels: his plan is to make a sudden attack upon London, and possess himself of the persons of the Queen and her chief councillor. But the Protestants there are in arms, and there is no hope of forcing a way through them. Essex, therefore, flies to the presence of the Queen, who, at first, overjoyed by the surprise of seeing him so suddenly, gives him a gracious reception; but, in a little while, mastering her feelings, orders him into custody. An examination is set on foot by the privy council as to his dealings in Ireland. His treason is proved, but is kept secret; he is stript of his command, and Mountjoy is sent to Ireland in his place. Forbidden the Queen's presence, he lives in disgrace, a prisoner in his own house; his court friends fall from him; but one, whom he had called his friend in his prosperity, remains firm to him in his adversity; and, not knowing his treason, pleads for him, in season and out of season, with the offended sovereign. Bacon's solicitations gradually soften Elizabeth's heart; the Earl is permitted to go at large, but is still forbidden the court, and is still refused offices of trust.

If this is a true representation of Bacon's conduct, instead of baseness towards the disgraced favourite, what generosity and true friendship did he display towards him, even to the point of injuring his own prospects with the Queen!

Essex, thus defeated and pardoned, continues to pursue his traiterous courses. He opens Essex House to discontented Papists, among whom, besides Blount, are Catesby, Winter, the Wrights, and other associates in the future Gunpowder Plot. With these

he concerta a scheme for seizing the Queen, Cecil, Raleigh, and Nottingham, the last three to be put to death at once, the first to be dealt with as circumstances require. Their plans are almost ripe, when, on the 8th of February, 1601, three officers of state, the lord keeper, the lord chief justice, and the Queen's chamberlain, demand entrance at Essex House. These the conspirators boldly imprison, and then sally forth into the city, calling upon the citizens to rise to defend their favourite from the plots of Raleigh. It is Sunday morning, and the streets are full of people; but the citizens do not rise, and the disappointed Earl, with his associates, falls back toward Essex House. The train-bands are called out; and on Ludgate Hill, that Sunday morning, there is a skirmish between the conspirators and the adherents of loyalty and order. The former are soon routed, and before long every one of the chief conspirators is in custody.

Essex is speedily brought to trial before his Peers, and Bacon is summoned, by the privy council, to bear part in the accusation. He

'no more shirks his duty at the bar than Levison shirked his duty at Ludgate Hill, or Raleigh his duty at Charing Cross. As his counsel, learned in the law, he has no more choice or hesitation about his duty of defence than the captain of the Guards. Raleigh and Bacon have each tried to save the Earl while he remained an honest man; but England is their first love, and by her faith, her freedom, and her Queen, they must stand or fall.'

The speeches which Bacon made upon the trial Mr. Dixon has given at full length. They have been grievously complained of by Lord Macaulay, as exaggerating the offence of Essex, when his crime, stated with the utmost indulgence, left him no hope of escape; and two passages, those comparing Essex to Pisistratus and the Duke of Guise, the essayist has blamed with especial bitterness. Those passages are as follows:—

'My lord of Essex, I cannot resemble your proceedings more rightly than to one Pisistratus, in Athens, who coming into the city with the purpose to procure the subversion of the kingdom, and wanting aid for the accomplishing his aspiring desires, and as the surest means to win the hearts of the citizens unto him, he entered the city, having cut his body with a knife, to the end they might conjecture he had been in danger of his life. Even so your lordship gave out in the streets that your life was sought by the Lord Cobham and Sir Walter Raleigh, by this means persuading yourselves, if the city had undertaken your cause, all would have gone well on your side. But the imprisoning the Queen's councillors, what reference had that fact to my Lord Cobham, Sir Walter Raleigh, or the rest?'

'But my lord, doubting that too much variety of matter may occa-



sion forgetfulness, I will only trouble your lordship's remembrance with this point, rightly comparing this rebellion of my lord of Essex to the Duke of Guise's, that came upon the barricadoes at Paris in his doublet and hose, attended upon but with eight gentlemen; but his confidence in the city was even such as my lord's was; but when he had delivered himself so far into the shallow of his own conceit, and could not accomplish what he expected, the King taking arms against him, he was glad to yield himself, thinking to colour his pretexts and his practices by alleging the occasion thereof to be a private quarrel.'

Whoever knows anything of Bacon's style, whether in his writings, his speeches, or his letters, must know that it was impossible for him long to keep clear of a comparison: with him, 'rightly to resemble' things was a habit that had sprung from nature, and was almost a necessity of his mental constitution. Whatever, therefore, may have been the effect of these two comparisons upon the judges, we need not attribute them to any special malignity against the accused in the speaker; he would none the less have found parallels, had he been standing on his own defence. That the comparison to Pisistratus had any effect upon English peers, sitting in judgment upon an English nobleman, we do not for a moment believe. It was a somewhat pedantic touch, which doubtless passed for a rhetorical flourish, and nothing more. The comparison to the Duke of Guise was much more calculated to have weight with the loyal judges; but, in justice to Bacon, we must observe, that this comparison, like the former, was singularly apt and exact. If Essex had tried to play the part of the Duke of Guise, he could scarcely complain when that parallel of the Duke was brought forward against him.

Bacon was rewarded for his share in the trial by a gift of twelve hundred pounds, part of the fine which was inflicted upon Catesby. He was afterwards employed to draw up an account of the treason of the Earl of Essex, and the proceedings against him. This, Mr. Dixon does not mention; but Bacon's conduct here also has been vehemently assailed. He alleged in his defence that the mere words were his, the facts and method of treatment being supplied by the Queen and Privy Council. If Mr. Dixon's representation of the original relation between Essex and Bacon, as one of business rather than of friendship, be correct, there can be no reason why the latter should not have obeyed the command of his Sovereign to aid in drawing up an account of the conduct of a traitor and the proceedings of government against him.

Lord Campbell asserts that, after the execution of Essex, Bacon's popularity declined; but Mr. Dixon shows that, so far

from declining, it increased; for, shortly afterwards, he obtained a double return for Parliament, being elected both by Ipswich and by St. Albans.

Mr. Dixon's justification of Bacon in his relation to Essex has involved a much more unfavourable delineation of the latter than historians have usually presented us with. As his authority for this view, he brings forward state records; and in favour of it are the undeniable facts of the Earl's treason, and consequent condemnation by his peers. We cannot regard the question as yet settled; although our convictions, however much we may regret to condemn the memory of Essex, are decidedly in favour of Bacon.

Bacon's prospects were, for a time, somewhat overclouded after the accession of James; but on the 25th of June, 1607, he was appointed Solicitor-General, after which his public career was one of unbroken prosperity until his downfall in 1621. During the six years that he held the Solicitorship-General, no fault has been found with his practice: a long period for a man in so prominent an office, in such times, to pass without offence. In October, 1613, he was made Attorney-General, and, during the few years that he held that office, was concerned in two cases which have furnished two of the heaviest charges to his accusers.

In 1614, a war threatening with Spain, and the Crown being deeply in debt, James, expecting little aid from Parliament, called upon his subjects to assist him with benevolences. This call was slighted in the counties in which the Roman Catholics preponderated; but in some of the more zealous Protestant shires it was answered heartily and liberally. Whatever proved hereafter to be the destination of the money so obtained, the ostensible cause for the requisition was a war with Spain, which was naturally popular with the Protestant party. These benevolences, however, Oliver St. John, the father of the future Chief Justice, thought fit to denounce in a letter to the Mayor of Marlborough. He employed the strongest terms in this denunciation, not scrupling to declare that the King, in asking for benevolences, had violated his coronation oath, and had done more than had caused some Kings to be deposed. For this letter, he was cited into the Star Chamber, and condemned by Coke to a fine of £5,000 and imprisonment for life. Lord Campbell declares that Bacon, in his speech for the Crown, defended benevolences in general; but Mr. Dixon points out that he merely showed that the particular benevolence which St. John had denounced, had no character of a forced law.

The case of Peacham, which occurred in 1614-1615, furnishes a still heavier charge against the Attorney-General. Every one

will remember the pathetic and indignant eloquence with which Lord Macaulay inveighs against the treatment of this aged Somersetshire clergyman; and, as we read, the charge seems black indeed against Bacon. But in Mr. Dixon's pages, the aspect of matters is wonderfully changed. We cannot do better than employ his own words. After quoting a passage from Lord Campbell, the substance of which will be easily gathered from what follows, he adds:—

'In every line of this passage there is error; indeed, the whole passage is an error. No murmur arose in the country on account of St. John. No one at court ever dreamt of making Peacham a victim; for no one out of Somersetshire had ever heard his name. His study was not broken into for the purpose of finding treason in it. It was not a sermon that had been found. It is ridiculous to say that the papers seized in his desk were not intended to be shown to any human being; for they had been written for publication, and had in truth been shown to several persons. Peacham was not arrested immediately on the seizure of his papers: he was already in custody for offences less dubious than a political crime. Mr. Attorney was not alone responsible for his prosecution. He was not at all responsible. The prosecution was ordered by the Privy Council, of which he was not a member. It was conducted by Winwood, the Puritan Secretary of State.'

One of the heaviest elements of the charge against Bacon in this matter is the employment of torture to wring out a confession from the aged prisoner. Upon this, Lord Macaulay has dwelt with bitter eloquence. Bacon was here distinctly behind his age. He was one of the last of the tools of power who persisted in a practice the most barbarous and the most absurd that has ever disgraced jurisprudence; in a practice of which, in a preceding generation, Elizabeth and her ministers had been ashamed; in a practice, which, a few years later, no sycophant in all the Inns of Court had the heart or the forehead to defend.

'Bacon far behind his age! Bacon far behind Sir Edward Coke! Bacon clinging to exploded abuses! Bacon withstanding the progress of improvement! Bacon struggling to push back the human mind! The words seem strange. They sound like a contradiction in terms. Yet this fact is even so; and the explanation may be readily found by any person who is not blinded by prejudice.'

From this invective we might imagine that the Attorney-General had the sole responsibility and the sole direction of the torturing of Peacham. The fact is, he was one of a commission in which were found men in higher office than himself, and which acted in direct obedience to the Crown. This commission

consisted of 'Winwood, Secretary of State; Cesar, Master of the Rolls; Bacon, Attorney-General; Yelverton, Solicitor-General; Montagu, Recorder of London; Sergeant Cren, and Helwyn, Lieutenant of the Tower.' It is idle, therefore, to call Bacon behind his age in the practice of torture, when the responsibility of the only case that is brought against him must be shared by the King and men in high offices of state. As his own private opinion, he disapproved of the use of torture; but as an officer of the Crown, he had no choice left him, while he held office, but to obey the Crown, and act in concert with his colleagues. So far from Bacon being behind his age in this matter, 'a belief,' says Mr. Dixon,—

'that truth must be extorted by the help of the cord, the maiden, and the wheel, was in the opening years of the seventeenth century universal. It had come down with the codes and usages of antiquity, sustained by the practice of every people on the civilized globe, most of all, by the practice of those wealthy and illustrious communities which had kept most pure the traditions of Imperial Roman law. Men, who agreed in nothing else, agreed in seeking truth through pain. Nations which fought each other to the knife over definitions of grace, election, and transubstantiation, had a common faith in the possibility of discovering truth by the rack, the pincers, and the screw. There were torture chambers at Osnaburgh and Ratisbon no less hideous than those of Valladolid and Rome. The same hot bars, the same boots, the same racks, were found in the Piccinni and the Bastille, in the Bargelle and the Tower. Nor was the Church one whit more gentle or enlightened than the civil power. Cardinals searched out heresy in the flames of the Quemadero, as the Council of Ten hatched treason on the waves of the Lagoon. Bacon was not more responsible for the general practice than for the particular act. To have set himself against the spirit of his time, he must have mounted St. Simon Stylites' column, or shrunk into St. Anthony's cave. If he chose to live among men, he must discharge the duties of a man.....If he were present at the question of Peacham, he was there as one of a commission acting under especial commands from the Privy Council. It is silly to say he was responsible for whatever was done. He was not chief of the commission. He was not even a member of the high body in whose name they spoke. His official superiors, Winwood and Cesar, were on the spot. Does Lord Campbell think that the Attorney-General should have declined to act with them, thrown up his commission, and refused to obey the Crown?'

Lord Macaulay affirms, that the private consultation with the judges which Bacon undertook at the command of the King, was unconstitutional and without precedent; but Mr. Dixon maintains that, whether in accordance with the theory of the constitution or not, the practice was common enough, and

points to an instance which occurred in 1612, only two years before the trial of Peacham.

On the 7th of March, 1617, Bacon was appointed Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and in 1618 was raised to the higher rank of Lord Chancellor. Mr. Dixon stops here fondly to contemplate his greatness and glory, destined to be as brief as it was splendid.

'The Lord Keeper rises in power, expands in fame. In January, 1618, he attains the higher grade of Chancellor. In July of the same year he becomes a peer. His slanderers sink beneath his feet. No severity seems to the Privy Council too great for those, however high in rank, who menace his person or dispute his justice. For a saucy word they send Lord Clifton to the Fleet; for a complaint against one of his verdicts they command Lady Ann Blount to the Marshalsea. In 1620, he published his *Novum Organum*, a book which has in it the germs of more power and good to man than any other work not of Divine authorship in the world. He is now at the height of earthly fame. First layman in his own country, first philosopher in Europe, what is wanting to his felicity? Neither power, nor popularity, nor titles, nor love, nor fame, nor obedience, nor troops of friends. All these he has—no man in greater fulness. If his heart has other longings, he has only to express his wish. In January, 1621, he receives the title of Viscount St. Albans, in a form of peculiar honour; other peers being created by letters-patent, he by investiture with the coronet and robe.'

We can scarcely wonder that Mr. Dixon should think the fall from this high estate the saddest in the history of man.

To understand this fall we must glance at the circumstances of the times, the positions of the officers of law and state, and more particularly of the holder of the Great Seal. The Lord Treasurer, the Secretary of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Judges, the Lord Chancellor himself, were all paid in fees or presents, as barristers are paid now. This was the universal practice, and, however liable to abuse, and at least equally so to misrepresentation, was universally understood. Whatever satirists may have said to the contrary, that fees were given and received, not as bribes to prevent justice, but as pay for the dispensation of justice, is undeniably proved by the fact, that the chief officers of the law, the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, received as salary from the Crown a mere pittance of from one to three hundred pounds, while their actual incomes were several thousands of pounds.

Some of these state and law offices were held for life, and thus gave their possessors a recognised life-interest in them.

The consequence of this was that these offices, if vacated by their holders undisgraced, were as openly sold to their successors as a commission in the army is sold by a retiring officer. But this was not all. A way was thus naturally opened for unscrupulous men in power to traffic in them by the ruin of the present holders of them, and their sale to the highest bidders. This infamous practice, if we are to believe Mr. Dixon, was soon begun, and before long systematized by Buckingham and his faction. Suffolk, the Lord Treasurer, was driven from his post, which was sold to Lord Mandeville for £20,000; (£100,000, or nearly, according to the present value of money;) a second victim was Sir Henry Yelverton, Attorney-General; while a plot was laid to ruin Egerton, Bacon's predecessor in the Chancellorship, then on his death-bed. The dying man, nevertheless, received £8,000 from his successor as the price of his eminent post; but Buckingham and his party gained not a farthing by the change. If the new Chancellor would not pay the favourite for his office, he might be driven from it, and thus money might be made from a more pliant successor. Accordingly, the family of the Buckinghams, with their faction, among whom Sir Lionel Cranfield, Sir Henry Ley, (who afterwards presided in the House of Lords during the trial of Bacon,) and Williams, (who succeeded to the Chancellorship,) were conspicuous, aided by Coke, whose long hostility to Bacon had been sharpened by his being outstripped in the race of preferment, set themselves to watch the Chancellor's proceedings, and to gather up any matter which might afford charges against him. That such matter would soon occur, and in some abundance, might have been predicted, from the corrupt state of the law at that period, and from the peculiar circumstances in which the Chancellor stood, paid by fees, instead of a fixed salary, and surrounded by a host of servants, paid in the same manner as himself, and many of whom were not of his own choosing, and not by him, without good cause, to be turned out of their posts. Such is the sketch which Mr. Dixon draws of Bacon's position as Chancellor, and the plot alleged to have been laid by his enemies to take the advantage which that position afforded them, and to ruin him, as they had ruined Suffolk and Yelverton, and narrowly missed ruining Egerton. The new Lord Keeper had no sooner entered office than the plot was put in motion. John Churchill, who, for forgery and extortion, had been dismissed by Bacon from a situation in the Court of Chancery, was employed by Coke and Buckingham to watch for any case which might be turned into an accusation against him; and this watch was maintained during the four



years that he held the chancellorship. When, towards the end of that time, their scheme was ripe, they at first intended to have him cited into the Star Chamber; but, a Parliament being at this time called together, their accusation was transferred to the House of Lords. This Parliament Bacon himself had earnestly advised the King to summon; for Spain was more and more threatening the Protestant cause throughout Europe, and had opened the Thirty Years' War by taking the Palatinate, and driving the King and Queen of Bohemia from Prague. James, therefore, reluctantly issued writs, and on the 30th of January, 1621, the representatives of the people met, after an interval of nearly six years, more violently Puritanical than ever. In this Parliament Coke sat for Liskeard, and took the lead in the denunciation of grievances which soon began, and not without cause. Before long, he rose, and suggested that a committee should be appointed to inquire into the abuses of the courts of law, especially the Court of Chancery. A doubt was raised whether Parliament had any right to interfere with the King's courts; but the Lord Chancellor, instead of opposing any obstacle to the proposed inquiry, invited it, having long devoted himself to reform in law. A committee was accordingly appointed, with Sir Robert Phillips as its chairman. On the 15th of March, he informed the House that the committee had discovered two cases of corruption against the Lord Chancellor, and that two witnesses to those cases were waiting at the door to be admitted. These men, Kit Aubrey and Edward Egerton, were accordingly introduced, and made their depositions. Aubrey stated that, having a suit in Chancery, he had, by the advice of his counsel, paid a hundred pounds to Sir George Hastings, an officer of the court, to be transmitted to the Lord Chancellor. He had, however, lost his suit. Egerton stated, that, for services done him while Bacon was Attorney-General, he had sent him, on his going to live at York House, a basin and ewer, and four hundred pounds. Like Aubrey, he had profited nothing by his gift.

Mr. Dixon dismisses these cases lightly. Aubrey's gift, he says, was nothing but an ordinary fee, advised by the suitor's legal counsel, offered openly to the proper officer of the court, and procuring no advantage to the donor. Bacon was not even aware of it; for, when he was afterwards charged with it, he at first exclaimed indignantly that it was a lie. The money had been paid him, in conjunction with other sums, by his officers of the court.

Egerton's gift was merely one of those presents which were so commonly made, in those days, to great men, the King not

excepted. Everybody knows how Elizabeth's courtiers made her presents; his predecessor received them with as little scruple; the great officers of state accepted equally with their lord. York House, when Bacon first entered it as holder of the great seal, was furnished by his friends and admirers; and among them Egerton had sent his purse and basin and ewer.

In the end, twenty-two more cases were brought forward, out of seven thousand verdicts which the lord chancellor had pronounced. These twenty-two all belong to his first two years of office, when he was new to his great place; the last two years of his chancellorship, like the six years of his solicitorship, even by the confession of his enemies, are free from blame. He was lying ill, at York House, when the charges were made, and there, in his sickness, jotted down memoranda for his defence, in which he says,—

'There be three degrees or cases, as I conceive, of gifts or rewards given to a judge. The first is, of bargain, contract, or promise of reward, *pendente lite*. And this is properly called *venalis sententia*, or *haratria*, or *corruptela munerum*. And of this my heart tells me I am innocent, that I had no bribe or reward, in my eye or thought, when I pronounced any sentence or order.

'The second is, a neglect in the judge to inform himself whether the cause be fully at an end or no, what time he receives the gift; but takes it upon the credit of the party that all is done, or otherwise omits to inquire. And the third is, when it is received, *sine fraude*, after the cause is ended, which it seems, by the opinion of the civilians, is no offence.

'For the first, I take myself to be as innocent as any babe born on St. Innocent's day in my heart.

'For the second, I doubt, in some particulars I may be faulty.

'And, for the last, I conceive it to be no fault.'

The twenty-two charges, besides those of Aubrey and Egerton, Mr. Dixon thus disposes of:—

'Three are debts, Compton's, Peacock's, and Vanlore's; two of these, Compton's and Vanlore's, debts on bond and interest. Any man who borrows money may be as justly charged with taking bribes. One case, that of the London Companies, is an arbitration, not a suit in law. Even Cranfield, though bred in the city, cannot call their fee a bribe. Smithwick's gift, being found irregular, has been sent back. Thirteen cases, those of Young, Wroth, Hody, Barker, Mark, Trevor, Scott, Fisher, Lenthal, Drench, Montagu, Ruswell, and the Frenchman, are of daily practice in every court of law. They fell under Bacon's third list, common fees, paid in the usual way, paid after judgment has been given. Kennedy's present of a cabinet for York House has never been accepted, the chancellor hearing that the

artisan who made it had not been paid. Reynell, an old neighbour and friend, gave him two hundred pounds towards furnishing York House, and sent him a ring on New Year's day. Everybody gives rings, everybody takes rings on a New Year's day. The gift of five hundred pounds from Sir Ralph Hornsby was made after a judgment, though, as afterwards appeared, while a second, much inferior, cause was still in hearing. This gift was openly made, not to the chancellor, but to the officer of his court. The last cause is that of Lady Wharton, the only one that presents an unusual feature. Lady Wharton, it seems, brought her presents to the chancellor herself; yet even her gifts were openly made, in the presence of the proper officer and his clerk. Churchill admits being present in the room when Lady Wharton left her purse; Gardner, Keeling's clerk, asserts that he was present when she brought the two hundred pounds.

'Not one appears to have been given as a promise; not one appears to have been given in secret; not one is alleged to have corrupted justice.'

Meanwhile Sir James Ley, a partner in the plot, and a creature of Lady Buckingham, is appointed to hold the great seal in commission, and consequently presided in the House of Peers at the trial of Bacon. The latter had prepared his defence, when the King, in a private interview, persuaded him to trust to him and plead guilty. Every reader will remember Macaulay's bitter denunciation of Bacon's conduct on the supposition that, while having a good defence to make, he abandoned it at the instance of James.

'It seems strange that Mr. Montagu should not perceive that, while attempting to vindicate Bacon's reputation, he is really casting on it the foulest of all aspersions. He imparts to his idol a degree of meanness and depravity more loathsome than judicial corruption itself. A corrupt judge may have many good qualities. But a man who, to please a powerful patron, solemnly declares himself guilty of corruption when he knows himself to be innocent, must be a monster of servility and impudence. Bacon was, to say nothing of his highest claims to respect, a gentleman, a nobleman, a scholar, a statesman, a man of the first consideration in society, a man far advanced in years. Is it possible to believe that such a man would, to gratify any human being, irreparably ruin his own character by his own act? Imagine a grey-headed judge, full of years and honours, owning with tears, with pathetic assurances of his penitence and of his sincerity, that he has been guilty of shameful malpractices, repeatedly asseverating the truth of his confession, subscribing it with his own hand, submitting to conviction, receiving a humiliating sentence, and acknowledging its justice; and all this when he has it in his power to show that his conduct has been irreproachable! The thing is incredible. But, if we admit it to be true, what must we think of such a man, if indeed he deserves the name of man, who thinks anything that Kings and

minions can bestow more precious than honour, or anything that they can inflict more terrible than infamy?' *Journal of the Proceedings of the House of Commons, 1621, p. 100.*

This is finely written, and sounds very telling; but the reader may observe that the chief sting of it consists in the supposition that Bacon made his confession to propitiate the King and his favourite, in the hope that they might in future bestow upon him honours equal, or even superior, to those which he should lose, 'to please a powerful patron,.....who thinks anything that Kings and minions can bestow more precious than honour,' &c. Such are the motives which the essayist imputes to the Chancellor, on the supposition that he suppressed a valid defence at the urgency of the King. But these motives he may have slightly mistaken, or slightly misrepresented; slightly, but sufficiently to give them a totally different aspect. The motive which influenced Bacon may have been, not servility, but loyalty, —a feeling which seems to be prominent in his nature. Witness the love and admiration which he bore James's great predecessor, and which he displayed after her death, when her ear could no longer listen to flattery, in that glorious eulogy, *In felicem memoriam Elizabethæ*. Throughout his life, he tried to stand as mediator between the crown and the people; his veneration binding him to the former, while his liberality of thought carried him to the latter. A deferential feeling continually breathes in his writings, a feeling of awe towards the King of kings, and of honour and respect towards all who had been placed in authority by Him. This strong feeling of loyalty is little understood in these days: the personal popularity which Victoria enjoys is a very different thing from the awe-stricken homage which was offered to Elizabeth by court and people, and which soon there were not wanting many to declare was the sovereign's due by Divine right. We are not for a moment acquiescing in the Filmerian view of the relation between Kings and their subjects; our own feelings and opinions are the direct opposite; we are merely stating what was the actual condition of thought and feeling toward the Sovereign in a large portion of the English people in Bacon's days. If he really conceived it to be his duty to sacrifice himself to his King, we can at least pity his fate, and impute his conduct, not to depravity of heart, but to error of opinion. We pity and admire even Strafford, reposing faith to the last in the faithless Charles; may we not admire the same loyalty in one who, if the charges brought against him be proved or not, at least had the welfare not only of his own country, but of the whole human race, earnestly at heart?

It is idle to talk about the favours 'that Kings and minions could bestow,' when we recollect the closing years of Bacon's

life. What honours, what favours did James or Buckingham bestow upon the ex-Chancellor? Did they restore him to the chancellorship in which they had placed his enemy, Williams? Did they even give him the provostship of Eton? His punishment, indeed, was gradually remitted; and this, probably, was the stipulated or implied price of his confession for the sake of the King; but what a recompence for the loss of the chancellorship! What an inducement for servile ministers 'to please powerful patrons!'

Such seems to us to have been the feeling which induced Bacon to yield to the entreaties of the King, and abandon his defence. We do not say that we approve this conduct; on the contrary, we would have preferred that he should hold his own reputation dearer than the reputation or safety of a weak and profligate monarch; but we have endeavoured to do justice to the feelings which probably guided him, and to realize the sentiment of loyal awe with which the Sovereign, though a James Stuart, was regarded in the seventeenth century. If we do not approve of his conduct, we may pity him. We may believe him to have been misled in opinion, and need not condemn him as one depraved in disposition. We may admire the loyalty of the self-sacrifice, even while we think the case was one rather for self-regard and independence.

Mr. Dixon thus accounts for the abandonment of a defence:—

'It is too easy to divine the reasons which weigh with Bacon to intrust his fortunes to the King. He is sick. He is surrounded by enemies. No man has power to help him save the Sovereign. He is weary of greatness. Age is approaching. In his illness he has learned to think more of heaven and less of the world. His nobler tasks are incomplete. He has the Seals, and the delights of power begin to pale. To resist the King's advice is to provoke the fate of Yelverton, still an obstinate prisoner in the Tower. Nor can we say that these complaints against the courts of law, against the Court of Chancery, are untimely or unjust. So far as they attack the court, and not the judge, they are in the spirit of all his writings and of all his notes.'

We must now draw to a conclusion. Our object was not so much to trace the whole life of Bacon, as to examine those disputed passages in his conduct which the publication of Mr. Dixon's book naturally suggests. Of the remaining years of Bacon's life there can be but one opinion. Occupied in maturing works of philosophy, the influence of which will, in all probability, end only with the human race, he presents a far grander and nobler spectacle than when arrayed in the robes of the Chancellor. In this studious retreat there is nothing to alloy the utility and the honour of his life: the ex-Chancellor is

now the interpreter of nature and the benefactor of mankind. Such a retirement, extending over several years, ought, even if we granted the charges against him while Chancellor to be proved, to plead much in his favour. Would it not have been the strongest and the truest sign of repentance, that the closing years of his life were spent in laborious pursuit of truth for the welfare of the human race?

We have yet a few words to say, first, about the character of Lord Bacon with which Mr. Dixon has here presented us; and, secondly, about the manner in which he has executed his task, evidently a labour of love.

The usual character which has been drawn of Bacon is made up of the most violent contrasts, so violent as, in some instances, to stop short only of absolute contradictions. His career has been represented as compounded so strangely of glory and shame, that the reader who contemplates it feels that he could never himself have presumed it to be the author of the *Novum Organum*. His character so drawn almost reminds us of the monster which Horace describes at the commencement of the *De Arte Poetica*, — a creature to be formed only by putting together the trunk of one animal, the head of another, and the limbs of a third, without any organization. Lord Campbell has, indeed, literally drawn a human monster little better than this: it is almost impossible to believe that such a man ever existed. Shall we credit, except upon the clearest evidence, that one man ever united in himself such contrasts as the following?—

‘Contented, for a time, with “taking all knowledge for his province;” roused from these speculations by the stings of vulgar ambition, plying all the arts of flattery to gain official advancement by royal and courtly favour; entering the House of Commons, and displaying powers of oratory of which he had been unconscious; seduced by the love of popular applause, for a brief space becoming a patriot; making amends by defending all the worst excesses of prerogative; publishing to the world lucubrations on morals which show the nicest perception of what is honourable and beautiful, as well as prudent, in the conduct of life; yet the son of a Lord Keeper, the nephew of a prime minister, a Queen’s counsel, with the first practice at the bar, arrested for debt, and languishing in a sponging-house, tired with vain solicitation to his own kindred for promotion, joining the party of their opponents, and, after experiencing the most generous kindness from the young and chivalrous Essex, assisting to bring him to the scaffold, and to blacken his memory; seeking, by a mercenary marriage, to repair his broken fortunes; on the accession of a new Sovereign, offering up the most servile adulation to a pedant, whom he utterly despised; infinitely gratified by being permitted to kneel down, with three hundred others, to receive the honour of knighthood; truckling



to a worthless favourite with slavish subserviency, that he might be appointed a law-officer of the crown; then giving the most admirable advice for the compilation and emendation of the laws of England; next, helping to inflict torture on a poor parson whom he wished to hang as a traitor for writing an unpublished and unpreached sermon; attracting the notice of all Europe by his philosophical works, which established a new era in the mode of investigating the phenomena both of matter and mind; basely intriguing, in the meanwhile, for further promotion, and writing secret letters to his Sovereign to disparage his rivals; riding proudly between the Lord High Treasurer and Lord Privy Seal, preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer, and followed by a long line of nobles and judges, to be installed in the office of Lord High Chancellor; by and bye settling with his servants the accounts of bribes they had received for him; embarrassed by being obliged out of decency, the case being so clear, to decide against the party whose money he had pocketed, but stifling the misgivings of conscience by the splendour and flattery which he soon commanded; when struck to the earth by the discovery of his corruptions, taking to his bed, and refusing sustenance; confessing the truth of the charges brought against him, and abjectly imploring mercy; nobly rallying from his disgrace, and engaging in new literary undertakings which have added to the splendour of his name.

Such is the manner in which Lord Campbell begins his 'arduous undertaking;' and if this be entering upon it 'with fear and trembling,' what must his confidence and certainty be? The reader surely requires no comment upon this string of antithesis, though comment upon it would be indeed easy.

Lord Macaulay, by somewhat softening the picture, has considerably added to its credibility; but every one familiar with his brilliant style knows the faults which spring in part from its very brilliancy, and the temptations into which that continually leads him. He is often charged with partiality; we believe this is generally an unjust charge, and in the present case it would have led him to take too favourable a view of the character of the great modern philosopher, whose intellect he so fondly idolizes. But, if not partial, he is under temptations to exaggeration, which is often scarcely less dangerous than partiality; his very clearness of conception and perspicuity of style render him liable to this. Nothing with him is doubtful, nothing doubtfully expressed: he will expend any amount of labour to ascertain the truth, but some positive conviction he will arrive at, and will express it as positively. Again, his very power of analysis, keen as it is, exposes him to the same danger. Analysis is highly useful in understanding and delineating character, perhaps is quite necessary in history; but mere analysis can never attain to positively and wholly true conception of a character, which can

be drawn only in one way, that is, by dramatic delineation, or, in other words, by exhibiting the actions and words of the men themselves, as they were done and spoken in the world, and leaving them to plead for themselves. Analysis, up to a certain point, can give a true representation of the man, provided it be taken as a partial picture; if it is carried beyond that point, it does not merely fail to represent him, it positively misrepresents him. No man is a mere bundle of qualities, moral and intellectual, which can be labelled and summed up. There is a unity in the soul, as there is an organization in the body, and one part of the former cannot be understood any more than a part of the latter, except by reference to the other parts and the whole. Every writer, therefore, who attempts to give an exhaustive description of a character by analysis, must fail; for he is trying to accomplish what the instrument he is using is incapable of accomplishing, and misleads himself and those who trust in him at the very time when he seems most secure of finding truth. Analysis delights in startling contrasts; there is a piquancy in them which has a most telling effect, and a writer who abounds in analysis is almost sure to abound equally in antithesis. How much Macaulay delights in them not one of his thousands of readers can be ignorant; but perhaps all do not perceive under what temptations they lay him to distort character. Such a character as that which he and Lord Campbell and others have drawn of Bacon is just the one in which his ready pen would revel; though, it must be observed, it by no means follows from this that such a character is not a true one.

Still there is a unity in the representation of Bacon given by Mr. Dixon, which is itself some warrant of truth. Intellectual and moral qualities (usually found together, at least where the former are directed to the good of mankind, not to selfish ambition) join here harmoniously, instead of standing in strong contrast to each other. We see an intelligible man instead of a monster which we but alternately admire and shudder at.

We must conclude with a word of praise to Mr. Dixon for the manner in which he has executed his work. Zeal and ardour shine in every page, imparting, perhaps, somewhat too lively a tone to the narrative, which is thrown throughout into the present tense. To those who are familiar with Mr. Dixon's writings it is needless to say, that it is told with the greatest clearness and with unflagging energy; while the enthusiasm of the writer can scarcely fail to spread itself in some measure to the reader, even if it leaves him in the end unconvinced. Should he succeed even

partially in reversing the verdict passed so generally upon the memory of the author of modern science, we shall all owe him a great debt, and feel that a vast benefit has been done, not only to Bacon, but also to ourselves.

ART. V.—1. *The Wanderer*. By OWEN MEREDITH. Chapman and Hall. 1859.

2. *Lucile*. By OWEN MEREDITH. Chapman and Hall. 1860.

3. *Poems before Congress*. By MRS. BROWNING. Chapman and Hall. 1860.

4. *Poems*. By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' Hurst and Blackett. 1860.

5. *Faithful for Ever*. By COVENTRY PATMORE. J. W. Parker and Son. 1860.

THE diffusion of civilization through all classes is producing singular results in literature. This is an age of experiments in literature generally, and especially in poetry. Never was the adage that experiments are dangerous more signally verified. The men of to-day contrive to extract a larger amount of excitement out of life than was possible at any former period, both doing harder work and demanding fiercer pleasures. Civilization, on the one hand, adds fury to the battle of life, and gradually increases the difficulty of obtaining the means of living; on the other hand, it creates a demand for pleasure and novelty, which is unsatisfied by the relaxation of mere leisure. Literature consequently is compelled to recommend itself by every artifice. Piquancy, smartness, and at least the semblance of wit and humour are indispensable qualities for literary success. A writer must now be amusing, whether he be instructive or not.

Another result of the spread of civilization is the enormous increase of the number of readers, and the vast quantity of printed matter daily and almost hourly published for their consumption. While it may be questioned whether there is not a diminution in the number of real readers, of those who can bring taste and cultivation to the discussion of an author, and who make a demand for the higher species of literary composition; those readers who glut themselves with magazines and newspapers, without care for anything better, are numerically on the increase. The literary world presents the strangest anomalies. More ephemeral literature is produced, and less that will live for ever, than in any former time. The literary profession is so common as to be scarcely a profession at all. Every man you meet at a

public dinner is a contributor to a periodical; a third of the number consists of authors of books. Literature is a source of occasional income to most members of the professions; and literary labour is so cheapened that those who are really fitted for it can find in it neither honour nor profit.

All these anomalies act with double force upon the highest form of literature. Poetry exhibits them in the highest intensity. The number of persons now living who have published volumes of poetry has been estimated at about one thousand:—a number, that is, which may show its twenties for the tens of real poets that the whole human species has produced. On the other hand, the public sale of a book of poems is not much, as a rule; and publication generally entails loss. There is no demand for poetry as a separate thing; and many of its noblest forms are extinct. When we read of the salary of old Ben Jonson being withheld 'until he should have produced some fresh specimens of his art,' we are enviously reminded that there actually was once a time when there was a public curiosity about poetry. And yet poetry of a certain kind (of *what* kind we shall see presently) must be in vogue; for it forms a standing ingredient in the magazines. And this circumstance re-acts, again, unfavourably upon the prospects of genuine poetry. The majority of readers take their standard of perfection from the magazines; and are unprepared to appreciate or comprehend anything of higher character. The chance which a real poet, on his first appearance, has of a proper reception, is diminished by the very fact that a vast amount of inferior poetry is read and relished by his countrymen. The reverence which an entirely unaccustomed nature might feel in the presence of mighty art, is superseded by half familiarity. Real criticism, moreover, is very rare. There is scarcely a professed critic in any one of the periodicals who knows anything about poetry. The newspaper critics, in their treatment of poets, alternate between ignorant indifference and insolent contumely. We may remark in passing, that if poets themselves would occasionally contribute some idea of the principles of their art to the public, in the shape of criticism, in the periodicals, it would tend to improve the prospects of poetry. The great duke's maxim, that every man is the best judge in his own profession, holds good in the case of poetry. A poet alone is truly able to criticize a poet. It may be answered that the inspiration of a poet does not necessarily entail a knowledge of the principles upon which poetry proceeds. Whether this were true in earlier ages or not, it certainly is not true now. In this advanced age every one who hopes for eminence is compelled to go through a preparation;

which must involve the sifting of principles. And as matter of fact the few criticisms that have been written by poets are most valuable. The observations on Milton in the letters of Keats recur to us as an example. They are generally minute and finished expositions of particular passages, which show how inestimable would have been a more extended criticism. Among our poets there are many now living who are obviously in the fullest degree in possession of their own principles, and capable of imparting them to the public. The amiable professor of poetry at Oxford has ably entered upon this work in the dissertations prefixed to his own volumes. Mr. Alexander Smith has combated some of the popular errors regarding poetry in his *Essay on Burns*. Owen Meredith is certainly versatile enough to criticize others as well as to write himself, and would do it with a poet's sympathy, knowledge, and discrimination. Since poetry has lost favour with the public, it becomes the duty of poets to 'speak prose,'—to let the world know what their work really is, and how important it is for the good of the world that the noblest of the arts should not suffer from public discouragement.

One living poet alone can be said to have gained the ear of England; and we are far from a desire to undervalue the importance of Tennyson, when we say that we wish heartily that his empire were divided. The innumerable imitators of Tennyson in the magazines are the men who present the literary world with the conception which it entertains of the nature and ends of poetry. And it is precisely the weakest points in Tennyson that these imitators select. There is no masculine grandeur in him; but, on the contrary, a feminine sweetness and passionateness pervade his poetry. This quality is conjoined with wonderful breadth of imagination, suggestive and associative power, sense of beauty, perfection of language, and depth of heart, which render him one of the greatest of English poets. But his popular imitators do not attempt, as a rule, to penetrate the real secret of the man, to get at the root of his greatness: they are merely intoxicated with the atmosphere he breathes forth, and catch his manner. It is in his feebleness, more feminine and domestic pieces, that he is most frequently caricatured. The 'Miller's Daughter,' 'The Day Dream,' and parts of 'Will Waterproof,' are, in style of reflection, kind of painting, and even in metre, repeated week by week, and month by month, until the public must be saturated with the idea that the office of poetry is really little more than to exhibit 'houses with their fronts off.' The domestic hearth, its joys and sorrows, connubial and parental, are the eternal theme of the Clio of the nineteenth century.

A half-terrified sense of the discrepancies of life, a mournful lament over toil and suffering, are joined, in this kind of verse, with a faith which believes only in itself, and eschews any religion more positive. Hence arises the shallow, off-repeated creed of the arising of good out of evil. This idea of the good perpetually succeeding to the evil is the grand notion pervading the poetry of Longfellow, and to which his popularity is mainly due. It is the first idea which faith conceives; but men of deeper heart perceive that evil succeeds good, as well as good evil, and learn at last to leave the problem to its only Solver, or, if they must needs speak of it, try to present it in its entirety, omitting nothing and traducing no one. From such deeper insight alone can arise true grandeur of song, grandeur of emotion, grandeur of those who 'refuse to be comforted.' But lesser men seek comfort, and find it chiefly in family joys. They delight to see their comfort reproduced in poetry; and hence the domesticity of the popular English muse. Is it not rather the true office of song to set before even these men that there is another side to the questions which they think are answered?

We might extend these remarks, but our present purpose is to show what we believe to be the dangerous effect of these anomalies on several persons unquestionably possessed of real poetical talent. We revert, then, to what we said at the outset, that the poetry of the age shows the danger of experiments. Almost every work of genius now published is peculiar in this, that it is totally unlike anything ever seen before. It has, or ostentatiously aims at, something entirely 'new and strange.' There is a general tendency to force thought and expression; continual attempts are to be witnessed to institute new directions of fancy and feeling. We cannot complain of want of originality, though that is sometimes affirmed against the age. We rather murmur at the undue pursuit of originality as a primary object. We would ask our poets whether originality ought to be their first aim? Is it not in danger of degenerating into straining after effect? Ought it to be sought before truth and beauty? Originality is not in itself a very valuable quality. A madman may be an original without being an original genius. The originality of much even of the genuine poetry of the age is gained, we unhesitatingly affirm, at the expense of reverence for authority, good taste, beauty, and, above all, that tranquil fulness and serenity of soul which is indispensable to the highest art. It is usually originality of aim rather than of mind; and it is precisely because men so often dream of gaining fame simply from putting poetry to some



use for which it was never intended, while they, in such cases, only possess very ordinary powers of composition, and therefore only rhapsodize, that we hear the hackneyed charge of want of originality in the age. The age is only too original; and the greatest poetical ages never have been so at all, in this use of the word. We wish especially to advert to one particular,—the abandonment of the old time-honoured types or forms in which poetry used to be cast. The greatest poetical intellects have in every age shown a tendency to mould themselves in the forms left by their predecessors. Virgil, one of the greatest masters of language, threw his poem into the type of Homer. Was Virgil's originality destroyed in so doing? Not at all: his style and mode of conception is so distinct from that of his master, as to be even dissimilar; and he has shone forth ever as one of the great prompters and directors of human speech and thought. Milton, again, framed his grand work upon the epic of Virgil, and found that most fitting for the display of his own mighty qualities. Keats was obviously forging his Titanic epic into the proportions of the 'Paradise Lost,' when death cut short what would have been one of the grandest poems in the language. These are weighty examples, and would that they were borne in mind! At present, the very last thing we expect on hearing of a new poem is, that it will be an epic, or an ode, or a genuine drama, or, indeed, that it will resemble in its general form anything that has gained the sanction of antiquity. We speak the more strongly on this point, because we belong to the 'new school' in poetry, and are far from wishing to trammel a poet either in his rhythm or metre by the exploded canons and conventional rules of the so-called 'Augustan age' of Queen Anne. It is of the general abandonment of the old forms, which the greatest masters have sanctioned, that we complain, and that not so much for the sake of these forms themselves as because of the uncertainty of aim, or restlessness of purpose, which their abandonment surely must imply.

We suppose that among living poets the third place is due to Owen Meredith. We well remember the sensation caused in the undergraduate circles at one of the universities by the appearance of his first volume, containing 'Clytemnestra' and 'The Earl's Return.' That volume gave unmistakable evidence that its author possessed two of the very highest poetical qualities,—dramatic passion, (we do not say dramatic power,) and melodious sweetness of versification. To these were added an assemblage of many other faculties which go to the making of a great poet. It is true that the book wanted weeding; there was a great deal of nonsense in it,—studies of other poets which

had better been left out; and several vicious tendencies were observable, as, for example, in the song about hollyhocks, where the forced adherence to a peculiar metre, or even the recurrence of a particular rhyme in one part of the stanza, is supposed to give value to verses which the poet himself must acknowledge to be void of feeling and worthless. The same mistake is committed, for instance, in Leigh Hunt's 'Song of Flowers.' Yet no first work had borne greater promise. The great redeeming feature in it was vigour and freshness.

The next publication of Owen Meredith was 'The Wanderer,' in 1859. This is the title given to a vast number of miscellaneous short poems, which were written in different countries visited by the author. But very few of them profess to be descriptive of man or nature in various climes; the bulk of them might have been written anywhere. The first thing to be said of them is that there are too many of them by half. Four hundred and thirty pages of miscellaneous poetry in a young author's second volume! As a mere feat of fertility it is remarkable; but we presume that the author would not desire this praise alone. Keats, who threw away sonnets in letters; Burns, who could produce his pencil and improvise a dozen stanzas at a dinner party, could have rivalled this fecundity, had either of them chosen. But none better knew than they that the only facility of composition which is of value must be the result of long practice and completely-mastered thought. The true master will aim at condensation as the first requisite; rapidity or ease of writing will be a thing that he will care literally nothing about. He will be thankful for it when it comes; but meanwhile do his work slowly. Along with this fecundity there is, in 'The Wanderer,' a fearful diffuseness, which is among the greatest of poetical crimes. We are tempted to ask the Carlylean question, 'Could he not have taken pains, and written it in half the number of verses?' There is another defect in 'The Wanderer,' as compared with the earlier poems; it shows a conclusive failure of power of language. This is the natural result of the diffuseness of which we have complained. A further fault must be noted in the tendency to run into strange metres, which are sometimes elaborate without being effective, sometimes irregular without being wild. 'The Wanderer,' on the other hand, shows increased power of thought and wider knowledge and sympathy; its author does unquestionably possess 'the deep poetic heart,' with its tremulous compassion of human life, its sense of mysteriousness and infinity, its faculty of discerning sorrow in joy, and evoking joy out of sorrow. But this sympathy is, we think, not so natural nor so healthy as in

the earlier volume: it is less inclined to deal with noble and honest things: it escapes on the one hand into depiction of human nature in its baser and more voluptuous moods; on the other, into the common-places of the grotesque, into a disgusting communion with ghouls, goblins, vampires, and worms. This last peculiarity, especially, which is strongly marked in 'The Wanderer,' is the sign of a morbid feebleness singularly in contrast with the beautiful health of the first volume. How different is that real power over apparitions, possessed by such glorious natures as Shakspeare or Titian, whose spiritual creatures walk the earth, or 'wing up and down the buxom air,' in perfect beauty, from the peevish, ghastly, and horrible imaginings in which modern poets have too often indulged!

Some poetical minds seem incapable of cultivation, and can therefore never attain the highest perfection. Longfellow is one of these. His poetry is the most uncultivated possible. It has, however, a superficial smoothness, both in versification and tone of feeling, which satisfies the general run of readers, though no real judge of poetry would for a moment mistake this for true melody or deep reflection. Such a mind has its use, and Longfellow has fulfilled his vocation. But Owen Meredith is a very different and higher nature. Were he not so, we should have been much more lenient in our remarks. He is capable of extremely high cultivation, and is himself conscious of the fact. In the immense number of pieces published in 'The Wanderer,' there is not one that is self-satisfied. All bear marks of a restless anxiety to render them effective; all bear marks, that is, of an attempted cultivation. It is this very anxiety which partly renders them, as we unwillingly pronounce them to be, failures. Poetical cultivation is the education of the whole man; the increase of the spirit in serenity, temperance, joy; the purifying and strengthening of the vision; the gentle reception of the teaching of the Divine Framer of the outer world and inner soul; not the restless adoption of man's devices or the fever of ambition. We cannot trace this growth of the soul in 'The Wanderer.' There is no love in the work, except of a painful and horror-struck kind. The single sonnet which Juliet shares with Romeo on the night of the Capulet festival is worth it all.

We believe Owen Meredith to be capable of very high cultivation; and we further believe that he has sedulously attempted to educate himself; but we are also of opinion that he has proceeded in a wrong direction, upon a false method, and has made mistakes of a magnitude which, under other circumstances, would settle the question whether or not he is a great poet. Great poets may make mistakes, but they do not in general

persistently carry them out. But Owen Meredith lives in a peculiar age under peculiar circumstances. The age is given up to experiments. He is, all the world knows, the son of an eminent writer, and is doubtless fevered with the filial anxiety to support his father's laurels,—born to the purple, and eager to win battles. All this must be kept in mind while we estimate his position and work. If circumstances were different, the vast mistakes which he has made might be considered irretrievable. We believe them not to be so, and maintain that the world may yet receive something of real value from his pen. Part of his mistake has been over-anxiety and over-cultivation, or rather over-production. He seems to have set himself to the production of a vast number of verses as rapidly as possible, confiding in his poetical cleverness for their being good, without remembering that production is only one part of the poet's duty. Incessant production is not to be confounded with real poetical education. Rest is essential to the poet; and no mind can fail to deteriorate without this.

The year after the publication of 'The Wanderer,' 'Lucile' appeared. In this poem we have the result which Owen Meredith's poetical education has attained. 'The Wanderer' is more in the character of a process, somewhat incautiously given to the public. 'Lucile' is a work; it is the first finished product of that process. Its author has acquired his skill; and now the question is whether what he has gained the power to do be worth the doing. It is with heart-felt reluctance that we pronounce 'Lucile' to be not of great value as a work of art. Although we grant it to be a great deal more important than 'The Wanderer,'—so far as the two can be compared, either by regarding 'The Wanderer' as a whole, or by cutting 'Lucile' in pieces,—yet it falls far short of the promise displayed in the 'Clytemnestra' volume. In the first place it has the faults of 'The Wanderer.' It is excessively diffuse; and although the language displays a kind of appositeness which is frequently brilliant, yet, as compared with the work of the great masters of language, it is defective in power. Then the length! Owen Meredith's first volume must have been printed about 1855. Within the five years between then and 1860 he has published 'The Wanderer,' the length of which is considerably over eight thousand verses, and 'Lucile,' which exceeds seven thousand. Is he aware that, if he publishes fifteen thousand verses every five years, in a comparatively short working life of twenty years he will be the author of sixty thousand verses? Chaucer only wrote seventy thousand in the course of at least double that number of years. Milton's poetical works amount to about twenty thousand. These

poems of Tennyson or of Browning fall somewhat below that sum. Spenser, Shelley, and Wordsworth are, indeed, instances of a similar fecundity to that of Owen Meredith; but diffuseness was the bane of all three, even of the first, whose conceptions of art were superior to those of the other two. Byron was equally rapid, it is true, and much more concentrated; but he is a solitary example. We certainly think that Owen Meredith would do well to consider the necessity of retrenching. His works might then acquire a very much higher value than at present belongs to them.

In the dedication of 'Lucile' the author says, 'In this poem I have abandoned those forms of verse with which I had most familiarized my thoughts, and endeavoured to follow a path on which I could discover no footprints before me, either to guide or to warn.' We may grant, indeed, the claim of originality, but still the question of value remains. In the first place, the author, whom we acknowledge to be a poet, and one of no ordinary powers, would perhaps be surprised to hear his critic ask the question,—'Is "Lucile" a poem at all?' It might almost be described as a three-volumed novel rendered into a kind of verse. And another Carlylean inquiry comes in with terrible force, 'Could not this have been written in prose?' There are certain subjects and modes of feeling that are sacred to metre, and set themselves naturally to song; they could not be adequately expressed in any other manner. Is 'Lucile' such a subject? Is modern life in saloons and at watering-places a fit theme for poetry? In some of its aspects it may indeed afford scope for passionate or indignant lyric; but can it bear such a studied and length work as 'Lucile'? The author found no footprints of direction or warning; was it not sufficient warning if he found no footprints at all? Exceedingly poetical we grant his work to be, but not more so than many novels: there are many parts, in fact a large share of the volume, which are necessarily prosaic, and many other parts which are only redeemed from prose by satire, which is the lowest form of poetry. On the whole, we question whether it is a poem. We may remark, that there is now a tendency to desert the common walks of poetry, and choose out strange unfrequented bye-paths, which too often lead nowhere. The only answer in favour of Owen Meredith appears to be that he evidently takes pains to represent the life which he has seen himself; no great man really cares for what he has not seen: and Owen Meredith unquestionably shows in all his works the very highest conscientiousness and love of truth. To this consideration great importance ought to be attached.



The originality of 'Lucile' consists in its being an attempt to revive the forgotten art of telling a story in verse. It is unsuccessful, because the verse is made subordinate to the story. It is a very interesting and, indeed, exciting book, so long as the reader does not regard it as a poem. When looked at as a work of poetic art, its grave defects become only too manifest. Its anapestic metre is the most unmelodious of all metres, and least of all adapted for a continued effort. Nor can we say that, bad as it is in itself, it is well managed. There is no poem of such pretensions in other respects, which has such small pretensions to the rather important merit of melody. On the other hand, this anapestic metre is the easiest of all to write in; it is the next remove from prose. It might be argued, that in this bold attempt to revive a forgotten art, Owen Meredith has a right to take the easiest metre. But the object, in the first instance, in telling a story in verse rather than prose is, that the story may gain by verse, not that verse may lose by the story. So far as a story is unfit for verse, it should be discarded; at all events the dignity of poetry must not be conceded. This seems the reason why in Shakspeare many unpoetical things are set down in plain prose. It is also the reason why the poets who have been most endowed with the story-telling faculty have been noticeably fond of 'twice-told tales,' of stories already well-known, rather than of self-invented ones; so that there is in the world a regular cycle of poetical legend which the poets are never weary of repeating each in his own way. For the poets dread mere narrative, and, as a rule, wisely prefer well-known stories, which they need not elaborate to issues not known beforehand, which they can at pleasure diversify with incident, and treat as they like. It is true, that at first sight there seems no reason why a new story should not be told in verse. Scott and Byron wrote new stories in verse. But then, in their stories the poetry was everything; the story would have been poor indeed, if set down in plain prose. Tennyson's 'Maud' is a case more in point, because it is a story of modern English life. We think that it offers a very complete contrast to 'Lucile.' The story in 'Maud' is extremely slight, the charm of the poem entirely depends upon the treatment. The interest is concentrated upon one figure, one tone pervades the whole; it is a tale of 'star-crossed love,' like Romeo and Juliet; this keynote is struck at once, and repeated again and again; we feel the lovers are predestined to misfortune, and so we are at once prepared for its coming, and care the less how it comes; all minor interests are suspended in presence of the one catastrophe which is imminent from the first. For these reasons we regard



'Maud' as a masterpiece of treatment; and this noble unity of purpose has enabled its great author to throw his whole strength into the versification; so that we know of no poem in the language which is so wonderful a piece of connected and varied melody. It is a sonata with every movement except the scherzo. 'Lucile' is the opposite of all this. The interest is certainly not in the versification, it is therefore in the story, or, to be more just, in the story together with the powers of thought exhibited in considerable width and depth by the author. There is no unity of purpose, and the interest is scattered over the three or four principal personages. There might have been many endings to the story; several apparently impending catastrophes are got over, and the action still continues, or, rather, the action changes while the actors continue the same. The versification is what we have described. It is so bad as again and again to interrupt with disgust what would otherwise have been a very interesting story. But there remains also the graver difficulty of deciphering the moral purpose of such a poem. Has it a deep moral meaning? Is it, or is it not, a great woe-begone poet's complaint on life and fate, like 'Maud?' or does it set forth a poet's insight into the sources of human encouragement? The author seems to sum up its intent in the following verses.

'For her mission, accomplished, is o'er.

The mission of genius on earth! To uplift,

Purify and confirm by its own gracious gift

The world, in despite of the world's dull endeavour

To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it for ever.

The mission of genius; to watch and to wait,

To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.

The mission of woman on earth! to give birth

To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.

The mission of woman; permitted to bruise

The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,

Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse,

The blessing which mitigates all; born to nurse,

And to soothe, and to solace, to help, and to heal

The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile.'

The old moral of the coming of good out of evil might have been illustrated in a much shorter and simpler way.

We shall not attempt an analysis of the story of 'Lucile.' It is very interesting, and very completely told. The characters are very graphically drawn, and show great power of analysis. Indeed, unflagging vigour in description of men and nature is one of the great features of the work. There is vast knowledge

of modern life, and the keenest, occasionally the most satirical, observation. The reflective element, also, the amount of miscellaneous thought upon such subjects as art, art-morality, the claims of poetry on the world, is extremely remarkable. These are some of the characters which claim our most willing admiration.

If these remarks should ever chance to meet the eye of Owen Meredith, he may be assured that they are those of a friend and well-wisher,—of one to whom the interests of poetry are as dear as they can be to himself,—of one who has watched his career with great interest, and who believes that he only needs more judicious self-training, and legitimate ambition, in order to become a great poet. The hand that has drawn the strangely reserved, strangely passionate, strangely bold, strangely spiritual 'Lucile,' is surely capable of grand dramatic effects. But we will not impertinently advise; we only criticize. We conclude by quoting what is perhaps the finest passage in the book, the description of a storm in the Pyrenees.

'And the storm is abroad in the mountains! He fills  
The crouched hollows and all the oracular hills  
With dread voices of power. A roused million or more  
Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hour  
Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake  
Of the cloud whose reflection leaves livid the lake,  
And the wind, that wild robber, for plunder descends  
From invisible lands o'er those black mountain ends;  
He howls as he hounds down his prey; and his lash  
Tears the hair of the timorous wild mountain ash,  
That clings to the rock, with her garments all torn,  
Like a woman in fear. Then he blows his hoarse horn,  
And is off, the fierce guide of destruction and terror,  
Up the desolate heights, 'mid an intricate error  
Of mountain and mist.

There is war in the skies!

Lo! the black-winged legions of tempest arise  
O'er those sharp splintered rocks that are gleaming below  
In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though  
Some seraph burned through them, the thunderbolt searching,  
Which the black cloud unbosomed just now. Lo! the lurching  
And shivering pine-trees, like phantoms, that seem  
To waver above in the dark; and yon stream,  
How it hurries and roars, on its way to the white  
And paralysed lake there, appalled at the sight  
Of the things seen in heaven!

Through the darkness and awe  
That had gathered around him, Lord Alfred now saw,

Revealed in the fierce and and evanishing glare  
 Of the lightning that momentarily pulsed through the air,  
 A woman alone on a shelf of the hill,  
 With her cheek coldly propped on her hand, and as still  
 As the rock that she sat on, which beetled above  
 The black lake beneath her.

All terror, all love  
 Added speed to the instinct with which he rushed on.  
 For one moment the blue lightning swathed the whole stone  
 In its lurid embrace, like the sleek, dazzling snake  
 That encircles a sorceress, charmed for her sake,  
 And lulled by her loveliness; fawning it played  
 And caressingly twined round the feet and the head  
 Of the woman who sat there, undaunted and calm  
 As the soul of that solitude, listing the psalm  
 Of the plangent and labouring tempest roll slow  
 From the cauldron of midnight and vapour below.  
 Next moment, from bastion to bastion, all round,  
 Of the siege-circled mountains, there trembled the sound  
 Of the battering thunder's indefinite peal,  
 And Lord Alfred had sprung to the feet of Lucile.'

Mrs. Browning speaks, in her preface to 'Poems before Congress,' of the necessity which poets are under of justifying themselves 'for ever so little jarring of the national sentiment, imputable to their rhymes.' That national sentiment, which prefers to meet with assonance where it is to be expected, has often enough been jarred by *her* rhymes. In the same preface, Mrs. Browning expresses a supposition that her verses may appear 'to English readers too pungently rendered to admit of a patriotic respect to the English sense of things.' They *are* rendered too pungent, not merely by unpatriotic fury, but by bad taste. They are a perfect shriek. When we were reviewing Owen Meredith, we felt inclined to quote Waller to the effect that—

'Poets we prize, when in their work we find  
 Some great employment of a worthy mind.'

We now feel more inclined to refer to a certain text about meddling with things too high. We regret to find in this volume the old, wild, reckless propensity to use the most sacred names and associations in a totally irreverent connexion. Mrs. Browning surely cannot expect to influence the English people by frantic all-to-nothing rhapsodies. The volume contains some of the very worst specimens of her worst mood. In one of her raptures on 'the gloomy sporting man,' Napoleon III., which we wonder whether he has read, she says,—

Is this a man like the rest,  
 This miracle made unaware  
 By a rapture of popular air,  
 And caught to the place that was best?  
 You think he could barter and cheat,  
 As vulgar diplomatists use,  
 With the people's heart in his breast?  
 Prate a lie into shape,  
 Lest truth should cumber the road;  
 Play at the fast and loose,  
 Till the world is strangled with tape;  
 Maim the soul's complete  
 To fit the hole of a toad;  
 And filch the dogman's meat  
 To give to the people of God?

However, we will say no more about this strange book, and its almost disgraceful close in the celebrated 'Curse,' but that it contains one passage at least of splendid lyrical power. The whole (chapters vi. and vii. of 'Napoleon III. in Italy') is too long for quotation; we give the end of it:—

'Now, shall we say,  
 Our Italy lives, indeed?  
 And if it were not for the beat and bray  
 Of drum and tramp of martial men,  
 Should we feel the underground heave and strain,  
 Where heroes left their dust as a seed  
 Sure to emerge one day?  
 And if it were not for the rhythmic march  
 Of France and Piedmont's double hosts,  
 Should we hear the ghosts  
 Thrill through ruined aisle and arch,  
 Throb along the frescoed wall,  
 Whisper an oath by that divine  
 They left in picture, book, and stone,  
 That Italy is not dead at all?  
 Ay, if it were not for the tears in our eyes,  
 Those tears of a sudden, passionate joy,  
 Should we see her arise  
 From the place where the wicked are overthrown,  
 Italy, Italy? loosed at length  
 From the tyrant's thrall,  
 Pale and calm in her strength?  
 Pale as the silver cross of Savoy,  
 When the hand that bears the flag is brave,  
 And not a breath is stirring, save  
 What is blown  
 Over the war-trump's lip of brass,  
 Ere Garibaldi forces the pass.'

The poems of the author of 'John Halifax' are not by any means so good as her prose. They may be taken as a favourable specimen of the many volumes which in these days are written by persons of sensibility and thoughtfulness, who have certainly no vocation to be poets. Such persons very frequently produce pleasing verses; but to feel thoughtfully or even deeply is not enough to warrant them in coming before the public in the character of poets. There is an *amateur* appearance in this lady's volume; her pieces are generally of a languidly mournful nature, containing the usual things which everybody now seems to think it necessary to say about life and death, and grief and angels, and statues and flowers. In the midst of all this we are startled by a lyric so beautiful and passionate, that it might have been written by Burns himself. It is entitled, 'Too Late.'

'Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
In the old likeness that I knew,  
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

'Never a scornful word should grieve ye,  
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do:—  
Sweet as your smile on me shown ever,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

'Oh to call back the days that are not!  
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;  
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

'I never was worthy of you, Douglas;  
Not half worthy the like of you;  
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—  
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

'Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,  
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.'

There is not a poem in the language which more perfectly expresses its one sentiment than this; the simplicity, beauty, intense passion, and sweetness of this little lyric are inexpressible. It is one of the most perfect gems in our language. Several other pieces in the book show great lyrical power, such as 'Lettuce,' 'Lost in the Mist,' and 'The Voice Calling.' A volume of lyrics from this lady might probably be of great value.

The writings of Mr. Coventry Patmore offer in many respects

a pleasing contrast to the other works now under review. They have a culture to which Owen Meredith can lay no claim, a quiet dignity to which Mrs. Browning is a stranger, and an artistic completeness unattempted by the author of 'John Halifax.' Mr. Patmore is what may be called a good poet, if the term be admissible, in contradistinction from a great one. His work is never hasty, and, even when tedious, cannot be called diffuse. He does not rush into print with a first draft; nor produce a volume of inferior pieces, relieved here and there by something on which art has been really expended. On the contrary, every line published by him has been carefully weighed, and the whole work bears the equalizing touch of a careful workman. He has thus, more especially in his last poem, produced what has more of the character of a perfect whole than any other living poet except Tennyson and perhaps Browning. Of course there are some passages finer than others, but the change is not from bad to good, from diffuse to intense; but from good to better, from a less interesting to a more interesting part. It is impossible, in a word, to assign anything but the highest praise to Mr. Patmore's execution. His command of language is very great; his meaning being always fully and deliberately expressed, without effort or violence: and this is one of the highest merits in a work the nature of which is to enter into the subtlest moods of the deepest of human passions. One of the peculiarities of his style is the power of using long words beautifully. But the great character which separates his work from that of every other genuine poet that we know, is the universal diffusion of the deepest quietude. It is difficult to express the effect of this. It is not the quiet of dulness or coldness; on the contrary, we can only describe it as the quiet of a soul full of the deepest emotions, but without any vivacity or animal spirits; of a man who can be touched to the core by joy or sorrow, but to whom lyrical utterance is wholly denied, and who can but trace his emotions in a measured monotonous chaunt. It is curious to observe how this element pervades his descriptions even of exciting natural phenomena, where the soul of Scott or of Burns would have danced for joy. For example, what can be more admirably faithful, yet more exceedingly quiet, than this description of a thunder-storm?

And now a cloud, bright, huge, and calm,  
Rose, doubtful if for bale or balm;  
O'erthopping crags, portentous towers  
Appeared at beck of viewless powers  
Along a rifted mountain range,  
Untraceable and swift in change



Those glittering peaks, disrupted, spread  
 To solemn bulks, seen overhead;  
 The sunshine quenched, from one dark form  
 Fumed the appalling light of storm;  
 Straight to the zenith, black with bale,  
 The Gypsies' smoke rose deadly pale;  
 And one wide night of hopeless hue  
 Hid from the heart the recent blue.  
 And soon with thunder crackling loud  
 A flash within the formless cloud  
 Showed vague recess, projection dim,  
 Lone sailing rack and shadowy rim.'—Page 226.

This is very beautiful and perfect as description; but has not a touch of that wildly formative imagination of which Scott was a conspicuous master, and of which Wordsworth has many traces. The impulsively imaginative man could not have stayed to limn the storm so quietly; he would have partially distorted it, run into it, so to speak, bathed in it, shrieked in it, battled in it, beholding its bulks as gigantic spectres, its fury as the combat of gods. On the other hand, when this quietness is really appropriate, and may be conceived to be the sudden reining-in of an impetuous imagination, it is sometimes very fine.

‘There fell  
 A man from the shrouds, that roared to quench  
 Even the billows' blast and drench.  
 None else was by but me to mark  
 His loud cry in the louder dark,  
 Dark, save when lightning showed the deeps  
 Standing about in stony heaps.’—Page 61.

Here there is such a hurry of action, that the last quiet line, in itself immensely fine, is in that truth of situation in which the great lines of true poets are always placed. The contrast between the urgent need of promptness to save life, along with the slender means of doing so, and the idle mightiness of the heavens, is one of the most perfect effects in modern poetry.

This quietness is at the root of Mr. Patmore's extraordinary analytical power, through which he is enabled to lay an arresting hand upon the most transient phases of the passion which he delineates. This is a valuable gift, though not a specially poetical one. Indeed, the analytic is in some sort the converse of the dramatic faculty. It enables Mr. Patmore to make his hero a type of ‘delicate love,’ but takes away all his individuality. He is simply an exceedingly good man, who has proper feelings on all occasions. Now a great poet would shrink from the unflinching exhibition of the feelings which Mr. Patmore gives us. His verse is so calm, and his manner so self-possessed, that neither

he nor his readers are conscious that he is taking a great liberty with them. We confess to a feeling of half-offence at seeing emotions and facts of poor human nature, common to every man, not pathetically hinted at, in the manner of great poets; but pursued in this unfalteringly calm march, and detected in these unfalteringly chosen words. There is no sense of mystery, no distance, no acknowledgment of a reserve between man and man which can never be overpassed, and a silence which can never be lawfully broken. Then we really are constantly annoyed and ashamed at the revelations of domestic life. Love should be the poet's theme, not marriage. The parts on love are by far the best; but there is in every part the same enormous defect. A great poet could never have written so about love. It is the most unpathetic book we ever read.

Although, then, we give every credit to Mr. Patmore for conscientious execution, artistic attainment, and rectitude of purpose, we regard his popularity as a sign of vitiated taste on the part of the public. We said at the outset, that the English muse was become domestic, and had lost all idea of greatness. Mr. Patmore has domesticated her to the utmost, indeed, made her a housewife; and we regret that the nation seems to admire her so much in this capacity. Is there nothing in the countrymen of Milton, Bacon, and Keats, to demand and respect grandeur of purpose and fulfilment, those mighty workings of imagination throughout heaven and earth, that deep and pathetic insight into human life and suffering, those mighty hues 'of earthquake and eclipse,' which were once comprehended in the name and work of a poet? or are they content to be addressed in strains like this?—

'Dear mother, I just write to say

We've passed a most delightful day,

As, no doubt, you have heard from Fred.

(Once, you may recollect, you said,

True friendship neither doubts nor doats,

And does not read each other's notes; and

And so we never do.) I'll miss,

For Fred's impatient, all but this;

We spent—the children, he, and I,

Our wedding anniversary

In the woods, where, while I tried to keep

The flies off, so that he might sleep,

He actually kissed my foot,—

At least, the beautiful French boot,

Your gift,—and, laughing with no cause

But pleasure, said I really was

The very nicest little wife;

And that he prized me more than life.'—Page 233.

Since the above was written, the small volume by Owen Meredith, entitled, 'Serbski Pesme, or National Songs of Servia,' has been put into our hands, together with the 'Saturday Review' of March 23rd. An article in the latter contains severe strictures affecting the ingenuousness of Owen Meredith. The writer, evidently a man well acquainted with the subject, accuses the poet of entire ignorance of the language from which he professes to translate, and convicts him of a series of puerile blunders whenever he attempts to quote Servian. He furthermore proves, by parallel extracts, that Owen Meredith is indebted for most of the information contained in his own lengthy introduction to a French writer, M. Dozon, who has made a prose version of the Servian ballads in his own language. In effect, Owen Meredith has 'cribbed' wholesale, transferring to his own pages not only the information, but the words, of what may be called his French original. All the pieces, also, of which he offers a metrical version, exist already in M. Dozon's prose translation. The question is, how far Owen Meredith is justifiable, how far excusable. He acknowledges his obligations to M. Dozon, but not so directly as their extent calls for; and, although he seems to imply, he does not distinctly affirm, that he gained his information and took down his ballads from the mouths of Servian bards. Had he distinctly affirmed this, he could not have escaped the charge which the Saturday Reviewer brings. He might have had his 'Dozon' on the Carpathian mountains, as he had his 'Murray;' and the profession that his materials were gathered on the spot may refer to no more than the inspiring influences of the scenes where the ballads were once enacted. But that, if it be so, he might have said so more plainly, cannot be denied. As to the extent of obligation, the question is less grave. The poetry of Owen Meredith is his own, and his version may be as legitimately derived from the prose of M. Dozon, as the plays of Shakspeare from the tales of Boccaccio. If he is ignorant of Servian, so was Pope of Greek. It is with regard to the Introduction and Notes that the charge of plagiarism presses. Here it seems undeniable that Owen Meredith has borrowed largely both in matter and words. He, however, probably considered that these were the least important part of the work, and that a poet might be allowed to enter into the labours of other men. And as he has made an acknowledgment of his debt to M. Dozon, we think the grave allegations of the 'Saturday Review' sink into comparatively trivial dimensions.

With regard to the merit of the work, little can be said. It is only a fresh proof of the unrest of mind which is leading

this once hopeful man to shower his verses by thousands over the world. Some of the lines are pretty and graceful ; but they are much less a translation of a ballad literature than Pope is of Homer. They are in the most luscious, self-conscious, intemperate style of the degraded modern school.

ART. VI.—1. *The Historie of the World, commonly called The Naturall Historie of PLINIUS SECUNDUS.* Translated into English by PHILEMON HOLLAND, Doctor of Physicke. London: printed by Adam Islip. 1634.

2. *History of the Romans under the Empire.* By CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D. Second Edition. Longman and Co. 1852.

3. *The Natural History of Pliny.* Translated, with copious Notes and Illustrations, by the late JOHN BOSTOCK, M.D., F.R.S., and H. T. RILEY, Esq., B.A. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1861.

DURING one of those lulls in the Roman world which resemble the calm preceding the earthquake, an Italian matron of high rank gave birth to a son. The convulsions attending the overthrow of the Republic had in some measure subsided, and Tiberius, for nine hopeful years, had occupied the new throne of the Cæsars. But he had just changed his hitherto beneficent system, and, under the influence of Sejanus, begun his career of crime and lust. Caligula, then an orphan in the hands of the Emperor, had already shown signs of the madness that culminated on the imperial throne. Seneca, also a youth, had started on the tour of the East, then deemed essential to a polite education. Strabo was deeply engaged with the geographical researches published at a later day. St. Paul was still a boy, pursuing his youthful studies. Seven more years were to elapse before John the Baptist left his solitude, and proclaimed, in the Judean wilderness, a coming Saviour. The Redeemer abode at Nazareth, still subject to His reputed parents, and growing in favour with God and man.

Verona and Como have each something on which to base a claim to being the birth-place of that young Roman ; but whether he first saw the light on the shore of the sunny lake, or on the banks of the Adige, matters little. Tradition and local names point to Como, the birth-place of his favourite nephew, Pliny the Younger. On the other hand, he terms the spendthrift

poet Catullus his *conterraneus*,\* or 'countryman;' and on this the Veronese mainly rest their claim, since the roystering poet was undoubtedly one of themselves.

A long interval has now to be bridged over before we again meet with certain traces of the young Roman as Caius Plinius Secundus. How or where his boyhood was spent is not recorded; but at an early age he was at Rome, studying under the credulous Egyptian Apion, the opponent of Philo and Josephus, whose vain boastings led Caligula to term him, *cymbalum mundi*, 'the cymbal of the universe,' and whom his distinguished pupil has further immortalized as *publicæ famæ tympanum*, 'the kettle-drum of fame.' It is most probable that the contest was raging between Philo and Apion during the time of Pliny's pupilage. The illustrious Jew was fighting for the faith and lives of himself and his Egyptian co-religionists, whilst his opponent was animated by hatred, and guilty of most bitter injustice to his countrymen. A contest into which so much feeling entered must often have brought Judaism before the young Roman under an unfavourable light; hence his reference to the Jews at a later day as *gens contumeliâ numinum insignis*,—'a race conspicuous for their insolence towards the gods' of Rome.

We next find Pliny, at the age of twenty-two, on the coast of Africa; and, still later, in accordance with the universal custom amongst the Roman nobility, he appears in the army, serving under Pompinus in a cavalry regiment in Germany. There he wrote a treatise on the Art of Throwing the Javelin on Horseback; but about A.D. 52, we find him once more at Rome.

\* The question partly turns upon the meaning we attach to this word, which Pliny uses in the dedication of his *Natural History* to Titus, whom he reminds that it is a military phrase (*hoc castrense verbum*). Unfortunately, we cannot ascertain the exact sense in which the Romans used the word, since we appear to have no other recorded use of it than that in question; yet the term is an excellent one, and would have supplied a want had it been introduced into the polished speech of Rome. The word which Romans employed to represent our idea of fellow-countryman, was '*popularis*.' Thus Terence employs the term: '*Amicus meus et popularis hère ad me venit*,' (*Phormio*, act i., scene 1.) as do also Cicero, Sallust, and Ovid. The selection of the word '*popularis*,' of which the fundamental idea is social, not geographical, illustrates remarkably the Roman's idea of unity. With him, the state and the people, in a word, citizenship, was everything, the geographical boundaries nothing. In this sense, St. Paul was as much the fellow-countryman of the Cæsars as were the Catos and the Scipios. Hence the use of a word which refers to the political community, rather than to the divisions of the country, even when the desire is to represent geographical relations. The fact that so convenient a phrase as *conterraneus* should be used in the camp, and yet not be admitted into their current literature, further illustrates the conservatism of the educated Romans in reference to linguistic innovations. In this spirit, Tiberius once apologized to the Senate for using a foreign term, when he uttered the word '*monopolium*;' and Seneca regarded the disposition either to use obsolete phrases, or to coin new ones, as equivalent to a moral licentiousness. It was well for Carlyle that he did not live under the shadow of the Capitol.

During the twenty-eight years at which we have briefly glanced, what momentous events took place ! The Baptist accomplished his preparatory mission, and was gone to his reward. The Redeemer entered upon His brief ministry, submitted to the shame of the cross, rose from the dead, and ascended on high. The proto-martyr fell beneath the missiles of a Jewish mob ; St. Paul journeyed to Damascus, saw the heavenly light, and was now serving his once persecuted Lord ; whilst St. Matthew gave to the world the first of the Gospels destined to be the foundations and pillars of our faith.

Pliny appears to have returned to Rome towards the close of the reign of Claudius, when he entered the college of augurs, to which was committed the interpretation of the omens recognised by the soothsayers, as well as the guardianship of the national calendar. He also made his appearance in the forum as a pleader of causes. Oratory long constituted one of the chief studies of the Roman youth, both under the Republic and the Empire ; so that, as was the case with Julius Cæsar, successful soldiers were prepared to enter the forensic lists on leaving the camp. The origin of what we now term 'forensic oratory,' so far as Rome was concerned, was a curious one. In the first instance, each of the wealthy and powerful was surrounded by a circle of dependents, (*clientes*), who looked up to him as the defender of their rights and privileges, (*patronus*), such an advocacy being feudal rather than professional. In time, the wealthier clients began to present *honoraria* to their successful advocates ; such gifts not partaking of the nature of a fee, but being grateful recognitions of good services. As society advanced towards civilization, some of these patrons became professional advocates, as in the case of Cicero ; but the same mode of payment continued to prevail, as it does even now at the English bar, where the fee is not a debt that can be recovered, but an *honorarium* paid beforehand.\*

During the greater part of the reign of Nero, Pliny appears to have been without official employment. Some of his time was probably spent at Como, educating his nephew, Pliny the Younger, whose letters now form so valuable an element of

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\* The pre-payment was an abuse of the custom at Rome. Even in the time of Trajan, Nepos, the Pretor, endeavoured to enforce the following decree of the Senate: 'All persons whosoever, that have any lawsuits pending, are hereby required and commanded, before any proceedings be had thereon, to take an oath that they have not given, promised, or engaged to give, any fee or reward to any advocate, upon account of his undertaking their cause.' Notwithstanding, the advocate was allowed by the law to receive a gratuity of ten thousand sesterces, or about £80, after the cause was decided. See the letter of Pliny the Younger to Rufus, book v.



classic literature. Meanwhile, stirring events were taking place in the world. Caractacus having been overthrown and led captive to Rome, Boadicea continued the fight, and was still struggling to free her country from the Roman invaders. St. Mark and St. Luke were now writing their respective Gospels; St. Paul, appealing to Cæsar, had reached Rome, and he and St. Peter were soon to attain the martyr's crown. The imperial city was destroyed by the conflagration which, falsely attributed to the Christians, led to their first persecution at the metropolis. Seneca, victim of Nero's ingratitude, drained the fatal cup; and Arria, the heroic wife of Pætus, taught her husband how she thought a Roman ought to die.

Towards the close of Nero's reign, we find Pliny a Procurator in Spain. Procuratorships were offices created by the Cæsars. Sometimes Procurators were governors of provinces; at others they only managed the fiscal affairs on behalf of the central government. How long our subject occupied this post is uncertain: but he was in Spain during the disturbed period when the death of Nero, followed in quick succession by those of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, opened the way for Vespasian, whose ascent to the throne once more gave the distracted Empire promise of repose. The voluptuous prodigality of the nobles, imperfectly expiated during the Marian wars, steadily increasing after Sulla's victory, had now risen to a fearful height, and was a canker-worm eating into the heart of society. Vespasian gave this a check,—controlling the waste of the public finances, whilst he adorned Rome with such noble buildings as the Colosseum and the Temple of Peace. Pliny, already the friend of Titus, the son and successor of Vespasian, returned to Rome during the progress of these changes, and of course found the state of affairs favourable to his own advancement. He now enjoyed the honours of courtly life, and basked in the sunshine of royal favour; but this did not interfere with his literary industry, since he wrote a *History of his own Times*, beginning, as he informs us in the dedication of his *Natural History* to Titus, where Aufidius Bassus ended. Both these works are lost. It was also at this time that he completed his *Natural History*, which, happily, we still possess, and upon which his fame as a writer chiefly rests.

We next meet with him under circumstances of tragical interest. He had been appointed to the command of that portion of the Roman fleet that protected the Western Mediterranean. Vespasian was dead, and Titus, his old fellow-soldier, had ascended the throne. In August, A.D. 79, he was stationed near the modern Naples, having with him his sister Plinia and her son, Pliny the Younger, then a youth eighteen years old, when

they witnessed the fearful eruption of Vesuvius by which Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed. The Campanians living in these regions had long been familiar with volcanic disturbances, but even tradition preserved no record of their having affected the far-famed mountain. Its fires had lain dormant. The great volcanic vent through which the pent-up forces of the district escaped, had hitherto been the island of Ischia, from which successive colonies were driven by the violence of the eruptions. At this period, Plutarch tells us, the interior of the crater of Vesuvius was a plain, surrounded by slopes clothed with wild vines; whilst richly fertile fields covered the mountain sides, and Herculaneum and Pompeii nestled at its base. No dream of peril disturbed the luxurious multitudes who dwelt within those frescoed mansions. Their sense of safety was first disturbed in A.D. 63, when an earthquake shook the mountain, and did considerable mischief. Other shocks occurred between that date and the fatal year A.D. 79, when the final catastrophe took place. We have already observed, that the younger Pliny was an eye-witness of the event, and he has recorded many of the circumstances attending it in two letters to Tacitus the historian. His description is in one sense very defective, since he omits many very important facts,—for example, the destruction of the two cities; we must remember, however, that the main object of the letter was to give the historian an account of his uncle's death. But many of the omitted facts were supplied by Tacitus and Martial, and at a later period by Dion Cassius. We have not quoted the letters in question, but would strongly urge them upon the attention of our readers, as marvellous examples of word-painting. Though Melmoth's flowery translation of them does not faithfully render Pliny's style, it will be found sufficient for the purpose we have indicated. Before attempting to review Pliny's intellectual character or the great work by which he is so well known, we may glance at some peculiarities of the age and people with which he was connected; because these will explain much that renders him one of the most remarkable and yet one of the most disappointing men of his time.

While the Roman people grew slowly in numbers and influence, they were a religiously earnest and believing race. Their religion, whatever its origin, displayed much grace and beauty, and was calculated to promote a trusting and reverential spirit, though based on ignorance and error. It appears to have been believed by both the rulers and the ruled; hence it became more completely identified with their social and political arrangements, than, we fear, Christianity is in many places at the present

day. Their system of augury was obviously derived from the Etruscans; but, though of foreign growth, the custom of determining future events by means of the flight of birds and the entrails of animals, took firm hold of the national mind. Notwithstanding its strange absurdities, it was accepted by nearly all the people. To doubt was to incur the charge of infidelity, and this was to be placed under a ban more complete than now awaits the man who ventures to deny his God. Few charges made against a politician were more effective in overthrowing him than that of Atheism. On these points the Romans probably excelled the Greeks. The religious system of the latter scarcely amounted to a belief: their gods were beautiful symbols of the forces of nature, rather than personal beings. With the contemporaneous Romans religion was, in the intensest sense of the word, a faith. But, in time, a change came over the educated portion of the Latin race. Aristotle had already laid the foundation of that materialistic edifice of which the Epicureans reared the superstructure; and this materialism became fashionable in Greece, as infidelity was in France at the period preceding the great Revolution. In the sixth century of the city, this materialism found its way to the upper classes of Roman society. Ennius, through his translations, made them familiar with the poetry of Greece; and the three Athenian ambassadors, Diogenes, Critolæus, and Carneades, taught them its materialistic philosophy. The poison diffused itself rapidly. In vain the elder Cato lifted up his warning voice: The faith of the educated Roman was shaken, and the entire destruction of his belief was only a question of time. A state of things now sprang up, perhaps inevitably, but which was at last fatal to Rome. The rulers and upper classes maintained a system which they believed to be an imposture, because of its political effects on the masses of the people. Their whole outer life thus became a practical lie. As faith declined, superstition sprang into vigorous life. Merivale has given us a stirring picture of this combination at the fall of the Republic:

Meanwhile Rome overflowed with the impure spawn of superstition. Conjurors, soothsayers, astrologers, and fortune-tellers filled every street, and introduced themselves into every domestic establish-

ment. Plutarch informs us that Cato urged the dismissal of the ambassadors, amongst other reasons, because Carneades employed such an ingenious method of arguing, that it became exceedingly difficult to distinguish truth from falsehood. We are not without need of his warning at the present time. Some modern advocates of infidelity similar to that of the Greeks, retain the cunning cleverness of their prototypes.

† This state of things, which is not peculiar to any age, has re-appeared in our own. We have seen Robert Owen professing to hold conversations with departed souls, and the absurdities of spirit-rapping have all been swallowed by men who rejected the Bible! The extremes of credulity and unbelief ever go hand in hand.

ment. The dreams of Cæsar and Pompeius were gravely related. Cicero collected the records of supernatural phenomena. Valerius invoked the shades of the dead, and read, it was said, the will of the gods in the entrails of a murdered child. Sextus demanded the secret of futurity of the Thessalian sorceress. Figulus, the Etruscan augur, obtained the reputation of a prophet. Appius Claudius consulted the oracle at Delphi. The belief in omens exercised an unconscious sway over thousands who openly derided all spiritual existences, and professed Atheists trembled in secret at the mysterious potency of magical incantations.—*Merivale*, vol. ii., p. 513.

Of the hypocrisy of the upper, and credulity of the lower, classes during the decline of the Roman republic, illustrations might be indefinitely multiplied. But there is one which alone suffices to show the extent of these evils, viz., the continued existence of the college of augurs, and its effective employment as a political instrument. These augurs, it must be remembered, were chosen from amongst the most enlightened men of their age:—Cato, Cicero, Julius Cæsar, and the two Plinys are specimens of the men elected into the sacred college. Their powers were of the most gigantic kind, though exercised through such agencies as the casual direction taken by flying birds, or the disposition of the entrails of a newly-strangled animal. The idea that the gods revealed their will to men through these fortuitous events was firmly rooted in the Roman mind; and it was the duty of the augurs to interpret the phenomena to which such importance was given. How far they believed their own interpretations may be gathered from a remark made by Cato the Censor, who, as we have just seen, was an augur, and it is recorded by Cicero, who was another. Cato wondered how one augur could meet another in the streets without a smile, and well he might. Cæsar, the *pontifex maximus*, was an utter infidel, and unhesitatingly asserted in the open Senate his disbelief in the immortality of the soul. Yet to him and to his colleagues was intrusted the interpretation of the divine will. The extent of the power committed to these men is almost incredible, relating, as it did, to the most important events of public and private life. But, perhaps, their influence over the crowd was in no case more remarkable, than when they proceeded to veto the proceedings of those *Comitia*, or national assemblies, that were especially designed as checks upon the powers of the aristocracy. We should have expected that the people would be in the highest degree jealous of any interference with their popular privileges, and especially when such interference came from members of that aristocratic order whose power they were so anxious to limit; but it was not always so.

Whenever the proceedings of the *Comitia* became obnoxious to the higher classes, an augur had only to assert that the auspices were becoming unfavourable; it was enough to say, truly or falsely, that he had heard thunder; the Assembly was dissolved, and, more than that, all its past acts were annulled by the dissolution. We find it difficult to realize the mental condition of a mob, always a brutal one, that could be restrained by such artifices as these. The trick must have been so transparent; the subordination of the college to the ruling power so inevitable; its liability to be flattered, bribed, or threatened, so obvious,—especially when the head of the government was chief priest, as was the case with Julius Caesar,—that we marvel at the submissiveness of the people. It is only when we realize the credulity of the populace, that we are able to understand it.

Such a condition could not exist without producing baneful fruits amongst the more intelligent classes. Even when the grosser forms of credulity have passed away, they leave behind a craving for the marvellous, which prefers mystery to simple and intelligible truth. The credulity of the middle ages bequeathed, as part of its legacy, a belief in witchcraft, from which no class was free; and which was fatal, in still later times, to many a wretched beldame. Much of what was accepted as science in the last three centuries was little better. Pliny records nothing more absurd than Whiston's *Geological Theory*, which referred all rocks to the action of the deluge, and the deluge itself to a whisk from the watery tail of a passing comet! Kepler, accepting the doctrines of Apollonius the Pythagorean, regarded the earth as an enormous living animal, and the tides as occasioned by water spouting through its gills during daily alternations of sleeping and waking. Linnæus believed minerals to have resulted from a mundane sexual system; according to him, the sea, becoming pregnant, gradually produced the dry land; the ocean, becoming impregnated by the air, produced a twin-birth,—the saline principle, which was masculine, and the earthy, which was feminine. The *Metamorphoses* of Ovid contain nothing more fanciful than this. The Works of Jacob Behmen, the *Anatomy of Melancholy* of Burton, and the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* of Dr. Thomas Browne, abound in similar displays of childish credulity; and, to descend to our own time, spirit-rapping, table-turning, and faith in infinitesimal absurdities, savour of a similar origin in the capacious trustfulness of human nature. Remembering our boundless advantages, we must rather mourn over our own credulous folly, than wonder that Pliny and his contemporaries should believe in

‘Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.’



Bearing all this in remembrance, we must expect to find a belief in the marvellous influencing even the philosophers of ancient times. And we shall not be wrong in doing so. Even Aristotle selected his calling, not from preference, but in obedience to the Delphic Oracle; and, though his learning became as profound as it was original, he never freed himself from the love of the marvellous. We need not, therefore, be surprised that Pliny was a credulous compiler. But were we to add nothing to this statement, we should give a very imperfect idea of his claims upon our regard. Engaged, as we have seen, with various public duties, he found time to accomplish an amount of reading rarely equalled even by those who follow literature as a profession. He tells us that he brought together, in his *Natural History*, twenty thousand things culled from two thousand works. Whether this can be commended may be doubtful. Even his distinguished nephew reminds us that, 'though we should read much, we should not read many books;\* and had his uncle acted upon that plan, he would have increased the value of his work, though he would have diminished its bulk.

In estimating Pliny's industry, we must not forget that his *Natural History* is but one of the works that proceeded from his pen, though it is the only one preserved to us. We have already referred to his treatise on the Art of Using the Javelin on Horseback, and his History of his own Times, completing the work of Aufidius Bassus. Besides these, his nephew informs us that he wrote a History of the Wars in Germany, which consisted of twenty books; a Life of Pomponius Secundus, his old commander in Germany; a piece of criticism, in eight books, on Ambiguity of Expression; and a treatise upon Eloquence, in six volumes, in which 'he takes up the orator from the cradle, and leads him on, until he has carried him up to the highest point of perfection in this art.'† His nephew justly remarks to his correspondent, Macer: 'Your surprise will rise still higher when you hear that, for some time, he engaged in the profession of an advocate; that he died in his fifty-sixth year; that from the time of his quitting the bar to his death, he was employed, partly in the execution of the higher posts, and partly in a personal attendance on those Emperors who honoured him with their friendship.'‡ There are few things more marvellous than the amount of diversified intellectual labour which truly great men are capable of performing. It is the feebler minds that can attend to but few subjects; and the too common plea

\* *Epistle to Tacitus*, book vii.

† Pliny's *Letters*, book iii.

‡ Pliny's *Epistle to Macer*.



of exclusive devotion to the business or profession, is only set up to hide intellectual poverty and idleness. All stronger heads require a wide field wherein to range; and to the giant intellects that occasionally appear, the universe is scarcely too vast for the embrace of their genius. Aristotle, Newton, and Humboldt were men of this stamp; but there are others whose success in some popular direction masks their greatness in other spheres of labour. In addition to his military triumphs, and his immortal Commentaries, by which he is best known, Julius Cæsar wrote a treatise on Grammar; a satire on Cato; Tragedies, on the Greek model; an official work on Augury; a special one on Astronomy; and, during a rapid march from Italy to Spain, he composed a poem which he called his Journey. Pliny informs us that he would dictate letters of the utmost importance to four secretaries at once; and, when he was free from other business, he would dictate seven letters at one time! Yet so little has intellect to do with sound religious and emotional intuitions, that the man who could do all this,—who disbelieved the immortality of the soul,—who had so little faith in the national religion that he dared to give battle at Munda in spite of the most adverse auspices, nevertheless believed in a destiny, whilst rejecting a Providence; and, after his chariot broke down during the first of his Roman triumphs, *he never entered a carriage without repeating a charm.*

The younger Pliny has given us, in the letter from which we have just quoted, an account of his uncle's mode of life during his residence in Rome; and, though doubtless familiar to some of our readers, we venture to quote it, as showing that the laborious diligence of the German students of the present day was rivalled, if not surpassed, in the classic days of the Empire. We have always looked upon John Wesley as having done more work with less sleep than any other man; but even in this respect, unless his nephew is guilty of gross exaggeration, the palm must be awarded to the subject of this article.

In summer, he always began his studies as soon as it was light; in winter, generally at one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at midnight. No man ever spent less time in bed; inso-much that he would sometimes, without retiring from his book, take a short sleep, and then pursue his studies. Before day-break, he used to wait upon Vespasian, who likewise chose that season to transact business. When he had finished the affairs which that Emperor committed to his charge, he returned home again to his studies. After a short and light repast at noon, (agreeably to the good old custom of our ancestors,) he would frequently in the summer, if disengaged from business, repose himself in the sun; during which time some author

was read to him, from whence he made extracts and observations; as indeed this was his constant method, whatever book he read; for it was a maxim of his, that "no book was so bad but something might be learnt from it." When this was over, he generally went into the cold bath; and, as soon as he came out of it, just took a slight refreshment, and then reposed himself for a little while. Thus, as if it had been a new day, he immediately resumed his studies until supper-time, when a book was again read to him, upon which he would make some hasty remarks. I remember once, his reader having pronounced a word wrong, somebody at the table made him repeat it again; upon which my uncle asked his friend if he understood it; who acknowledging that he did, "Why then," said he, "would you make him go back again? We have lost, by this interruption, above ten lines:" so covetous was this great man of time! In summer, he always rose from supper by day-light; and, in winter, as soon as it was dark: and he observed this rule as strictly as if it had been a law of the state. Such was his manner of life amidst the noise and hurry of the town: but in the country his whole time was devoted to study, without intermission, excepting only when he bathed. In this exception, I include no more than the time he was actually in the bath; for, while he was rubbed and wiped, he was employed either in hearing some book read to him, or in dictating. In his journeys, he lost no time from his studies; but his mind, at those seasons, being disengaged from all other business, applied itself wholly to that single pursuit. A secretary constantly attended him in his chariot, who, in the winter, wore a particular sort of warm gloves, that the sharpness of the weather might not occasion any interruption to my uncle's studies; and, for the same reason, when in Rome, he was always carried in a chair. I remember he once reproved me for walking: "You might," said he, "employ those hours to more advantage:" for he thought every hour lost that was not given to study. By this extraordinary application, he found time to compose the several treatises I have mentioned, besides one hundred and sixty volumes which he left me by his will, consisting of a kind of common-place, written on both sides, in a very small character; so that one might fairly reckon the number considerably more.

Pliny has no claim to rank amongst the greatest intellects of the world. He was a profound, but an unequal, thinker. His reflections sometimes reveal a philosophic spirit worthy of a Mackintosh. We frequently find him displaying some sense of the grandeur, unity, and harmony of nature, and consequently of the cosmic dignity of his undertaking; but on other occasions he descends from this lofty pedestal, and brings the most incongruous topics in ludicrous relation. He then becomes merely a man of paste and scissors, and, too often, a very credulous and indiscriminating one. Still he was more than the mere compiler that it has latterly been the fashion to

think him; in many of his most absurd paragraphs there lurks a definite idea; and when, as is often the case, his explanations of phenomena fail to satisfy us, we usually see that he had made himself sufficiently master of his subject to understand the difficulty to be overcome, which would not have been the case with one who was only a compiler. It is true, exceptions to this remark are sufficiently abundant in his work; but in so gigantic an undertaking, embracing so vast a range of subjects, we should wonder were it otherwise.

The name which Pliny has given to the only one of his works that has come down to us affords a very imperfect idea of its varied nature. The ancients did not limit the use of the term 'Natural History' as we now do; they included in it all that related to natural philosophy, geography, medicine, agriculture, commerce, and the arts. Hence, Pliny's book is a vast Encyclopædia, dealing with almost every conceivable subject in the heavens or on the earth, from the nature of the Deity and the immortality of the soul to the fine arts and the philosophy of drunkenness,—from the luxury of Rome and the follies of its rulers to the rotation of crops and the best test for good eggs. But what chiefly gives the book its present value, is the way in which he has woven into his discursive chapters thousands of suggestive hints, throwing light on the age in which he lived. Hence the endless diversity of the writers who have referred to his pages. Gibbon, Niebuhr, and the whole race of historians, continually quote him. The naturalists and philosophers, from Linnæus to Humboldt and Owen, have rarely published a book in which he is not named. The writers on medicine and therapeutics, from Mead to Pereira, have abundantly referred to his labours. We meet with him in the *Topography* of Gell, the *Varronianus* of Donaldson, and the *Textrinum Antiquorum* of Yates; and even have before us a recently published advertisement of some Turkish baths, in which he is appealed to as an authority whose name still has weight with the multitude. But what most forcibly arrests our attention on glancing at his work is the display of the learning of his age with which it abounds. All kinds of authors are laid under contribution; reminding us, in this respect, of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and the writings of Dr. Thomas Browne.

The work is divided into thirty-seven books, and we may afford our readers an idea of its nature by noticing the subjects of these several sections. The first is occupied by the dedication to Titus, and by a very elaborate index of the contents of each book. This last, as he affirms, was not a common addition in his day;

though he acknowledges that he learnt the use of it from Valerius Soranus, who employed it in a work on Mysteries. Pliny also adds to this a list of the writers whose works he has used in the compilation of each book, native and foreign. One part of his dedication reminds us that the weaknesses of human nature undergo little change through the lapse of ages. He says: \*—'I must inform you, that, in comparing various authors with each other, I have discovered that some of the most grave and of the latest writers have transcribed, word for word, from former works, without making any acknowledgment.' Dr. Thomas Browne knew what he was about, when he said that 'the ancients were but men even like ourselves.' The practice of transcription in our daies was no monster in theirs: Plagiarie had not its nativity with printing; but began in times when thefts were difficult, and the paucity of books scarce wanted that invention.†

The second book is devoted to the physical history of the earth and the heavens, including a curious disquisition on the nature of God. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth books are wholly geographical, and chiefly limited to the enumeration of localities, though, like the rest of his work, mingled with passing allusions to historic events. Book vii. is devoted to man and the human arts. Of books viii., ix., x., and xi., the subjects are, respectively, terrestrial animals, marine animals, birds, and insects. The next sixteen books are devoted to botany, agriculture, and horticulture, including the various medicinal uses of plants and their products. The twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth books treat of remedies derived from animals, and the diseases to which they are applicable. Books xxxiii. and xxxiv. deal with metals; xxxv. with painting and colours; xxxvi. with stones, and xxxvii. with gems.

To give a minute analysis of this extraordinary work in the pages of a Review would be as difficult as it would be out of place. But the perusal of it suggests several distinct subjects meriting some attention, because of the light they throw on Pliny's mental character, or on the age in which he lived. We become vividly impressed with three facts: the unchangeable character of human emotions; the small alteration that eighteen centuries have effected in the uneducated classes; and the vast strides that have been taken by physical science.

We may observe that in our quotations we have chiefly availed ourselves of Mr. Bohn's recent edition of the work,—a valuable addition to the libraries of such as cannot follow the original text of Pliny, and useful to the classical scholar, because enriched with numerous notes, some of which are original, and others derived from previous commentators.

† *Pseudodoria Epidemica*, third edition, p. 16.

Almost at the beginning of the book we obtain an insight into Pliny's negative conception of the Deity. He had no belief in an all-wise, omnipotent, personal God. On this point his faith, if such it may be called, was partly that of the ancient Stoics and the modern allies of the German Pantheistical school,\* partly that of the Epicureans. He doubts if there be any God distinct from the physical universe. He expressly declares the sun to be 'the life,' or, rather the mind, of the universe; the chief regulator and the God of nature. But, whatever his conception of the nature of this Supreme Being, he leaves us in no doubt respecting the small comfort he derived from His existence. 'But it is ridiculous to suppose, that the great Head of all things, whatever it be, pays any regard to human affairs.' 'Nor can He make mortals immortal, or recall to life those who are dead.' But whilst unenlightened respecting the one true and living God by whom the hairs of our head are numbered, and without whom not even a sparrow falleth to the ground, he was much too shrewd a man to accept the obscene national mythology. 'To suppose,' he says, 'that marriages are contracted between the gods, (*inter Deos*), and that during so long a period there should have been no issue from them; that some of them should be old and always grey-headed, and others young and like children; some of a dark complexion, winged, lame, produced from eggs, living and dying on alternate days; is sufficiently puerile and foolish. But it is the height of impudence to imagine that adultery takes place between them, that they have contests and quarrels, and that there are gods of theft and of various crimes.' On this negative point, St. Paul himself could scarcely have spoken more sensibly; but when we trace the effect of his creed on his inner life, we learn how miserable a comforter the Pantheistic philosophy is to an earnest soul. Pliny opens his seventh book with a Jeremiad which would be amusing, were it not a melancholy exhibition of what even an intellectual man becomes without Revelation for his guide. We would direct our readers to it because it should increase their thankfulness for possessing loftier joys and surer hopes than were granted to this earnest but despairing pagan. We have not room for the entire passage, but may cull a few of its prominent sentences. He declares it is far from easy to determine whether 'nature' has proved to him 'a kind parent or a merciless stepmother.' Referring to the helpless unclothed infant, he says, ironically, 'Born to such

\* He expressly says, 'With respect to Jupiter and Mercury, and the rest of the celestial nomenclature, who does not admit that they have reference to certain natural phenomena?'—Book ii., chapter v.

singular good fortune, there lies the animal, which is destined to command all the others; lies, fast bound, hand and foot, and weeping aloud!—such being the penalty which he has to pay on beginning life; and that for the sole fault of having been born.' Then follows a dismal list of human sorrows; leading him to doubt whether 'it were better not to have been born, or, if born, to have been annihilated at the earliest possible moment.' He takes up the same idea in a later section of the same book, (the seventh,) and declares that 'nature has, in reality, bestowed no greater blessing on man than the shortness of life;' that 'sudden death is the greatest happiness of life;' and in the fifty-sixth chapter of the same book his notions culminate in an unhesitating rejection of the soul's immortality. 'All men after their last day return to what they were before the first; and after death there is no more sensation left in the body or in the soul than there was before birth. But this same vanity of ours lyingly fashions to itself an existence even in the very moments which belong to death itself.' 'All these are the mere figments of childish ravings, and of that mortality which is so anxious never to cease to exist.' 'What downright madness is it to suppose, that life is to re-commence after death!' Of course, all this is the philosophy of the Epicureans, though producing upon Pliny a very different effect to what it did on that jovial school. They cried merrily, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' Pliny's thoughtful soul could not be content with this, but he knew of nothing beyond. There were those 'in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints,' who could have enlightened his dark mind; but they belonged to a sect 'everywhere spoken against.' The stern old Roman's sun set in darkness.

Turning from these solemn themes to the lighter topics discussed in Pliny's book, we will glance at some of the curious points calculated to interest our readers. The geographical portions of the work contain less of interest than might be expected; being largely composed of an array of names and distances now of little value. It is singular that, though he spent some time in Germany, no one city or region of that country is mentioned, while he refers to some of its rivers and several tribes of its people. The British Isles receive a fair share of his attention. Even at that early period, our country, though comparatively barbarous and remote from the great seats of civilization, had already won its way to a distinguished position. Pliny refers to it as being 'so celebrated in the records of Greece, and of our country,' and connects with it the '*ultima omnium, quæ memorantur, Thule*,' which was, to Romans, the end of the



world.\* To Pliny's notices of Gaul Niebuhr attaches great value; considering that our knowledge of that country, when under the Cæsars, is mainly derived from him and Strabo. His description of the Holy Land is singularly devoid of interest, though he mentions many of the places recorded in the Bible. He refers to Jerusalem as having been '*longè clarissima urbium Orientis, non Judææ modò;*' but, writing after its overthrow by Titus, he speaks of it as a thing of the past. In one place only does he mention the Jewish Sabbath, referring to it in connexion with a river of Judea, *which was dry every Sabbath-day!* The Essenes are mentioned as a strange race, without women, without money, and keeping company only with date-trees; an eternal race, though no one is born among them; the supply being kept up by fugitives and wanderers from other lands;—an odd perversion of the real habits of that fanatical sect. Even at that early period we find the Chinese (*Seres*) noticed as supplying the west with silk,—then erroneously believed to be the down of a plant. Still more interesting at the present time is the evidence Pliny gives of the unchanging character of that nation. 'They resemble beasts, in that they fly the company of other people.' He mentions the ambassadors sent from Taprobane, the modern Ceylon, to the court of Claudius, of which circumstance Sir Emerson Tennent has given an account in his recent work; but, unlike some travellers of the last century, we do not find Pliny indulging in sentimental nonsense about the purity and primeval simplicity of these heathens. On the contrary, he expressly tells us that though isolated from the rest of the world, they are 'not exempt from our vices.' In his account of Babylon, we have an illustration of the Roman habit of identifying the national deities with those of other heathen. He speaks of the celebrated temple at the above place, as that of Jupiter Belus. In like manner, the Romans connected their supreme Deity with that of the Egyptians, under the name of Jupiter Ammon; and when the Augustan legions first crossed the Great St. Bernard, they found, in the pass, an altar erected to the Celtic god Pen. They speedily changed both altar and worship into that of Jupiter Penninus; hence the name *Pennine*, now applied to that Alpine range.

Few parts of Pliny's work are more interesting than those which illustrate, often incidentally, customs common to the Roman age and to our own. We retain some of these in all their completeness; others abide, though they have lost

\* Supposed to be Foula, one of the Shetland Islands. Pliny says, it has no night at the summer solstice, and no day in mid-winter; and that the Cronian or frozen ocean is but a day's sail from it.

their primary significance. The Romans, after eating eggs and snails, broke the shells with the spoon to neutralize evil imprecations, in which they were full believers: we retain the practice, half jocosely, 'to let the witches out.' In a similar spirit they repelled fascinations and evil influences by spitting on the hand, as is still often done by the lower orders; especially by pugilists on engaging in a fight, and by street-traders on receiving their first-earned penny. They invested the horse-shoe picked up from the road with peculiar powers, as it is still nailed up behind barn and cottage doors to drive away witches. Bats, similarly nailed up, were regarded as counter charms; and the red coral necklaces now hung as ornaments round our children's necks, were so employed by Roman mothers as preventive of danger. They connected tingling of the ears with the idea that they were the subject of conversation amongst distant acquaintances. Roman friends wished each other a happy new year; Roman calculators believed there was luck in odd numbers, as sincerely as does Charles Lever, or his friend and ours, 'Rory O'More.' Rome had a proverb corresponding with ours, which affirms that 'fools build, and wise men buy.' One still more remarkable custom, yet prevailing in several parts of the world, can be traced, not only to the age of Pliny, but even to that of the Greek civilization. In parts of Germany, and elsewhere, when any one sneezes, bystanders remove their hats and exclaim, 'God bless you!' The Romans employed an analogous salutation; and those familiar with the *Anabasis* of Xenophon will recall to mind how, when the fortunes of the Ten Thousand were most critical, their leader availed himself of the auspicious sneeze of a soldier, and the responsive 'Zeus, save us,' to cheer the hearts of his troops; converting into a good omen what might be good or bad, according to the response made.\*

The Roman epicure delighted in a kind of *paté de foie gras*, for which the purveyor obtained the livers of geese, fattened after the modern fashion. The Bond Street loungers of the imperial city anointed their falling hair with bear's-grease; the perfumers of Italy having anticipated Mr. Atkinson by nearly nineteen centuries. Even in the days of the Greeks,

\* Amongst the Parsee females of the east, sneezing is still regarded as a significant omen; the good or the evil nature of which depends wholly on the hopes or fears occupying the thoughts of the bystanders at the moment. If the thoughts are good ones, the sneeze is ominous of their realization; but if, on the contrary, anticipations of evil are occupying the mind, the omen is considered gloomy. This notion, still prevalent amongst the people whom Xenophon was leaving behind him in his march, gives curious significance to the incident recorded respecting him. He was exclaiming, 'With the favour of heaven we have fair hopes of safety,' when the soldier sneezed, and enabled the leader to give them fresh encouragement.

Aristomachus of Soli anticipated Huber, by devoting fifty-two years to the study of bees; and his Roman disciples, when their bees were swarming, thumped their kettles with all the energy of a modern apiarian. The mason sawed his marbles with sand and water, precisely as our stone-cutters do now; and Pliny says that the builder occasionally found his new-built houses tumbling about his ears, from lack of lime and excess of sand, after the fashion of our age of adulterations. When the servants and children of the Italian farmer cut their fingers, he arrested the bleeding with cobwebs. He used willow-osiers for his baskets, and the piths of rushes for the wicks of his candles; even gas has not yet wholly extinguished his venerable rushlight. He growled at the rabbits which ate up his crops as earnestly as any modern opponent of the game laws; but, on the other hand, the agriculturist of Roman times was not so far behind his modern brethren as our vanity sometimes leads us to suppose. Even the ancient Gauls used a reaping machine; both Pliny and Cato urged on their more tardy contemporaries the value of deep draining, and the ultimate profitableness of high farming. The Roman farmer practised the rotatory system of cropping. He ploughed in his lupines to benefit the soil, and he ate off his green fodder with sheep to prepare for the next year's sowing of corn. His neighbour, the gardener, was as familiar with budding as Dr. Lindley or Sir Joseph Paxton; and he applied to his fruit a proverb similar to ours, of 'Soon ripe, soon rotten.' Before the labourer cleansed out the wells, he tested the foulness of their air by means of a lighted candle, though ignorant of oxygen gas, and the philosophy of combustion. The more thoughtful landowners came to the modern conclusion that slave labour, with all its apparent advantages, was more costly than free labour. But whilst some of the proprietors made this advance in political economy, statesmen were indulging in modern legislative fallacies, which, though abandoned by ourselves, are occasionally acted upon by our friends across the Channel. They endeavoured to regulate the price of corn by decree, as some of our revolutionary neighbours have done that of the bread-loaf. Even our recent panic respecting the paper supply had a precedent during the reign of Tiberius, when the failure of the Papyrus led to the use of new materials, as cotton rags are even now giving place to straw and palm-fibres.

The correspondences between ancient and modern times receive some curious illustrations from professional life, both empirical and legitimate. St. John Long and his rubbings were anticipated by Prodicus and others, to such an extent as to enrich 'the very anointers even, and the commonest drudges

employed by the physicians.' Then, as now, the quacks based their operations on wholesale abuse of the regular practitioners. In the time of Nero, Thessalus, one of the empirical fraternity, 'declared with a sort of frenzy against the physicians of every age; but with what discretion and in what spirit, we may abundantly conclude from a single trait presented by his character: upon his tomb, which,' Pliny says, 'is still to be seen on the Appian Way, he had his name inscribed as the *Iatronices*, the *Conqueror of the Physicians*.' Crinas, another empiric, who regulated the diet of his patients by the movements of the heavenly bodies, left behind him ten millions of sesterces,\* after expending nearly as much on public objects. Asclepiades, who lived during the Augustan age, was obviously the prototype of Priessnitz and the hydropathists; he was followed by Charmis, of Massilia, who, 'not content with condemning the practice of preceding physicians, proscribed the use of warm baths as well; and persuaded people, even in the very depth of winter, to immerse themselves in cold water.' His patients he used to plunge into large vessels filled with cold water; and it was a common thing to see aged men of consular rank make it a matter of parade to freeze themselves.' Here, doubtless, was a reaction from the enervating abuse of warm baths, in which the Romans so freely indulged. On these subjects, Pliny is usually a shrewd observer. He saw clearly how inherent was the love of novelty in the human breast, and that there was no lack of men to feed the taste for their own profit. Then, as now, the world abounded in doctors 'who wished to recommend themselves by the introduction of some novelty or other.' Whilst condemning the quacks, Pliny deals out some hard hits at the 'regular practitioners,' of whom he did not entertain the highest opinion. He ridicules the various inventions by which each man is promised long life; 'that is,' says our author, 'if he will pay for it.' He laments that there is no law whereby to punish the ignorance of physicians, and reminds us, 'It is at the expense of our perils that they learn, and they experimentalize by putting us to death, *a physician being the only person that can kill another with sovereign impunity*.' Cato the Censor had so bad an opinion of the physicians, that he forbade Marius to have anything to do with them; nevertheless, the Romans collectively held views very different from those of the shrewd old moralist. They not only paid their doctors well, but held them in honour; and on one occasion, when the Greeks were expelled from Italy, exception was made in favour of the Greek physicians,

\* £80,000.

—men whom Cato had stigmatized as an iniquitous and an intractable race. It would appear that in Pliny's day medicine was largely a Greek importation. He expressly says, that it is one of the arts of Greece, which Roman gravity had hitherto refused to cultivate; that Greek was the usual language in which it was treated of; and that even the common people objected to trusting those who employed any other. We much doubt if people at the present day would have half the required faith in the doctor's prescriptions, were they written in plain English, as some demand, instead of orthodox ungrammatical Latin! Pliny even affirms that he was the first to write on medicine in the Latin tongue. Here, however, he makes a blunder. Celsus had preceded him, by more than half a century, with his immortal treatise *De Medicinâ*; a book which gives us a far higher opinion of the attainments of the Roman doctors than we should gather from the pages of Pliny. But they do not appear to have been so well paid for their professional labours as at the present day. Q. Stertinus, in accepting a salary of £4,400 from one of the Emperors, only calculated the city practice, which he must relinquish, at a little more than £5,000; but somehow, he and his brothers unitedly left an estate of more than thirty millions of sesterces.\* The heaviest doctor's bill recorded by Pliny is that of Manlius Cornutus, the *legatus* of the province of Aquitania: it was only £1,500. We suspect that the Coopers, the Brodies, and the Simpsens of modern times could beat this. Whilst we are speaking of doctors, we may remark that Pliny accuses one of the earliest of the Greek physicians, Hippocrates, with acting after the fashion of Sir Everard Home, when he first pilfered the manuscripts of John Hunter, and then burnt them to hide the theft. Hippocrates is said to have cribbed the prescriptions stored up in the temple of Æsculapius, and afterwards to have burnt down the temple, that he might claim them as his own. But, as a similar story is told of the Arabian physician Avicenna, we may give the Greek the benefit of the doubt, and assume that the English anatomist was the first of these veritable iconoclasts. Pliny is very angry because some physicians prescribed *grain* doses of the celebrated mithridatic antidote, composed of fifty-four ingredients.† He says, 'Which of the Gods, pray, can have instructed man in such trickery as this; a height, to which the mere subtlety of human invention could surely never have reached?

\* £240,000.

† This is nothing to the *Theriace* of the Romans, which Pliny represents, in round numbers, as containing 600 different substances.

It clearly must emanate from a vain ostentation of scientific skill, and must surely be set down as a monstrous system of puffing off the medical art! What would he have said in these days of homœopathic infinitesimal moonshine?

The Romans were not a manufacturing race: consequently we do not find much in our author's pages relative to this subject. He gives us the well-known formula for the manufacture of papyri on the banks of the Nile. We learn from him that the spinners used the prickly skin of the hedgehog in carding their wool; but Mr. Salt would scarcely look with much encouragement on any patentee who might bring him a roller covered with hedgehog spines. The Italians grew flax, and possessed linen in abundance. Pliny refers to some material which he calls *byssus*, as being next to linen in value. Commentators think that by this he meant cotton; but he refers to it as brought from Achaia, where we have no reason for supposing cotton was ever grown. Moreover, the descriptions which Arrian and others give of the tree from which *byssus* was obtained is wholly inapplicable to the cotton plant. But Pliny also mentions *gossypium*, as a shrub grown in Egypt, the fruit of which contained a silky substance that was spun into threads. This was obviously the Egyptian cotton plant, still grown on the banks of the Nile. Amongst other manufactured substances we find described the *linum vivum*, or Asbestos linen, woven from crystalline fibres of the well-known mineral of that name, and which, from its power of resisting fire, was used to preserve the ashes of those monarchs whose bodies were burnt on the funeral pile. Dyeing, and the materials used in the process, receive numerous notices. Amongst other colouring matters, he describes the use of *minium*, which was either red lead, or cinnabar, or both, affording a red ink for books and inscriptions on tombs. This use of red letters was common in the Middle Ages; the 'Rubric' was originally so written and printed: hence its present name, with which its appearance no longer corresponds.

Some of the most voluminous, and perhaps the most interesting, parts of Pliny's book relate to the state of the arts amongst the ancients. We have the old story of the birds coming to peck at the painted grapes of Zeuxis; but the painter's vanity was not much flattered by the circumstance, because the picture also contained the figure of a boy, which, as Zeuxis observed, had it been properly painted, should have frightened the birds away. In connexion with art we find another of those instances in which modern circumstances are paralleled in ancient days. When Napoleon besieged Maestricht, he carefully turned away



his guns from the rascally canon's house in which the head of the *Mososaurus* or 'Maestricht fossil' was hidden, which is now one of the gems of the *Jardin des Plantes*. In like manner, Pliny informs us that when King Demetrius besieged Rhodes, he carefully guarded that part of the city in which the 'Ialysus,' the celebrated picture of Protogenes, was preserved. We have many illustrations of the high value the ancients set on works of art. We have already seen something of the emoluments of Roman physicians, and we here learn a little respecting those of painters. M. Agrippa paid 1,200,000 sesterces\* for two paintings, an Ajax and a Venus. Apelles† received twenty talents of gold, or near £5,000, for painting Alexander wielding the thunderbolts in the temple of Diana at Ephesus; whilst Aristides, painting a Persian battle-scene for Mnason, the tyrant of Elatea, which contained one hundred figures, was paid at the rate of ten *mine*, or about £40, each figure; and for a picture by the same artist, sold after his death, King Attalus of Pergamos is said to have given one hundred talents,‡—nearly the sum which the French government is reputed to have given for the celebrated Murillo now in the Louvre. We need not wonder that Zeuxis, like our Turner, acquired enormous wealth, when he ultimately preferred the honour of giving away his works to selling them, because he considered there was no price high enough to be paid for them.

The present infringement on the profits of portrait-painters by the photographers had some parallel in the Roman world. At one time portraits were fashionable, and the calling was a lucrative one; but fashions changed, and portraits were supplanted by gold or brassen shields, on which were silver faces, having some faint resemblance to the originals. These shields suggested the frightful gilded disks surrounding the heads in the pictures of the early Italian painters, and traces of them re-appear in the faint *nimbus* of a later date. The Romans were obviously less earnest in their love of painting than the Greeks had been; indeed, Pliny expressly says, that in his day it was completely banished in favour of marble and gold. There are no native Roman painters who can stand for a moment by the side of the Greek artists. The mantles of Zeuxis and Apelles did not fall in Rome. Architecture and sculpture were more fortunate; but even here the Romans never equalled their Greek teachers; and we see from Pliny's pages, that the passion for

\* More than £10,000.

† It is to the practice of this artist we owe the proverb, *Nulla dies sine linea*, as he never allowed a day to pass without sketching some outline.

‡ Upwards of £24,000.

Grecian statuary was the dominant one among the nobles of his day.

Closely associated with these subjects is that of Roman luxuriousness. Nothing indicates the growing extravagance of our day more clearly than the history of our wine trade. We are not so very old: nevertheless, we remember the time when few wines, beyond port and sherry, were deemed requisites at the tables of even our wealthier countrymen; but now every upper clerk in a warehouse or a government office brings out his Beaujolais, or his Sauterne. Pliny notices a similar multiplication of wines at table, as one indication of the growing extravagance which enervated and finally ruined the empire.\* This evil arose prior to the Augustan age. Pliny attributes its origin to the acquisition of Asia Minor, beginning with the bequest which Attalus of Pergamos made of his kingdom to Rome. Besides his crown, that monarch bequeathed to the republic a mass of hoarded treasure, which was divided among the people. The overthrow of Carthage and the conquest of Corinth further increased the evil tendency. As our author observes, 'By a fatal coincidence, the Roman people both acquired a taste for vice, and obtained a licence for gratifying it.' We could fill many pages with examples of the height to which this passion arose. It assumed an oriental and barbaric shape in the yoking of lions and other wild beasts to the triumphal car, and in the wholesale destruction of elephants in the shows of the arena. A century previously, Lucius Scipio, in his triumphal procession, exhibited 1,400 lbs. weight of chased silver, and golden vessels weighing 1,500 lbs.; but at the later period to which we are referring the evil entered the dwellings and affected the private lives of the poor as well as the rich. 'Our soldiers,' says Pliny, 'have the hilts of their swords made of chased silver; when, too, their scabbards are heard to jingle with their silver chains, and their belts with the plates of silver with which they are inlaid.'†

Pliny further tells us: 'Our women, when bathing, quite despise any sitting bath that is not made of silver; whilst for serving up food at table, as well as for the most unseemly purposes, the same metal must equally be employed.' This being the prevalent passion, we need not wonder at the vast sums they expended on silver vessels. It was not merely that the metal

\* Incidentally to this topic, we light upon another exemplification that there is nothing new under the sun. The celebrated vine at Hampton Court, flourishing by sending its roots into neighbouring drains, appears to have had its prototype at Rome.

† Times were changed since the day when the highest honour the army could bestow on its Dentati, its Decii, and its Fabii, was the *corona graminea*, or 'crown of green grass.'

was costly, but its value was enormously increased by the skill of particular artists. Thus we find Lucius Crassus, the orator, paying 100,000 sesterces \* for a couple of small goblets. In another instance, 70,000 sesterces were paid for a murrhine † cup, holding about three pints; and for another of similar character Nero paid a million of sesterces, or nearly £8,000. At the present day, the malachite vases of the Demidoff's sell at about three guineas per pound weight. The nearest approaches to the above prices which we remember, were those realized at the sale of Prince Soltikoff's collection at Paris, when a small ewer of Limoges enamel brought 16,200 francs, or £648. A basin of the same sold for 21,000 francs. A similar rage displayed itself in the profusion of jewels with which the Roman women were adorned, their special passion being for pearls. Pliny informs us, that he saw Lollia Paulina, the wife of the Emperor Caius, at an ordinary wedding entertainment, covered with jewels worth £304,000 of our money. Pliny indulges freely in his attacks upon the extravagance of the Roman women. He complains that 'the pearls and perfumes of India and Arabia withdraw from our empire a hundred millions of sesterces every year; so dearly do we pay for our luxury and our women.' Before giving a formula for a cosmetic, he says, 'The following recipe may seem frivolous; but still, *to please the women*, it must not be omitted.' But extravagance was far from being confined to the fair sex. Martial and Petronius Arbiter, as well as Pliny, allude to the mania for fine tables made of ornamental woods, and for some of which from nine to thirteen thousand pounds were given. Pliny admits, that when the Romans reproached their women for their extravagance in pearls, the latter sometimes retorted upon their censors and twitted them with this mania for tables.

That this love of luxury should, in so Epicurean an age, extend to the festive board, is no more than might have been expected. And whether the story of the celebrated dish of musical birds, served up by Claudius Æsopus, the tragic actor, and valued at between seven and eight hundred pounds, be true or false, the fact that it was believed in its day illustrates the habits that rendered such a belief possible. It was worthy of an age in which Mulletts were bought at seventy pounds each. Well may Pliny lament that in his day 'a cook is only to be obtained for the same sum that a triumph would cost, and a fish is only to be purchased at what was formerly the price of a cook; indeed, there is hardly any living thing held in higher esteem than the man who under-

\* £800.

† It is doubtful whether these murrhine vessels were made of agate or of fluor spar.

stands how, in the most scientific fashion, to get rid of his master's property.' This was the age of Apicius, 'that very deepest whirlpool of all our epicures,' whose *ne plus ultra* was a dish of flamingoes' tongues, and who offered a high prize for the invention of a new sauce!

Some of the customs followed by these epicures seem scarcely compatible with their fastidious tastes. We find them mixing their lentil flour with sand and pounded unbaked bricks; another kind of meal was mixed with chalk, to increase its whiteness, whilst they often kneaded their bread with sea-water. At the same time we must remember that in our own day sweet-meats made of pure sugar find no sale. Bradford's 'daft' is still in demand; plaster of Paris must give to lozenges the due whiteness; and French gypsum too closely resembles Roman chalk to entitle us to smile at the Latin bakers, or marvel at the vitiated tastes of their customers.

This subject reminds us that an Adulteration Commission was as needful amongst the Romans as amongst ourselves. Pliny tells us how the Capuan perfumers mingled their frankincense with the cheap resin of the *abies excelsa*, and the retail wine-dealers employed smoke to give a spurious mellowness to their wines.\* Trade tricks, in the nineteenth century, are evidently no novelties. But who can wonder that Romans were tricksters when we remember how completely their national religion was a superstition resting upon fraud as its basis? All their great political ceremonials were accompanied by sacrificial offerings at the altars; and, as much of their political effect depended on the impressions made on the minds of the crowd, ample opportunities were afforded the priests for aiding a friend, or wounding an enemy. 'The first day that the Dictator Cæsar appeared in public, clothed in purple, and sitting on a seat of gold, the heart was twice found wanting when he sacrificed.' Of course the wily augurs took care it should be so. 'No liver at all was found in a victim which was sacrificed by M. Marcellus about the period when he was killed in battle against Hannibal; whilst, in a victim which was slain on the following day, a double liver was found.' What the tricksters had abstracted from the one victim they had introduced into the other. 'It was wanting, also, in a victim sacrificed by C. Marius, at Utica; and in one which was offered by the Emperor Caius on the calends of January, upon the occasion of his entering the year of the consulship in which he was slain. The same thing happened, also, to his successor, Claudius, in the month in

\* The Roman 'Falerian' was only deemed beginning to be of medium age after it had been kept fifteen years.

which he was cut off by poison.\* The fact is, De Custine's definition of the Russian government, that it was a despotism tempered by assassination, is eminently applicable to that of imperial Rome; and when the occurrence of a victim without heart or liver sufficed to satisfy the people that a ruler's untimely end was the will of the gods, the priests at the altar had no difficulty in supplying what was needed. Well might Cato marvel that two augurs could meet without laughing in each other's faces.

Pliny's scientific knowledge sometimes brought him into antagonism with this national credulity, and his struggles to shun a needless conflict with the religious prejudices of the mob are occasionally amusing. Thus, in telling us why thunder is attributed to Jupiter, he says:—

'It is not generally known, what has been discovered by men eminent for their learning, in consequence of their assiduous observations of the heavens, that the fires which fall upon the earth, and which receive the name of thunderbolts, proceed from the three superior stars,\* but principally from the one (Jupiter) that is placed in the middle. It may perhaps depend on the superabundance of moisture from the superior orbit, communicating with the heat from the inferior, which are expelled in this manner; and hence it is commonly said, that thunderbolts are darted off by Jupiter.'

This pseudo-scientific explanation is a mere quibble. The Romans attributed all atmospheric phenomena to their gods, whose will they read in the changing skies. That lightnings were the instruments with which Jupiter, their supreme deity, struck down the impious, is known to every schoolboy; and we fear that Pliny's attempt to reconcile his creed and his philosophy would fail, even in the first century.

Pliny's faith in the occult relations of astronomical phenomena is further seen in his history of comets. In all ages these wandering messengers of heaven have been regarded with dread. 'A fearful star,' says our author, 'this comet is, and not easily expiated.' He carries his faith still further when he tells us, 'It is certain that the bodies of oysters and of whelks, and of shellfish generally, are increased in size and again diminished by the influence of the moon. Certain accurate (!) observers have found out, that the entrails of the field-mouse correspond in number to the moon's age.' This notion of lunar influence upon marine shellfish is still prevalent in India, where the fish-monger finds his excuse for bad crabs and oysters by suggesting

\* He has, in an earlier part of his work, recorded his astronomical notions, which were Ptolemaic. He locates the remote planets with which he was acquainted—Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars—above the Sun, and Venus, Mercury, and the Moon, below it.

that they must have been gathered in the moonlight! In our own country the name 'lunatic' perpetuates an old idea respecting lunar influences; amongst the Hindoos, faith in such influence on serious disease is still sufficiently strong to affect their medical practice. Many amongst us believe that exposure to moonlight is injurious to health, owing to some malign influence which it exercises. Pliny says, 'The carcases of wild beasts are rendered putrid by its beams;' and in his eighteenth book, he gives many directions to the agriculturist, lest his crops should be injured by this malignant rather than malignant planet.

The extreme credulity of even the educated Romans is reflected in every page of Pliny's work. The attribution of human thoughts and emotions to the brute creation, and even to the vegetable kingdom; belief in miraculous events in connexion with political changes; faith in the powers of charms and amulets; as well as confidence in the efficacy of remedies and prophylactics, meet us on every hand. Indeed, it has been remarked that there is scarcely a delusion exposed by Dr. Thomas Browne, in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, that cannot be found in the pages of Pliny. Of course, we have the old story of the kingfishers: 'They hatch their young at the time of the winter solstice, from which circumstance, those days are known as the halcyon days; during this period the sea is calm and navigable.' It is curious that even here the incredulous old corrector of vulgar errors is caught napping. Dr. Browne never doubts the fact, that when these birds are incubating 'the sea is calm, and the winds do cease, till the young ones are excluded, and forsake their nest, which floateth upon the sea, and by the roughness of the winds might otherwise be overwhelmed.' He cannot satisfy himself, 'whether out of any particular prevolition they chose to sit at this time, or whether it be thus contrived by concurrence of causes, and providence of nature;' but he never dreams of questioning the facts! We still speak of *halcyon days*; but the origin of the phrase is well-nigh forgotten. Somewhat analogous is Pliny's treatment of the resistless Typhon, the terror of sailors, to whose 'locks' Mr. Ruskin has recently called our attention with his usual eloquence. 'Yet, a small matter is the remedy for it, namely, the casting out of vinegar against it, as it cometh, which is of very cold nature!' He gives us, without suggesting a doubt, an account of the two celebrated mountains near the Indus, of which 'the nature of the one is to hold fast all manner of iron, and of the other to reject it; and, therefore, if the soles of a man's shoes be clouted with nails, in the one of them,



a man cannot pluck away his foot, and in the other he cannot take any footing.' Amongst animals, the Basilisk is brought before us endowed with wondrous powers; destroying not only the shrubs with which it comes in contact, but even those on which it breathes; burning the grass, and breaking up the stones; but 'so true is it that there shall be nothing without its antidote, the effluvium of a weasel is in its turn fatal to the terrible serpent.' Pliny says nothing about the power of the basilisk's eye, so proverbial amongst figurative writers; but he assigns similar, though still greater, efficacy to those of the *catoblos*, an animal found in Æthiopia. All who behold the eyes of this beast, he affirms, fall dead on the spot. Luckily the creature had a heavy head, which was always weighed down to the earth! 'Were it not for this circumstance, it would prove the destruction of the human race.' Of dolphins we have some wonderful stories; especially of one that died of pure sorrow and regret, because of the death of a child that was wont to feed it. We have wondrously shrewd ravens, 'the only birds that seem to have any comprehension of the meaning of the auspices; for when the guests of Medus were assassinated, they all took their departure from Peloponnesus, and the region of Africa.' Eastern swallows seem to have been equally knowing, since they would not enter the houses of Thebes, 'because that city had been so frequently captured.' Neither flies nor dogs, Pliny affirms, would ever enter the temple of Hercules in the cattle-market at Rome. Farm-yard fowls he considered to have 'a certain notion of religion,' for no other reason than that they sometimes dust themselves to eject the fleas and other creeping things with which they are infested; throwing dust over the body being, according to the canon of heathen Rome, one of the approved methods of purification. During the consulship of Lepidus and Catullus, a dunghill cock imitated Balaam's ass, and spoke; 'the only occasion that I know of,' adds our trustful historian. That an educated Roman should believe such rubbish seems incredible; but these are small demands on our faith compared with others presented to us. Pliny tells of trees falling to the ground, without any physical cause, but merely by way of portentous omen, and then rising again of themselves. A plane at Antandros resumed its position, and took root, after it had been hewn square by the carpenter's axe; but, most marvellous of all, 'a plantation of olives, belonging to Vectius Marcellus, one of the principal members of the equestrian order, bodily crossed the public highway, whilst the fields that lay on the opposite side of the road passed over to supply the place which had been thus vacated by the olive-yard;'—and all done to mark

the fall of the tyrant Nero. The realization of the Birnam Wood prophecy was a feeble affair, compared with the pranks of these erratic olive-trees. Place by the side of these marvels the popular belief that the vestal virgins had the power of arresting the flight of runaway slaves by uttering certain prayers, and that, in response to a prayer, the vestal Tuccia carried water in a sieve from the Tiber to the temple of Vesta, and we have no difficulty in discovering the school where modern Rome learnt her lying wonders. It is nearly in the same trustful spirit that Pliny records the existence, in his time, of the olive-tree at Argos to which Argus fastened Io; of two oaks at Heraclea, in Pontus, planted by Hercules; of a plane at Aulocrene on which Marsyas was hanged after his overthrow by Apollo; of the olive produced by Minerva at Athens; of a palm at Delos planted at Apollo's birth; and of the wild olive at Olympia from which Hercules received his first wreath. Surely, after this, it is a small matter to demand belief in the Frey-burgian legend of the Lime-tree of Morat, or in the classic oaks of Windsor and Penshurst.

These allusions to trees remind us that the plants of ancient times must have been a most quarrelsome race. According to Pliny, 'An inveterate hatred existed between the oak and the olive.' There was 'a mortal feud between the cabbage and the vine;' whilst the former of these belligerents was sure to wither, if planted near the Cyclamen, or the Origanum. Plants have become more peaceful in our day; but some of their alleged powers would have been worth retaining, had they really existed. The Romans planted black Bryony around their poultry-yards, as a guard against hawks. They buried certain other herbs at the four corners of their fields, to keep off the birds that wasted the grain; an effect which, Pliny affirms from *his own certain knowledge*, they would have. To carry a plant of the Dragon Arum about the person was thought an effectual safeguard against all serpents; whilst a chaplet of Smilax with an uneven number of leaves was deemed a certain cure for a headache.

The faith of the Romans in prophylactics and remedies was something marvellous. The fasting spittle of a human being was thought a sovereign preservative against the bites of serpents, as well as a remedy for the removal of lichens and leprous spots on the skin: an idea which possibly gave rise to the royal touch for the king's evil. To bind the two middle fingers of the right hand together with a linen thread was a safeguard against catarrhs and ophthalmias. To cure cases of quartan fever, you were to 'take a fragment of a nail from a cross, or else a piece of a halter that has been used for crucifixion, and, after wrapping it in

wool, attach it to the patient's neck, taking care, the moment he has recovered, to conceal it in some hole to which the light of the sun cannot penetrate.' We have here a prototype of our popular ceremonials for the removal of warts. That even the inferior animals were acted upon by these mysterious influences would be clear, could we believe the Roman historian, when he tells us that garments worn at a funeral were henceforth believed to be safe from the attacks of moths!

When the educated classes of the imperial city had faith in such trash as this, we cannot marvel that the rural population were still more superstitious. A rural law, widely observed in Pliny's day, forbade women to twirl or even to display their distaffs in the public roads, because such actions would be prejudicial to the harvest. This is but a type of many similar notions entertained by the Melibœi and Corydons of that day. Yet these men were not devoid of shrewdness and practical skill in their agricultural pursuits; nor did they lack intelligent guides. True, the agricultural mind was, as it still is, somewhat obtuse, the farmers being given to tread in the steps of their forefathers; but the Roman farmers possessed able and enlightened teachers. Cato the Censor was one of these,—the Coke of his day. Pliny says he was 'a man who, by the universal confession, was the first husbandman of his day, and without a rival.' Yet, so far was even he tainted with the national credulity, that in one of his books\* he gives his readers the following cure for sprained wrists: a split reed is to be held near the injured limb; meanwhile the operator is to pronounce the gibberish, '*Sanitas fracto, motas lanata, daries dardaries astataries*,' and the thing is done.

Amongst the ancient fallacies which retain their place, is one still accepted by painters and poets, though science has sadly marred its poetic credit. Speaking of the paper Nautilus of the Mediterranean, the Nautilus of the ancients, Pliny says, 'Extending backwards its two front arms, it stretches out between them a membrane of marvellous thinness, which acts as a sail spread out to the wind, while with the rest of its arms it paddles along below, steering itself with its tail in the middle, which acts as a rudder.' The use made of this idea by Pope will be remembered by most of our readers.

'Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.'

Unfortunately, all this is equally untrue. Instead of this graceful locomotion, modern science has shown that nothing can

\* *De Re Rustica*.

be less elegant than the true movements of the Nautilus. Pliny also advocates the spontaneous generation of shell-fish, this being the favourite doctrine of those who wished to make *nature* independent of nature's God; but, here again, science has given the fallacy its last blow. An illustration of the traces of old fallacies still preserved in the names of objects, is afforded by the dog-rose. The root of this plant was believed to be a cure for hydrophobia, which, unhappily, it is not; but the trivial name is a relic of ancient faith in its efficacy.

We must not be tempted to dwell on the innumerable displays of Pliny's defective knowledge. Some of these, as we have seen in the case of the physician Celsus, arose from imperfect acquaintance with so vast a multitude of subjects as he attempted to embrace in his work; but others sprang from the defective science of his times. He divides the elements into earth, air, fire, and water, as was done by all philosophers long after his day. His astronomy is, of course, Ptolemaic, placing the earth in the centre of the universe, and making the sun and the planets revolve around it; the moon being the nearest, and Saturn the most remote. Like all the other ante-Copernican astronomers, he was perplexed by the movements of Mercury and Venus, the two planets circling within the earth's orbit. This difficulty existed up to the days of Galileo. Being unable to explain why planets, supposed to be revolving about the earth, never went farther away from the sun, the Romans, like some modern philosophers, hid the clumsiness of their explanation under the cloudiness and multitude of their words. The Epicureans of that day contended that the earth was a wide-spread plane; Pliny advocated the true idea of its roundness; but the arguments on which he rests his conclusions are not such as would convince a modern philosopher. It is odd, that though familiar with the causes of eclipses, he does not refer to them in proof of the earth's sphericity. He distinctly says, 'It is evident that the sun is hid by the intervention of the moon, and the moon by the opposition of the earth, and that these changes are mutual; the moon by her interposition taking the rays of the sun from the earth, and the earth from the moon.' The revolution of the earth round its axis in twenty-four hours is advocated, though he cannot understand why, whirling round with such marvellous velocity, it does not make a bigger noise! Respecting the size of the globe relatively to the moon he was sadly in error, believing the latter to be much the larger planet, because she intercepted the view of the sun in a solar eclipse. His equally imperfect geography led him to very erroneous ideas respecting the distribution of the human race. The ancients were acquainted with

the physical condition of the Polar regions, which Pliny refers to as 'overcharged with extreme cold and perpetual frost;' and also in some measure with that of the Tropical Zone, which he describes as 'the middle of the earth, in which the sun keepeth his course, scorched and burnt with flames.' He believed the temperate regions to be the only inhabited ones, and that there was no passage from the one of these to the other; a notion long entertained by the most enlightened ancients. Amongst the wonders of the land, he draws attention to the noxious vapours emitted from the soil, mischievous to living creatures, 'yea, and sometimes to man also, as in the territories of Sinnessa and Puteoli,' little dreaming when he penned these words, that not far from Puteoli his own life would be brought to a sudden close by these noxious gases. He gives us, on the authority of Pythias of Massilia, a marvellous piece of information respecting our own part of the world, when he tells us that 'above Britain the tide floweth in height eighty cubits,' or above 120 feet. Pythias, who lived in the time of Alexander, undoubtedly visited Britain, and may have become acquainted with the 'bore' or tidal wave of the Severn, which rises sixty feet; but happily for our coasts, no such tidal waves as Pythias describes inundate our shores.

In the department of natural history, similar errors to those which we have exhibited, everywhere abound. One of these illustrates the progress made by natural science since his day. Pliny affirms that there exist seventy-four species of fishes, a number now considerably exceeded by those of the small kingdom of Belgium. Half a century back Cuvier enumerated above 6,000, which number was increased to 9,000 twenty years ago; and each subsequent year has witnessed great additions to the catalogue.

But no displays of his ignorance equal those which Pliny makes of his *self-ignorance*. Whilst his pages are crowded with the most absurd and incredible marvels, he tells us that he has made it his object 'to select no facts but such as are established by pretty nearly uniform testimony, and to pay more attention to scrupulous exactness than to copiousness of diction.' He professes to have regarded nothing that was not 'strictly trustworthy;' and exclaims, 'By Hercules,' his favourite oath, 'in the sea and in the ocean, vast as it is, there exists nothing that is unknown to us; and, a truly marvellous fact, it is with those things which nature has concealed in the deep that we are best acquainted!'—a comfortable conviction, on which his seventy-four species of fishes are an expressive commentary!

No sketch of Pliny and his work would be faithful that did not



include an allusion to his remarkable prejudices, to some of which it is difficult to obtain a clue. At one time his wrath is poured out upon the chemists and apothecaries, for no other reason than that they have invented cerates, plaisters, poultices, and eye-salves, *that were not formed by nature.* They are declared 'guilty of downright impudence.' He is still more severe upon them for introducing drugs from India, Arabia, and other foreign countries. He refuses to speak of them, openly avowing that he has 'no liking for drugs that come from so great a distance,' and believing that the real remedies for disease are to be found in the gardens of the poorest peasants. The use of poisons as remedies makes him specially angry; and it is partly from the same conviction that all really needful things have been placed by a beneficent nature within the easy reach of every man, that he grows eloquent in his condemnation of subterranean researches; regarding them as some of the banes of social life. He contends that it is upon the earth's surface we find true remedies, as well as cereal treasures. 'It is what is concealed from our view, what is sunk far beneath the surface, objects, in fact, of no rapid formation, that urge us to our ruin, that send us to the very depths of hell.' In the same spirit he is indignant at man's quarryings into the earth's crust. 'As for the mountains, nature has made these for herself, as a kind of bulwark for keeping together the bowels of the earth; and yet we must hew down these mountains, and carry them off, and this for no other reason than to gratify our luxurious inclinations; heights which, in former days, it was reckoned a miracle even to have crossed.' All this display of indignation introduces his notices of marbles; but his disgust is excited by numerous equally innocent causes of offence. Iron-barbed arrows he regards as 'the *most criminal artifice* that has been devised by the human mind.' He forgets that he had already given us one 'worst crime against mankind,' namely, that committed by the man who first put a ring on his finger! The luxuriousness of Rome had evidently led to an extravagant abuse of rings, against which, along with all other violations of ancient simplicity, he waged incessant war. But here, again, his old prejudice re-appears. 'We tear out earth's entrails in order to extract the gems with which we may load our fingers. How many hands are worn down, that one little joint may be ornamented!'

The next '*great crime*' committed against the welfare of mankind was the coinage of the golden denarius, though wherein its criminality consists is not very apparent. But Pliny was, in an extreme sense, *laudator temporis acti.* His desire was, that gold might be banished from the earth, and that



men might resume the primitive system of barter, under which, he thinks, the race was much more happy than in his own day. He had no esteem for commerce or commercial men. What would the calico-printers and drysalters of Manchester say, on being told that madder was a plant 'little known to any but the sordid and avaricious?' But one of Pliny's richest outbursts is directed against those who first invented the manufacture of flaxen cloths, and their use as sails. The whole passage is so characteristic of our author that we give it entire.

'What audacity in man! what criminal perverseness! thus to sow a thing in the ground for the purpose of catching the winds and the tempests; it being not enough for him, forsooth, to be borne upon the waves alone! Nay, still more than this, sails even that are bigger than the very ships themselves will not suffice for him; and although it takes a whole tree to make a mast to carry the cross-yards, above those cross-yards sails on sails must still be added, with others swelling at the prow and at the stern as well,—so many devices, in fact, to challenge death! Only to think, in fine, that that which moves to and fro, as it were, the various countries of the earth, should spring from a seed so minute, and make its appearance in a stem so fine, so little elevated above the surface of the earth! And then, besides, it is not in all its native strength that it is employed for the purposes of a tissue; no, it must first be rent asunder, and then tamed and beaten, till it is reduced to the softness of wool; indeed, it is only by such violence done to its nature, and prompted by the extreme audacity of man, that it is rendered subservient to his purposes. The inventor of this art has been mentioned by us on a more appropriate occasion: not satisfied that his fellow men should perish upon land, but anxious that they should meet their end with no sepulchral rites to await them, there are no execrations to be found that can equal his demerits.'

We should act unjustly towards the illustrious Roman, did we content ourselves with dwelling on his many defects, and omit to point out the brighter and nobler features of his nature. On many subjects we find Pliny in advance of those around him, as well as of men of later days. He rejected the marvellous predictions of approaching death, which, in all ages, mankind has been prone to believe. 'Throughout our whole lives we are perpetually hearing of such predictions as these; they are not, however, worth collecting, seeing that they are almost always false.' The belief that there were certain indications in the human body, from which prognosis of the duration of life might be derived, indications drawn, not from signs of health and disease, but from lines on the palms, or from the number of the teeth, was widely spread amongst the ancients; and even Aristotle records his faith in these prognostics. Pliny notices them in deference to the Stagyrite, but at the sam

time declares himself convinced of their utter futility. In a similar spirit he wages constant war with the impostures of magic, which he rejects with great earnestness. Although, as we have seen, credulous to excess respecting remedies for disease, he still rejects many of the absurdities that were in common use amongst the physicians and empirics.\* He spurns the idea that events are influenced by the stars and times of our nativity: 'which astrological notion,' he observes, 'begins to gain ground, and both the learned and the vulgar are falling into it:' adding, 'We are not so closely connected with the heavens as that the shining of the stars is affected by our death.' To us all this is merely common sense; but in estimating the worth of Pliny's scepticism on this point, we must remember that, with the exception of the Greeks, all the nations of antiquity believed in judicial astrology; and that, even now, the pages of some of our most popular almanacks, published by leading firms, are disfigured by its jargon.

Pliny unfrequently indulges in a little quiet irony, as when condemning, in the spirit of a Napier, the ointments and perfumes that were used in the camp, and even applied to the eagles on the standards. '*Ita est, nimirum, hac mercede corruptæ terrarum orbem devicere aquilæ.*' Of wit or humour he but rarely avails himself. One of the few examples is seen in the sly rap which he gives one of the Greek philosophers, on speaking of the properties of a chameleon's tail when tied to the double branch of a date palm. He says, 'I only wish that Democritus himself had been touched up with it, seeing that, as he tells us, it has the property of putting an end to immoderate garrulity!' He is always fond of mingling his narratives with moral reflections; and sometimes his comments on men and things rise into the regions of philosophy and eloquence. Ignorant of the one true and living God, he delights to dwell on the beneficence of nature. Himself exercising frugality and self-denial in a self-indulgent age, he misses no opportunity of opposing the luxuriousness that was cankering the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Though, perhaps, scarcely equal in loftiness of moral conception to his distinguished nephew, he is always found on the side of integrity and virtue; and his death, occasioned partly by his philosophical enthusiasm, and partly by his desire to aid friends in danger at Stabiae, was a fitting close to his earnest life.

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\* It is a curious and well known circumstance that this term, now applied to quacks and ignorant pretenders, was originally used by the Greeks to designate the most philosophical of the medical schools; men who, in the spirit of Bacon, devoted themselves to experimental researches on the action of remedies, instead of accepting the fanciful speculations previously in vogue.

ART. VII.—1. *The Words of the Risen Saviour.* By RUDOLPH STIER. Edinburgh: Clark. 1859.

2. *Das Leben des Verklärten Erlösers im Himmel; nach den eigenen Aussprüchen des Herrn.* Von H. G. HASSE, Evangelisch-Lutherischem Pfarrer, der Philosophie Doctor. Leipzig. 1854. [*The Life of the Glorified Redeemer in Heaven; according to His own Sayings.* By Dr. HASSE.]

MODERN theological literature has succeeded in making 'The Life of Christ' a familiar term, but has scarcely succeeded in obtaining for that term cordial acceptance. The reverent heart is conscious of a certain recoil from the idea which it suggests, receiving it with an undefinable but not unaccountable reluctance. Our best feelings shrink from what seems like an intrusion into a province beyond human ability, and which is already pre-occupied and sacred. The history of the Incarnate Redeemer and the development of His work—towards the cross on earth, and towards the judgment in heaven—has been reserved to Himself by the Spirit of inspiration. None but the Holy Ghost could *declare His generation*; and He has given us, by the instrumentality of the Evangelists and Apostles, the authentic and final record of what Jesus began to do and teach below, and of what He continues to do and teach above. In the New Testament He has finished the volume of the book, written of Christ, which He began by the pen of Moses in the Old. That record He has given in such a manner, and with such limitations, as seemed good to Himself: 'here much and there much,' where much was necessary for our faith; 'here little and there little,' where little must be the measure of our knowledge; speaking to us *plainly* concerning those things which we are capable of receiving; but clothing in parable, or reserving in mystery, those things which at present it is not given us to understand. And, as we should thankfully receive, diligently study, and weave into our creed and theology all that is clearly made known, so we should reverence the Spirit's restrictions, and bound our curiosity by the limits at which revelation vanishes again into mystery. We should be swift to hear all that the Spirit saith; but slow to speak of that concerning which He keeps silence. There have been treatises on the Life of Christ written in this humble and cautious spirit: they are few, and very valuable. But there are others, the manifold excellencies of which are much marred by the licence of speculation. And when men like ourselves undertake the evangelist's office, setting in order after their own fashion the events of the

Redeemer's history, and the development of His plan and work; when they give us their bold speculations as to the gradual expansion of His mind to the conception and apprehension of His mission, and the slow ripening of His own secret counsels for its prosecution; when they speak with such confident precision of His 'plans,' His changes of purpose, His failures, and His successes; when they conduct Him through a fearful process of probation, ending with the triumph of His human will, and the final decision that He and not Satan was the conqueror; when, moreover, their presumption follows the Redeemer into heaven, decides upon the dread mystery of the conjunction of His glorified humanity with all the attributes of His Divinity, constructs theories to explain the manner of the impartation of His heavenly corporeity, and arranges all the details of the programme of His final re-appearance upon earth,—we cannot but feel that these human biographers of a Divine-human life are guiding us into forbidden and perilous regions, where their light is but darkness, and where we seem to hear a Voice crying, 'And who, as I, shall call and shall declare it, and set it in order for Me?'

The two books named above come only to a limited extent, if at all, within the range of this condemnation. They contain elaborate expositions of those words of our Saviour Himself which teach His people how to conceive of His existence in heaven. Dr. Stier's little volume—which should have had for its title 'The Words of the Ascended Saviour'—is a sequel to his large and well-known work on the Discourses of the Lord Jesus, and consists of a series of essays on sayings uttered, according to the writer's theory, by the Redeemer Himself from heaven, without the direct mediation of the Holy Ghost. Dr. Hasse's book—which has not appeared in an English form—takes up the entire series of the words spoken by the Lord, while upon earth, with reference to His future work in heaven. Thus the two works supplement each other, and together exhaust that portion of the New Testament which is devoted to the Saviour's ascended life. They contain many specimens of rich expository theology; but at the same time exhibit, especially the latter, occasional traces of the influence of that impatience of the Spirit's restrictions to which we have referred. The result is what appears to us a deviation, here and there, from sound theology concerning the Redeemer's glorified state; or what may be better described as an unnecessary and unprofitable departure from the style in which the Scripture speaks on this subject. A few remarks in illustration of this will occupy the present paper.

And first as to the great event which commences the life of

the Redeemer in heaven—the Ascension—there is a great deal that is questionable in Dr. Hasse's exposition, and which, as being representative of much current German theology, requires careful notice. He maintains, as every orthodox expositor must maintain, the reality of the recorded fact of the Ascension, and accepts literally the scriptural testimony that it was in some sense a visible event; but he seems very unwilling to receive the further scriptural teaching as to the real departure of the Redeemer's glorified Person to a local heaven, and gives accordingly a very diluted interpretation of the glorious mystery of the session at the right hand of God. This, of course, is a very different thing from the Rationalist absolute rejection of the evangelical narrative; but, however different the spirit of this qualification of the fact of the *literal* ascension from that which has led many to an entire abandonment of the *fact* of the Ascension, we cannot but perceive that a false notion of the heaven which received Christ is common to both classes of theologians, the orthodox and the rationalist.

But still there is a great difference; and it is only fair to make that difference plain. The consummate Rationalists, whose only object is to rob the Gospel history of all its reality, altogether reject the account of the Ascension. They seize upon the circumstance that Jesus Himself, in the earlier teaching to Nicodemus, which must, as they think, correct the later, spoke of His 'being in heaven,' and of His having 'ascended up to heaven,' as meaning one and the same thing: it meant, say they, that He was there in spirit, and affection, and knowledge, even while He was speaking to his hearers. They dwell much upon this as being the true conception, given finally by St. John, of the Redeemer's ascension; forgetting that the same St. John, recording afterwards the offence which Christ's half-believing hearers took at His doctrine of the bread from heaven, mentions another saying of our Lord which utterly refutes their notion. 'Doth this offend you? what and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where He was before?'—then they should better understand, through the quickening Spirit, the words at which they carnally took offence. They lay much stress upon the silence of the two apostolical witnesses, St. Matthew and St. John, as to the literal event; refusing to see that the fourfold history must be taken as a whole, and that those two Evangelists themselves most plainly assume throughout their narratives the fact of the Redeemer's return to heaven. St. Mark's testimony they ruthlessly cut out of the record; while St. Luke's double account they as diligently preserve, because, as they think, his two testimonies negative each other by their disagreement; not



seeing, being indeed incapable of seeing, that his two accounts are perfectly harmonized by the relation of the one to the past life of Christ upon earth, and of the other to His future life in heaven. But with these wilful enemies of the evangelical record it is waste of labour to contend; their eyes are holden by the worst of all agency, and in the judicial darkness of their understandings their intellects and their pens are made to them 'a snare.'

There are, however, many popular expositors, whom it would be fanaticism to call Rationalists, who indeed are sound enough in their acceptance of the other great facts of the Redeemer's life, passion, resurrection, and glorification, but who stumble at the closing wonder of the whole wonderful story. 'On this subject,' says Professor Ellicott, 'it is painful to feel how much half-belief prevails at the present day even among those expositors of Scripture who have in other respects some claim on our attention. The fact itself is not questioned, nay, even the exaltation of the Lord's glorified body is admitted; but the distinct statement of one Evangelist, and the implied statement of a second, (Mark xvi. 19,) that this exaltation took place visibly, and before the eyes of appointed witnesses, is flatly denied. Why so, we ask, when so much is, as it ought to be, accepted as true? If it be replied, that this is no common miracle; but, like the Resurrection, forms an epoch in our Lord's life of the highest importance, the rejoinder seems as final as it is true,—that the sacred writers viewed the Ascension as a necessary part and sequel of the Resurrection, and that it is only the unsound theology of later times that has sought to separate them.'

The vagaries of this 'half-belief' in the historical reality of the final scene of our Lord's human history would of themselves fill a very instructive chapter. Dr. Stier, who, we may be sure, is one of their stoutest opponents, briefly refers to two, which may be quoted as types of many others. Brennecke began his career of stumbling by taking offence at the Ascension. He constructed a theory that Jesus continued His bodily presence upon earth for nearly a generation after His vanishing out of the Gospels, and that He appeared in various forms at all those junctures which introduce His name into the Acts: thus for a season having a co-ordinate presence and jurisdiction with the Holy Ghost, and finally taking His unwitnessed and unrecorded departure when the apostolical age ceased. Most quaint interpretation of 'Lo, I am with you alway!' Most miserable forgetfulness or perversion of the remainder of the clause, 'unto the end of the world!' Kinkel was a representative of those



who erred in an opposite direction. His error sprang from a misconception of the risen appearances of our Lord : he thought that the Redeemer's manner of showing Himself alive to the disciples after the resurrection was proof of His having already gone into heaven, and that each of the ten manifestations was an actual descent from heaven into the earthly sphere. Thus his exposition of the Forty Days proceeded on the gross delusion that 'the Ascension was past already,' and his ingenuity in making our Lord's sayings harmonize with this theory was successful in misleading many.

These allusions to forgotten error may seem needless, but they have an historical interest of their own ; and, moreover, they lead us to a consideration of that one more important error which underlies all these theories of offence : viz., the obstinate repugnance of German speculative theology to the plain teaching of Scripture, which throughout and everywhere presents to our human thoughts a 'local' heaven, into which the defined humanity of our Lord was received.

But, before we proceed to notice these refinements upon the simple sayings of Scripture, let us furnish ourselves with a little wholesome preparation from a text-book of English theology. Bishop Pearson, who has no rival among foreign divines, either as an expositor or as a dogmatic teacher, thus gives us the formula of our creed :—'I am fully persuaded that the only begotten and eternal Son of God, after He rose from the dead, did, with the same soul and body with which He rose, by a true and local translation convey Himself from the earth on which He lived, through all the regions of the air, through all the celestial orbs, until He came unto the heaven of heavens, the most glorious presence of the majesty of God. And thus I believe in Jesus Christ, who *ascended into heaven*.' And again : 'After this explication of our Saviour's session, we may conclude what every Christian ought and may be supposed to intend, when he maketh profession to believe that Christ *is set on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty* ; for thereby he is conceived to declare thus much : I assent unto this as a most infallible and necessary truth, that Jesus Christ, ascending into the highest heavens after all the troubles and sufferings endured here for our redemption, did rest in everlasting happiness ; He, which upon earth had not a place to lay His head, did take up a perpetual habitation there, and sit down upon the throne of God, as a Judge and as a King, according to His office of Mediator, unto the end of the world, according to that which He merited by His mediatorship to all eternity : which hand of God the Father Almighty signifieth an omnipotent power, able

to do all things without any limitation, so they involve not a contradiction, either in themselves or in relation to His perfections. And thus I believe in *Jesus Christ, who sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty.*

It is no small change of the theological atmosphere to turn from this to the following:—'Heaven,' says Schöberlein, an eminent expositor of dogmatics, 'is not to be conceived of as existing in space, apart from and above the earth; it encloses and penetrates the whole created universe, although without any notion of space being connected with that idea; it is the ground and basis of all life, out of which, in an incomprehensible way, earthly space, with its conditions, is evolved.' And so Martensen, another profound dogmatic theologian, says, 'The ascension of our Lord is the conclusion of the resurrection and the perfect expression of His exaltation.' By heaven we must not understand a sensible place, since heaven is everywhere where God is; yet it is a definite where, where God Himself is all in all; and thus it is for Christ the sphere in which His life and His being are in perfect concert and coincide with His nature.' Whatever sense other eyes may detect in this incomprehensible speculation of theosophy, to us it seems to confound heaven with the eternity or the omnipresence of God, and to rob the scriptural account of Christ's ascension of all its meaning to human faith; it embarrasses the interpretation of the plain words of God with the endless, unsatisfying, and brain-perplexing questions of transcendental philosophy; it imports into the exposition of Christ's and His Apostles' testimony the most unreal of human speculations as to the relations of space to the Infinite, and declines to receive the plain declarations of God concerning His own habitation and the habitation of His incarnate Son, because those declarations are inconsistent with man's imbecile conceptions of the conditions of space. Let Scripture speak for itself: 'God has His throne and His footstool; in His great temple there are outer courts, and a holiest of all,—the archetypal reality of His sometime dwelling-place in Zion.' The New-Testament witnesses know no other style of speaking; they narrate the Redeemer's heavenly progress through the outer courts into the innermost sanctuary; and, because these witnesses are so faithful to one idea, the Lord's literal departure into heaven, they encounter the unbelief or the perverse and sophistical misinterpretation of critics. It is because St. Luke lays so much stress upon the 'going' and the 'being received up,'—because he gives in so plain and circumstantial a manner the details of the Saviour's final journey from Jerusalem to Bethany, from Bethany to the clouds of

heaven; it is because St. Paul supplements the Acts, as the Acts supplemented the Gospel, and conducts the Redeemer through all the heavens to the right hand of God,—that these expositors are so dissatisfied with the scriptural narrative. To them may be applied, in another sense than that He meant, the Lord's saying in Capernaum: they are more offended at His going up where He was before, than at almost any other of His words and acts.

As the local heaven, so also the entrance of a body into heaven, needlessly troubles the speculative theology of these later times. Dr. Hasse's book, which otherwise breathes the true evangelical spirit, gives us in this respect a rather melancholy specimen of the manner in which devout Lutheran theology glides into the excesses of 'ubiquity' and ultra-consubstantiation. We shall translate one sentence out of many that might have been selected:—'How could Jesus still exhibit an *ascension* of the Son of man as yet to come, if He was already in heaven? Certainly, only in that sense in which He was as yet not there. In His spirit surely He was in heaven, bodily He as yet was not. It remains, therefore, only to assume that as, in the passage we now consider, time and space are abolished, or, at least, appear as resolved into the infinity of the spiritual world and the kingdom of God, similarly the *antithesis between spirit and body* is as it were *abolished* and reduced to indifference through the ascension of the Son of man, or rather through the ascension generally, in the case of every one who undergoes it. The *interfusion of the two, the spirit and the body*,—already in the "body of our humiliation" found in continuous interaction, is an axiom the general conceivableness of which we gather from that interaction, and from that unity of the Creator of spirits and the world of bodies (Gen. i. 1) which underlies it as a foundation,—an axiom, without which we can have no idea of any ascension at all, even in the lips of Jesus Himself. Moreover, it is abundantly confirmed by other parts of Scripture. St. Paul teaches (1 Cor. xv. 44) that there are not only *bodies psychical* (*ψυχικά*, *natural*), but also *bodies spiritual* (*πνευματικά*), that is, bodies altogether ruled over and penetrated by the spirit; and when, connecting the birth or the return to the light of the latter with the resurrection, he says, "It is sown (buried) a psychical body, it is raised a spiritual body." (Verse 44 compared with verse 42). And after the declaration that these two kinds must be distinguished, he goes on: "And so it is written, The first man Adam became a living soul; (Gen. ii. 7;) the last Adam a life-giving Spirit. Yet the spiritual body was not the first (which came into being), but the natural; after-

wards the spiritual. The first man (is) from the earth (and therefore) earthly; the second man, the Lord from heaven. As was the earthly (Adam), so are also the earthly (men); and as is the heavenly, so also are the heavenly; and as we have borne the image of the earthly, so shall we also bear the image of the heavenly. But this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, (since) the corruptible will not inherit incorruption. Behold, I tell you a mystery: we shall not all sleep (die), *but we shall all be changed*" (*ἀλλὰ ὅτι οὐ πάντες κοιμησόμεθα*), &c. (1 Cor. xv. 45-51.) Such a change we must by all means assume in Christ Himself, unless His ascension is to us a word without meaning. But we make our nearest approach to the truth, when we conceive of the change out of which resulted his *resurrection-body*, as of the *interfusion of spirit and body*, so that the latter received the properties of the former, and thus, as the Apostle Paul expresses himself, became a spiritual body. Only on this supposition can we understand the undeniable difference between the manner in which Jesus was seen by His disciples before His death and after His resurrection, when He drew near to them, went with them, came occasionally into manifestation, proved Himself to be alive, and again vanished from their eyes. Had His body been altogether the same as before, we cannot see how the Evangelists could have named His manifestations of Himself, as the Living, "appearances:" an expression which is used throughout the Scriptures only of the "upper" world, the world of spirit. Into this world the living Christ altogether withdrew. This was His ascension.

It is not our purpose to enter into any metaphysical discussion of the question which this extract raises. What we are proposing to consider is the effect upon theology of such extra-scriptural speculative views as here exhibit their germ. But we must not pass on without at least expressing our dissent from the views of the relation between soul and spirit which are here proclaimed, and which are very common in the theology of our time. Whether we make 'body and soul,' or 'flesh and spirit,' or 'body, soul, and spirit,' the constituents of our humanity, we have no reason to think that those elements ever will be, or ever can be, confounded in the manner above described. Certainly, we know of no such interaction of flesh and spirit as plays so conspicuous a part in the argument: mysteries enough there are in the union of the two, but none which ever gives the faintest hint of a transference of the functions of the one to the other. We meet most strange evidences sometimes that they are not indissolubly allied,—prophecies or earnest of a coming separa-

tion; but never do we hear among the wonders of our age of body and spirit changing places, or becoming fused.

The scriptural arguments certainly give no sanction to such an hypothesis. St. Paul's expressions, in the great resurrection-chapter, cannot be understood without a close consideration of the polemic object which he has in view in the choice of his terms. But, not to enter upon that point, and granting whatever truth there is in the exposition generally, it seems to us that the expressions upon which the expositor lays stress, as upholding his view, directly militate against it. The *spiritual* body is, nevertheless, a spiritual *body*, and will be such for ever and ever. Under the conditions which 'flesh and blood' indicate, it cannot enter heaven; but when it shall be raised incorruptible,—an 'incorruptible body,' therefore,—it will no longer be 'flesh and blood.' It always seems to us most strange that expositors find so spiritual and ethereal a doctrine in this immortal chapter of immortality. St. Paul never teaches us—surely he does not here teach us—to anticipate the resurrection-day as a period when our bodies shall be raised again in order to undergo such a spiritualization as shall confound the distinction between body and spirit,—that is to say, absorb and annihilate the body altogether. The Apostle sanctions no such Gnostic abomination of matter. Changed, he says, we all shall be; but that change itself requires the permanence of the object which undergoes the change. And it is a change which passes upon the whole man: the spirit exalted, the body glorified. He had learnt that, of all that Jesus called His own, 'He would lose nothing, but raise it up at the last day;' and, true to that assurance, St. Paul everywhere includes the body in the hope of redemption. The salvation of the spirit, however imperfect, is termed a salvation in hope, solely because it waits for the redemption of the lower nature. The body will not be dismissed, or sublimated into spirit, but *fashioned* anew. It will no longer be a natural body, adapted to the conditions of the present order of nature; but a spiritual body, adapted to a more spiritual order of things. And it must be observed that, to express this, the Apostle drops his customary distribution into body, soul, and spirit. The *soul*, as such, will cease its intermediate function, and the 'psychical' shall become a 'spiritual' body.\*

\* In connexion with this subject, the following extract from a work of Dr. Moberley, *Sermons on the Beatitudes*, which has just fallen into our hands, is well worth studying:—

'As far as I can trace the psychological language of the New Testament, there seems to be, amid a considerable variety of expression, a prevailing uniformity and harmony in the way in which the various parts or powers of human nature are spoken of. Body, flesh, mind, heart, soul, spirit, and if there be any other such words, all seem to find

But it is the Saviour's exemplar body that furnishes the strongest argument in this extract, and throughout the whole treatment of the question elsewhere. This is as it should be: we have no quarrel with the analogy established between the glorified body of Christ and the glorified bodies of the saints. We shall be partakers of the ascension of our Lord; for we are planted together into the likeness of all the successive stages of His glorious career, with all its changes. But the few glances which the Redeemer condescended to give us of His risen person, do not in the slightest degree sanction the idea of any such sublimation of His sacred flesh as is here asserted. The precise character of the change that had passed upon Him at His resurrection, and the precise relations of His risen to His ascended body, it is not our business to define. Our position is a defensive one; we have nothing to bring forward on this dread subject but negations; but we may confidently say that it was the Lord's design most absolutely to assure His disciples that He had *not* lost or surrendered the reality of His body, that death had kept nothing back which was essential to the integrity of the flesh in which sin had been condemned, and which redeeming grace had delivered from its ruin. Every word and every action declared that it was Himself: so surely Himself that He could show His wounds, and eat with them. 'A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have.' That He, in this most perfect humanity, was found suddenly in their midst, and that He as suddenly departed and was not found, demonstrates only that His Divine power was exerted over His flesh as it had

their place in a consistent and intelligible theory of human nature, common to all the sacred writers. It is not necessary at present to go deeply into this subject, which has been much discussed of late both by English and German theologians. I will only say that the first great and natural division which the sacred writers make, is that of body and soul,—the material and the immaterial parts of man; and that this is regarded as an exhaustive division, as it really is, admitting of no third part. This is a real division. The parts of it are really separable: they will be separated in death, and re-united in the resurrection; and in the immaterial part resides the personality, the central being of a man. But the immaterial part, the soul, is occasionally, so to speak, subdivided; not, of course, technically, nor yet so as to signify that these parts are physically separable; but logically only, whenever, as in a multitude of very important passages, the soul is contra-distinguished from the spirit. When, then, this subdivision takes place, the soul, specifically so called, is to be understood to comprehend all those lower parts of the immaterial man which are more immediately connected with the body, "that assemblage of feelings, movements, and impulses, of which the heart is the imaginary tabernacle;" while by the spirit are meant all those higher and more spiritual portions of the immaterial nature of man, wherein he addresses God with heavenly affections, which is "the medium of our cognizance of the Divine, that portion of us which stands in the most intimate association with the Holy Spirit;" which is capable of receiving directly the influences of the Holy Spirit, and communicating those influences downward, first to our lower soul, and then to our body, whereby our whole being may be sanctified and illuminated with the holy light of God.



not been exerted before, that He could and did 'convey Himself away,' and that between the sepulchre and the inmost heavens there were other mansions, known only to Himself, in which He might tarry till His hour was come to go up to His throne. On the supposition of this author, and of all the writers of this school, every vanishing of the Lord was an ascension; that at Bethany being only the last. But the Lord Himself told all His disciples, and through them tells us, that He had not yet, at that time, ascended to His Father.

Passing now from the negative to the positive, we think it may be affirmed that the good old faith which is so roundly uttered by the English divine above, is more in harmony with the tenor of the Scripture,—leads to safer conclusions as to Christ's relations to us in heaven,—and gives a more cheering hope to the believer, whose joy is the anticipation of being with Christ for ever. In other words, the speculative and philosophical notion of the ascension to which we allude, tends to obscure the whole testimony of Scripture concerning Christ's entrance into heaven,—His person and work when there,—and the Christian hope of our sharing heaven with Him for ever.

It would be a most interesting chapter that should collect and set in order the long series of scriptural sayings which refer to our Redeemer's ascent and session in His glorified humanity. To go back to the volume of the book written *above* concerning Him, before He came in the flesh, there is no event in His history which is more plainly and distinctively predicted in the Old Testament. His 'suffering' and His 'entering into His glory' were declared by Christ Himself to be the sum of all that 'the Prophets had spoken.' Not to speak of those fainter types of the great event, which, however, are plain enough to believing eyes,—Enoch's being *taken unto God*, Isaac's new life and prosperity after being *received from death* in a parable, Joseph's establishment in prosperity *over all the land*, Joshua's entering into the promised land and type of heaven, David's grant of *length of days*, Elijah's translation bodily into heaven,—we find one standing type among many under the law, one glorious song among many in the Psalms, and one great prophetic vision among many in the Prophets, which fill the Old Testament with the glory of the Ascension, and give us even in the older dispensation to 'see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before.' The very culminating point of the service of the *great day* of the Jewish ecclesiastical year was the high priest's sole and solemn entrance, with his sprinkled, washed, and sanctified body, into the most holy place,—foreshadowing His literal

entering into the Holiest who had left it as the Eternal Son to find our redemption, and who, having obtained that eternal redemption, 'entered, not into the holy places made with hands, which are figures of the true, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.' The Psalms begin their glorious strains concerning the Messiah, by declaring the decree which placed the Incarnate Son of God upon the throne. Their key-note is that to which the whole prophetic Scripture is set,—the heavenly reign of the Redeemer. After striking that note, we hear fainter strains, predicting the 'path of life' to 'the right hand of God,' which should be shown to the buried and risen Redeemer; we hear the sublime appeal demanding entrance for the King of Glory into His new sanctuary; again and again we hear allusions to His triumph over all His foes, until, at length, in the great Ascension Psalm, the Spirit in the Psalmist bursts all restraint, and sings, 'Thou hast ascended on high (to the high place of heaven), Thou hast led captivity captive: Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them,'—poetry which the same inspired Apostle who explained the type, has rendered into the simple prose of the Gospel in the Epistle to the Ephesians. And when the Prophets open their rolls, the heavenly dignity of the Messiah rejected on earth is still their theme. All view Him as gone back to God in heaven; but one of them, the man greatly beloved, the apocalypticist of the Old Testament, opens up the literal entrance, and rehearses the very scene, the earthly beginning of which is recorded in the first chapter of the Acts: 'I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought Him near before Him: and there was given Him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve Him: His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.' 'In fine,' as Barrow says, 'all the prophecies, which are very many, that concern the spiritual and eternal kingdom of the Messiah, (His being invested with, and exercising regal dignity and power over God's people for ever,) do in effect declare the ascension and session of our Lord.'

The New-Testament teaching concerning the literal Ascension may be divided into three parts: first, our Lord Himself before the event made it the subject of His own distinct prophecy; then the historical fact is narrated by the Evangelists, especially St. Luke; and lastly it is taken up by the Apostles into the strain of Gospel preaching and teaching. But always and every-

where the great event is referred to in such terms as leave sound exposition no alternative but to hold fast the doctrine of a literal and definite ascension to a local heaven.

Our Lord's own references to His ascension were regulated by the law that governed all His revelations to His disciples. He fore-announced His departure to the Father in terms which became more and more clear as the hour drew nigh. St. John, who did not record the circumstances of the historical event, was nevertheless chosen to be the reporter of almost all the words which the Redeemer Himself spoke concerning it. If we take his Gospel, and trace through it all the references to the Ascension in their order, we find that the Lord's allusions grow more and more distinct and definite: from the words which foretold to the first circle of disciples their seeing the 'heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man,'—through the dark night-saying to Nicodemus concerning the ascension of the Son of Man into that heaven where, as the Son of God, He ever was,—and the promise in Capernaum of a clearer light to be shed upon all His hard sayings, when 'they should see Him ascend up where He was before,'—down to the farewell discourses, which speak as familiarly of His going into other mansions of the Father's house, as ever He had been wont to speak concerning His departure from one city to another. The other Evangelists contain some of our Lord's prophetic references to His future assumption into heaven. How could it have been otherwise, seeing that this was the joy always before Him, the glorious 'end' which was never absent from His thoughts, from the hour when He first left the waters of His baptism, and set His face towards the Cross,—nay, from the very dawn of His incarnate being? But the place which the Ascension occupies in St. John's Gospel is a peculiar one, and well worthy of careful observation. He does not expressly narrate the event, already stamped upon the mind of the whole Christian world, but he gives us in his final chapters the whole ascension-doctrine from the lips of Christ Himself,—a doctrine for which the Lord had already paved the way by two earlier allusions, both of which pointed to the Ascension as necessary for the instruction of His disciples in heavenly mysteries.

No one who examines all these passages can fail to be struck with the progression in clearness and definiteness which our Lord's sayings exhibit. Between His first word on the subject, 'No man hath ascended up to heaven but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven,' (John iii.,) and His last, 'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for

you,' (John xiv.,) there is a wide interval; and between the two that other mediating word comes in, 'And if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before.' (John vi.) In the first, the Redeemer uses to Nicodemus language which it was not possible that the ruler should then understand,—language which, when he heard it, vaguely impressed his mind with a sense of the supreme authority of Him who was speaking, and to whom all heavenly things were familiar as to no other,—language, however, which afterwards, when, in common with all the disciples, he had *seen* the Lord ascend up where He was before, he would apprehend as we apprehend it,—that is, as expressing the unfathomable mystery of the Incarnation, that the Son of Man, born in time and under the conditions of space, is, nevertheless, united in one person with Him who is independent of time and space, the eternal Son of God. Thus the Saviour's first Ascension-utterance is also the sublimest, and is in the same strain as that which raises the believing mind to the loftiest heights of the thought of faith in the high-priestly prayer. But, passing on to the words uttered in the synagogue at Capernaum, we perceive a marked difference. The Lord declares that the Ascension of the Son of Man means more than the alliance of His human nature with all the attributes of the Divine; that, while in a certain sense He was already in heaven through that mystical conjunction, there would also in due time take place a real and literal ascent of His glorified humanity, which should be witnessed—*seen*, emphatically—by the disciples to whom He spoke. These words long lingered in their ears, but seemed to them an unsearchable parable, until, not many hours before His death, He spoke to them plainly of His going to the Father to prepare a place for them in the other mansions of His Father's house. In these His last declarations concerning what had been the secret joy of His whole life, He used such language as, to the apprehension of those who heard it, translated His former *parables* into *plain words*. The Redeemer's end was gained; and He left His disciples with precisely those literal ideas of His bodily ascension to a definite place which modern theology seeks to disturb, and which if He had thought fit to disturb He 'would have told them.'

After all that has been said, it is not needful to dwell long on the evangelical account of the event itself. Its elect historian is St. Luke, who amplifies and gives in full detail what in St. Mark is merely a closing unhistorical intimation, left, so to speak, as a starting-point from which another should proceed in a new history. St. Luke's is a formal historical narrative: in his Gospel, it is the circumstantial close of his history of the Forty

Days, and of the whole past history of the Redeemer; in the Acts, it is evidently the preface to his account of the things which Jesus *continued* to do in heaven. This naturally accounts for every apparent discrepancy, and at the same time invests the Ascension itself with its own sublime interest as the real dividing-point between the earthly and the heavenly work of the Redeemer. In the Gospel we are told that He led His disciples out as far as to Bethany, that while blessing them He was parted from them and taken up into heaven, and that they returned to Jerusalem blessing and praising God. The event is recorded as the closing scene of the Lord's intercourse with them upon earth. The Evangelist has the disciples in view rather than their Master; *they* are led out by Him whom they had so often followed, for the last time; *they* receive the final benediction; they behold Him once more transfigured before them, but not this time to resume the common countenance of man; and *they* go back to Jerusalem with joy, convinced at last that it was expedient that He should go away. In the Acts we are told that that last interview was occupied with prophecy and promise, and directions as to the future. The Evangelist has the Lord and His coming kingdom in view, rather than the disciples; He will send them the promise of the Father, and give them power, and spread His Gospel through their labours to the uttermost parts of the earth, and come again even as they had seen Him go. But, in both the accounts, the fact of the Ascension is invested with all the attributes of reality which befit an historical event, witnessed, testified, and to be remembered as such. The very place which was irradiated by His ascending glory is marked out for ever. As the spot where His feet left the earth, and on which it was thought that He would alight again, it was always precious to the early Church. Witness Jerome's fanciful tradition, '*Ultima vestigia Domini humi impressa hodie cernuntur.*' The last words of the history of His incarnate manifestation upon earth for ever remind us that we *saw Him go*, and *into heaven*, from which He, the Same,—with all the glorious changes which transfigure His psychical into a spiritual body, the Same—will *come back* to a world in which He will be once more *seen*, though not to tarry there.

We have, lastly, the scriptural view of the Ascension after the Ascension itself: first, as pervading the narrative of the Acts; then, as interwoven with the doctrine of the Epistles; and, finally, as sealed and confirmed for the Church of all ages in the Apocalypse. Throughout the whole there is one consistent testimony to the actual presence of the Redeemer in a place where He conducts the 'heavenly things' of His mediatorial



work, whence He directs by His Spirit the affairs of His kingdom upon earth, and from which He will finally return to judge the world and raise His Church to glory.

The history of the Acts of the Apostles is the history of a Person who governs in heaven the earth from which he had withdrawn His bodily presence; and the entire record of His administration invests His humanity with such positive and definite attributes of person and concomitants of place as are quite inconsistent with the negative and vague notions of the transcendental theologians. The tendency of their system is to dismiss the Saviour's person into an unknown, undefined region, where faith and hope and love cannot follow Him. Their theology not only loses sight of His person—behind other clouds than those of His Ascension,—but loses, also, all conception of His being. Like the amazed disciples, it asks not, 'Whither goest Thou?' although He Himself prompts the question, and answers it abundantly. It accepts the Spirit, but relinquishes the Saviour who sends the Spirit, and whose presence on earth the Spirit's presence represents and is. Its apprehension of that which is essentially human in the person of the Redeemer is that of a diffused, unrealized, and thought-confounding ubiquity of (as they term it) His bodiliness or corporeity. God is all in all: too soon, and in a far different sense from that of which the Scripture prophesies. The book of the Acts of the Apostles, the book of the continuation of our Lord's life,—the second book of the Chronicles of the King of Israel,—is a standing, perpetual testimony against this notion. It begins, indeed, by hiding behind a veil of clouds what no witnesses could have seen and lived,—the actual ascent into the heavens of the glorified Head of the Church. But the angels are there to signify that He would come again as He was seen to go. Again and again it opens a 'door in heaven' to let the disciples upon earth hear and see and know that their Master was in person on His throne. It shows more than once that, though the 'heavens had received Him,' He was not holden of the heavens, any more than He had been holden of Hades,—having the keys of the one as of the other,—but that He could come down in His visible though glorified form, and say 'Follow Me' once more in human words to a thirteenth Apostle. It speaks of Him, the incarnate Son, with His new name of 'Lord,' as always and everywhere the Supreme Director, in the unity of the threefold economy, of the Holy Spirit:—in this, as in all things, still 'having the pre-eminence.' It is He who 'disposes the lot' in the transitional time when there was ten days' silence in heaven, and, the day of Pentecost not being fully come, the



Head of the Church acted without the direct intervention of the Holy Ghost, and appointed an Apostle to the forfeited bishopric of Judas.\*

The descent of the Holy Ghost is expressly ascribed to the act and mission of Christ. All the leading events of the early history of the Church are directly referred to the conscious will, purpose, suggestion, and supervision of the same Jesus, the beginnings of whose work on the shadowy side of the Cross we have in the Four Gospels;—and in such a manner as to stamp upon the minds of all simple readers the idea, however mysterious in itself and dimly apprehended, of One who governs the world from a local seat of power, who has a constant communication with the lower earth by His Spirit, as well as by the lower agency of ministering angels, and who orders all things according to the counsel of His own will. Most certainly He is not represented as being present upon earth in body;—so far, the Holy Ghost is His deputy and vicegerent: but, on the other hand, He is not represented as retiring into the bosom of the Godhead, where His humanity can no longer be traced, and com-

\* And, if the Lord appointed him, let no man think to reverse it! But that is the question; and many expositors hold that the Lord did *not* will or sanction the election of Matthias. Dr. Stier stands foremost among these. In his 'Discourses of the Apostles,' he elaborately argues away the apostleship of Matthias, and pleads the cause of St. Paul as the true inheritor of Judas' lost place. We have not his work at hand, but the following sentence we find in the work standing at the head of our article:—'He (St. Paul) was not, however, a thirteenth Apostle of a new and distinct order for the Church of the Gentiles. The Twelve were themselves sent forth into all the world, and unto all the nations; and even the New Jerusalem (Rev. xxi. 14) knows only the Twelve Apostles of the Lamb (not of Israel). But he was that other, already prophesied of in Ps. cix. 8, whom the Lord Himself, in opposition to the premature, uncommanded, and therefore invalid human choice (Gal. i. 1) of Matthias, reserved to be appointed in place of the traitor Judas. The latter was a representative and forerunner of the Jewish people, which rejected Jesus; the former was a type and first-fruit of the Jews who were to be converted, and many of whom were converted even in his missionary labours among the Gentiles. What a man, and what a position in the kingdom of God,—condescended to, and won, and prepared in so wonderful a manner! First, he receives this revelation as the representative of all the Jews of that time who, under all their disguise of enmity, were yet *susceptible of grace*. Then, as the witness to all men (Acts xiii. 15; Col. i. 18) who should, with that same useful human learning which in itself he knew how to despise and reject, *abuse* the lofty ones of this world before the knowledge of God in Christ; (2 Cor. x. 5;) who should be a founder of systematic doctrine in the Church, so far as the Church would need such a system; thus standing between the practical Peter, and the mystical, consummating John. Finally, as one whose immediate call from above should vindicate, for all futurity, the Lord's supreme right to establish new beginnings of regimen, to raise up a reforming apostolate without succession, to be renewed at His own good pleasure when circumstances may require.' As it respects the Apostle Matthias, the unconscious usurper of the sublimest dignity ever bestowed on mortal man, we leave the words of Scripture to vindicate him: 'He was numbered with the Apostles;' and, as the Lord did not rebuke St. Peter and those who acted with him, it seems to us a 'premature, uncommanded, and therefore invalid human' judgment in any of us to do so. But, be that as it may, let the reader weigh well the remainder of this important quotation.

mitting the conduct of the Church to the Holy Ghost;—therefore the Holy Ghost is never termed Christ's deputy or vicegerent; It is true that the whole of the New-Testament history, after the day of the Ascension, gives no hint of our Lord's leaving heaven, to be found on earth in the way that He appeared before the Ascension; but it is equally true that there is no one event in the whole narrative which is not traced up to the counsel of the Redeemer, as having His eye upon all corners of the earth, as well as 'all the corners of the earth in His hand.'

To examine at length the relation which the ascension of our Lord into a local heaven bears to apostolical theology would carry us too far; it would involve a consideration of the series of allusions to the event contained in St. Paul's and St. Peter's Epistles. It is enough now to say that the most important doctrines of the Christian faith are by both Apostles based upon, or at least indissolubly bound up with, the actual presence of the glorified body of our Lord in a place where alone it is now to be found. It is not within our scope to quote and expound the passages. But whosoever examines them, and marks, moreover, the Greek terms by which both Apostles always express the act of the Ascension, will feel that it was the design of the Holy Ghost to accustom the Christian Church to contemplate the mediatorial work behind the veil as carried on by a Person who in the glory of the Holy Trinity wears the human form, and is beheld as Man by all the hosts of heaven; who, though no longer a 'man of sorrow,' is still 'acquainted with grief,' and feels a human sympathy with men upon earth, and to whom we are all encouraged to direct our human hearts' desire and prayer. The theology of the New Testament makes the Man in heaven as precious a reality as the Man upon earth. It represents His functions above as discharged in their full perfection by the same Person in human nature who began to discharge them in human nature below. It presents to our faith the same Jesus who in the Gospels was present to our sight. It puts no difference in this respect between heaven and earth. It gives no sanction, or makes no allusion, to the refinements which would resolve away all the essentials of His humanity, and make the Ascension a crisis at which the corporeity of Christ was released from all corporeal notions, and from all the limitations of time and space.

Finally, we have the conclusive testimony of the Incarnate Son Himself in the Apocalypse. The True and Faithful Witness, long after His testimonies on earth had been given, long after the ascension-doctrine had been unfolded in the greater Epistles, Himself yet 'once more' opened the heavens,

and gave, through the instrumentality of the Apostle of witness, His final assurance concerning His own person as glorified in heaven. Before He dictated His letters to the Churches, and showed to His servant the mysterious symbols of heavenly realities, and the vision of the things that should be, He gave him a preliminary revelation of Himself,—a revelation that confirms and seals all the previous sayings of the Book concerning His heavenly glory. St. John's description of the Being—the Man—whom He saw, it is not for us to describe; suffice that from the crown of His glistening head to the sole of His burning feet He is the *Son of man*; and that His right hand is laid upon the fallen Apostle, while His human voice proclaims His Divine eternal majesty: 'I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore.' Thus, this glorious last testimony of the Faithful Witness is itself the 'two-edged sword which went out of His mouth:' it guards the sacred majesty of His Divinity against all who would rob Him of it for ever; and it guards the sacred reality of His human form from all who would 'extinguish the verity of His nature in the majesty of His estate.' It tells us how transcendent is the glory of that Incarnate Being before whom the holiest saint falls as one dead; and at the same time it tells us how surely the same He is in the midst of all the glorification of heaven—the same whose last words in the Bible bear this superscription, '*I, Jesus*, have sent.' Thus the New Testament closes in a style consistent with itself on this subject, instructing us to hold fast the reality and integrity of our Saviour's human nature in heaven, and leaving no room for those speculative views which demand, in the name of a philosophy 'privily brought in,' that we give up what they call our sensuous notion of a defined humanity in a local heaven.

Such is the scriptural doctrine of the Ascension, and such is the notion which we are taught by inspiration to entertain concerning the person of our Redeemer, glorified in heaven. Upon our fidelity to this doctrine depends the soundness of our views of the nature of Christ's mediatorial work, of our relation to Him, and of His present and future relation to His Church. If we go on to consider the effect which other views, the offspring of speculation, have exerted upon theology, an immense field opens before us, into which neither our space nor the general nature of this article will allow us to enter. It will be enough to indicate lightly the directions taken by the errors against which readers of modern theology, whether German, or English, or American, must be on their guard.

And, first, as to the Person of the Blessed Redeemer. All

theology which owns allegiance to the Holy Spirit, and which is controlled by Him as under the guardianship of His secondary inspiration, spends its most sacred care upon the natures and the Person of Christ. For, all the errors which have from the beginning perverted or disturbed the truth as it is in Jesus, have been more or less closely connected with an unsound view of the mystery of the Incarnation. 'Whom say ye that I am?' and 'What think ye of Christ?' are two questions which, in their unity, test all faith in the individual, and all creeds in the Church. The great words, *Trinity*, *Redemption*, *Atonement*, *Unity with Christ*, are apprehended aright only by those who apprehend aright the mystery of the conjunction of the two natures in the One Person of the Redeemer. The slightest deviation from the truth, either as to the reality and distinctness of the two natures, or the real unity of the one Person, of Christ, leads to error that knows no bounds. Hence the incalculable importance of the decisions of the earliest Councils, which elevate the third and fourth centuries to an importance—in the economy of the Spirit—only below that of the apostolical age. Hence the fact that the most profound and satisfactory divinity of every age and of every country has been devoted to the exposition of the innumerable relations of the sacred Person of the God-man to Christian theology.

The bearing of these remarks on our present subject is thus exhibited for us by Professor Ellicott, in his *Historical Lectures on the Life of our Lord*. 'To none of the great truths relating to the two natures of our Lord is it more necessary to adhere firmly in the present age than to this. A hearty belief in the literal and local ascent of our Lord's humanity into the heavens is in itself a belief in the whole mystery of the union of the Godhead and Manhood. If, as has been truly said, in His death our Lord has assured us of His humanity, and in His resurrection has demonstrated His Divinity, most surely in His ascension has He displayed both. There we see, as it were, in one, what in other places an imperfect nature rarely enables us to contemplate otherwise than under separate relations. In that last scene we realize all,—the human, the Divine, and the most complete manifestation of that union. It is more as man that we see Him leading His disciples out of Jerusalem, and walking for the last time up the slopes of Olivet; it is more as God that, with the eye of faith, we behold Him taking His seat on His Father's throne: it is, however, as the God-man in its truest aspects that we gaze on Him ascending, flesh of our flesh, and yet God blessed for ever,—man in the form that rises, God in the power that bears Him to His Father's throne: "*Corpus leva-*

*tum est in cælum Illo levante qui ascendit.*” \* To this noble sentence of the English theologian we heartily subscribe. The history of the Redeemer in time, which begins with the mysterious union of the Son of God with humanity, in the womb of the Virgin, ends with the assumption of that Person, who from the instant of His conception made our nature part of Himself for ever, into a place which had never before received His human nature. It was the ancient error of Apollinaris that the Son of man descended from heaven: against this the miraculous conception testifies. It has been the error of many in later times, that the true humanity of Christ never in its integrity ascended to heaven: against this the scriptural doctrine of the Ascension bears witness. Against the former, Gregory Nazianzen eloquently protested, in words which may very aptly be quoted against those whose error now clings to Christ's exit from the world, and not His entrance into it: ‘If any one should say that Christ's flesh came down from heaven, and did not draw its beginning from hence, and from us, let him be accursed. For the saying, “The second Man is from heaven,” and, “Such as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly,” and, “No one hath ascended up into heaven, but He who descended from heaven, the Son of Man,” and if there be any other such, are to be understood as said on account of the union with Him who is heavenly: just as the saying that all things were made by Christ, and that Christ dwells in our hearts, is to be understood, not with reference to the nature of God which is visible to the eyes, but to that part which is conceivable by the understanding; the two names, like the two natures, being mingled together, and passing into one another by the force of their conjunction, τῷ λόγῳ τῆς συμφύσεως.’ The Redeemer, whilst living among men in humiliation, used often a language which identified Himself, the visible Speaker, with the Being who existed before all worlds without a body, and with the Being who should exist in the future eternity with a body: but, when the hour was come that He should be received up, He appointed witnesses to behold the actual ascent of His human form into the heavens, and left the world silently testifying that the glorification of His human nature was as real an event as its formation in the womb of the Virgin. The assumption of our humanity was an act which, begun in the incarnation by the Holy Ghost, was as it were perfected in the ascent to heaven: hence in the second Psalm, and in the sermons of the Apostles, ‘This day have I begotten Thee,’ is a word which includes

\* ‘August. de Agon. Chr.’



both. Neander, in the final words of his 'Life of Jesus,' atones for many errors at the last, by saying: 'We make the same remark upon the Ascension of Christ as was made before upon His miraculous conception. With regard to neither is prominence so much given to the special and historical *fact* in the apostolic writings; in regard to both such a fact is pre-supposed in the general conviction of the Apostles, and in the connexion of Christian consciousness. Thus the end of Christ's appearance on earth corresponds to its beginning. No link in its chain of supernatural facts can be lost, without taking away its significance as a whole. Christianity rests upon these facts; it stands or falls with them. By faith in them has the Divine life been generated from the beginning; by faith in them has that life in all ages regenerated mankind, raised them above the limits of earthly life, changed them from *glebe adscriptis* to citizens of heaven, and formed the stage of transition from an existence chained to nature, to a free, celestial life, far raised above it. Were this faith gone, there might indeed remain many of the *effects* of what Christianity had been; but as for Christianity in the true sense, as for a Christian Church, there could be none.'

However the enemies of the local and literal ascension may refine upon their own views, and strive to make them consistent with the maintenance of the integrity of Christ's person and natures in heaven, there can be no doubt that it is the direct tendency of those views to fall into the Eutychian error, according to which the properties of our Lord's manhood were altogether lost in His Godhead. As Hooker says:—"The substance of the body of Christ hath no presence, neither can have, but only local. It was not, therefore, everywhere seen; nor did it everywhere suffer death; everywhere it could not be entombed; it is not everywhere now being exalted into heaven. There is no proof in the world strong enough to enforce that Christ had a true body, but by the true and natural properties of His body. Amongst which properties, definite or local, presence is chief. "How is it true of Christ," (saith Tertullian,) "that He died, was buried, and rose again, if Christ had not that very flesh, the nature whereof is capable of these things; flesh mingled with blood, supported with bones, woven with sinews, embroidered with veins?" If His majestic body have now any such new property, by force whereof it may everywhere really, even *in substance*, present itself, or may at once be in many places, then hath the majesty of His estate extinguished the verity of His nature. "Make thou no doubt or question of it," (saith St. Augustine,) "but that the man Christ Jesus is now in that



very place from whence He shall come in the same form and substance of flesh which He carried thither, and from which He hath not taken [away] nature, but given thereunto immortality. According to this form, He spreadeth not out Himself into all places. For it behoveth us to take great heed, lest, while we go about to maintain the glorious Deity of Him which is man, we leave Him not the true bodily substance of a man." According to St. Augustine's opinion, therefore, that majestical body which we make to be everywhere present, doth thereby cease to have the substance of a true body. To conclude, we hold it, in regard to the fore-alleged proofs, a most infallible truth, that Christ, as man, is not everywhere present. There are those which think it as infallibly true, that Christ is everywhere present as man, which, peradventure, in some sense, may be well enough granted. His human substance in itself is naturally absent from the earth, His soul and body not on earth, but in heaven only. Yet, because this substance is inseparably joined to that personal Word, which, by His very Divine essence, is present with all things, the nature which cannot have in itself universal presence hath it, *after a sort*, by being *nowhere severed* from that which everywhere is present. For, inasmuch as that infinite Word is not divisible into parts, it could not in part, but must needs be wholly, incarnate; and, consequently, wheresoever the Word is it hath with it manhood, else should the Word be in part or somewhere God only and not man, which is impossible. For, *the Person of Christ is whole*,—perfect God and perfect man wheresoever,—although, the parts of His manhood being finite, and His Deity infinite, we cannot say that the *whole of Christ* is simply everywhere, as we may say that His Deity is, and that His Person is by force of Deity. For, *somewhat of the Person of Christ* is not everywhere in that sort, namely, His manhood, the *only conjunction* whereof with Deity is extended as far as Deity, the actual *position* restrained and tied to a certain place; yet presence, *by way of conjunction*, is in some sort presence.\*

We offer no apology for transferring to our pages this admirable specimen of English divinity. It is an extract which we are free to confess that we make for its own sake, rather than for the sake of the error against which our protest is directed. Like many other golden paragraphs in the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, it will repay the careful study of many to whom we should scarcely recommend the whole controversy in the discussion of which it occurs. Nor shall we scruple now to quote another

\* *Eccles. Polity*, book v.

eloquent declaration of truth, with which we are furnished by Barrow. This, also, has a great value of its own, but it will, at the same time, lead us at once to another aspect of error concerning the Ascension:—It may serve to guard us from divers errors, which, to the dangerous prejudice and disparagement of our religion, (introducing into it notions thwarting reason and sense, charging it with needless and groundless incredibilities, exposing it to difficulties and objections so massy, that the foundations of Christian truth are scarce able to support them,) have been and are asserted by divers persons, or by sects of men professing Christianity, such as are that of the old Eutychians, who held that the human nature of our Lord was converted into His Divinity, or swallowed up thereby; that of the German Ubiquitaries, who say that our Lord, according to His human nature, corporally doth exist everywhere; that of the Lutheran Consubstantialists and of the Roman Transubstantiators, who affirm that the body of our Lord is here upon earth at once present in many places, (namely, in every place where the Host is kept, or the Eucharist is celebrated,) which assertions, by the right understanding of these points, will appear to be false. For our Lord did visibly, in human shape, ascend to heaven, (which to do is inconsistent with the invisible, omnipresent, and immoveable name of God,) and therefore He continueth still a man; and as such He abideth in heaven, and therefore He doth not exist everywhere or elsewhere. It is the property of a creature to have a definite existence, or to be only in one place at one time; for could it be in divers places at once, it might, by like reason, be in any or in every place, and consequently it might be immense. Nor can we conceive a thing to be at once in several distant places, without its being multiplied in essence: it especially is repugnant to the nature of a body at once to possess several places, seeing its substance and quantity do not really differ, or are inseparably combined, whence it cannot be multiplied in dimensions, answerable to many localities, without being multiplied in substance; wherefore, since our Lord, as man, did, by a proper local motion, ascend, pass through, and enter into the heavens,—since, I say, according to the tenor of Scripture, our Lord did thus, as man, in His flesh go into heaven, and there perpetually doth abide in glory, until He shall thence return hither to judge the world, we must not suppose Him to be anywhere corporally upon earth. He is, indeed, everywhere by His Divinity present with us; He is, also, in His humanity present to our faith, to our affection; He is therein, also, present by mysterious representation, by spiritual efficacy, by general inspection and influence upon His Church; but in

body, as we are absent from Him, so He is likewise separated from us; we must depart hence, that we may be with Him, in the place whither He is gone to prepare for us. "*Who shall ascend into heaven, to bring Christ down thence?*" saith St. Paul, intimating where He doth immoveably abide, in exclusion to all other places. These things (beside many other strong reasons) if we do consider it will suffice to guard us from those rampant absurdities, which so long, with such impudence and such violence, have outbraved plain reason and sense.

Here we are compelled to close this paper, having gone no farther than the mere introduction of the subjects which it was our intention to notice. On another occasion we shall attempt to show how various have been the influences exerted upon theology, before the Reformation and since, by the different views taken of our Saviour's bodily relations to His Church. This will open up the history of the whole sacramental controversy of later times, and bring before us all the shades of doctrine, from Transubstantiation, which re-produces the whole Christ in a thousand places every day upon earth, and Consubstantiation, which in its earlier form united the diffused corporeity of the Redeemer with the consecrated elements, giving to believer and unbeliever alike, 'in, with, and under the bread,' the sacred symbols, and in its later form teaches the impartation, though only to the believing recipient, of the very glorified body of Christ, the sustenance of soul and body,\* through the various stages of

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\* We throw the following quotation into a note, as merely suggesting into what mysteries of theological speculation our subject would lead us:—"Now arises a bold, yet obvious question—Whither went that blood of the God-man when it was shed; that blood containing in itself bodily and really the spiritual energy of all quickening out of the life of Christ? The Lord's spilt blood, one may suppose, could not actually and bodily come into the holiest of all. Where did it then remain, and what became of it? we ask with all solemnity. Might this sacred blood be lost, absorbed, and come to nothing in the soil of Gethsemane and Golgotha? Far be it from us to think so! That contradicts the assured truth of a Resurrection and glorification of all the corporeity of the God-man, which once taken upon Him was never to be laid aside. If the Father keepeth all the bones of His Holy One, so that not one of them should be broken in the true Paschal Lamb; (Ps. xxxiv. 20; John xix. 36;) if also the *flesh* of the Holy One of God lay in the grave secure from corruption and waiting for new life and spiritualisation; (Ps. xvi. 9, 10;) should the *blood* be lost and perish? Far be it, we say once more. (We may add now—With us the blood is mere element of physical, mortal life, but the blood in His case was also penetrated and pervaded by the *πνεῦμα αἰώνιον*.) The treatment of this subject by earlier theologians may have been conducted in a very irreverent manner, repulsive even to the faithful, but there is a profound Truth and Light at its foundation. It is plain, at the outset, that the blood of Christ, as pertaining to His humanity, shared in His glorification, since it is present and communicable, in the Sacrament. But if you ask further—Are the outpourings of the blood of Christ, from the first drops in His bloody sweat to the final stream from His side, which indeed the Omnipotence of God could keep in permanent being, just as a similar power works in the resurrection of every human body—restored to His body again, or do they exist independently of it? The word of the Risen Saviour is the first answer, when He said

doctrine which issue at last in too absolute and entire separation between the Divine-human Head and His living members. To trace the history of these variations would be an interesting task. And not less so would it be to note how different have been the feelings of different schools of theology with regard to the humanity of the Redeemer: some losing sight of His human form altogether in the contemplation and worship of the Trinity, and others bringing the human form of the Redeemer into a mystical spiritual-sensuous relation to their thought and devotion which gives their language a peculiar humanitarian or sentimental tinge. And then it would be instructive to consider the effect of different views of the Lord's condition in heaven upon theoretical and practical theology concerning the separate state, and the destiny of the people of Christ, whose place He has gone to prepare. These subjects, with all the bye-topics which they open up, must be reserved for another occasion, when we hope to enter more at large into the Theology of the Ascension.

to His disciples, "Handle Me and see; for a spirit hath not *flesh and bones*, as ye see Me have." (Luke xxiv. 39.) The Lord did not say, nor could He say, *flesh and blood*; for, as another Scripture reveals to us, *flesh and blood*, in that union and combination which belongs to this lower, earthly, mortal life of the body, cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor thus enter into incorruption. (1 Cor. xv. 50.) Did then the Ascension unite the blood, collected in the mean while below, and preserved, with the hitherto bloodless resurrection body? For the same reason we answer, No. And what need we ask, when the distinctive and decisive answer is plainly given in the Holy Sacrament? His glorified *flesh*, which now is called His body of itself, and His shed *blood*, both, in conjunction one with the other, and independently one of the other, still sundered as they had been separated at the Cross, the offered-up body and the poured-out blood are given us by the Lord to be eaten and drunk.

Does not this give us to understand why, after John vi. and the Institution of the Supper, the New Testament speaks so distinctively of the blood of Christ? Moreover, let us read in the Epistle to the Hebrews what is written in chapter xii. 22-24! In connexion with the enumerated realities:—"Ye are come to Mount Zion, to the city of God, to the multitude of thousands of *angels*, to the congregation of the first-born, to the Judge and God of all, to the *spirits* of perfected saints, to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant"—and then we read at the close, in connexion with and after the person of the glorified Saviour Himself—after the holy seven—number yet another and last reality—"and to the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel!" Then must this most holy blood exist as separate in heaven.—Let it be observed how the so-called "Johannean Christ," and the so-called "Author of the Epistle to the Hebrews," coincide, and let us learn to apprehend the whole New Testament as one *γραφή*, with a systematic connexion. To acknowledge the authority of the already itself apocalyptic Epistle to the Hebrews, and to submit to be led by it onwards to its *teleiōtēs*, (chapter vi. 1,) is both the result and the test of a true understanding of Scripture, just as the Apocalypse itself is. Compare what Beck has said, almost in accord with ourselves, concerning the blood of Christ. (*Lehrwissenschaft*, S. 626-629, in the note.) He, however, protests against Bengel and the "separated existence of the blood in heaven." For my own part I did not derive this doctrine from Bengel, nor from Oetinger, (who holds it fully, see in Auberlen, S. 272-276,) but from the Scriptures alone,—not one word of which can be broken, however paradoxical they may appear—nor from materialism, as Lange intimates. (iii., 614.) This latter thinks that I need no more disturb myself about the shed blood of Christ than about the sweat or the tears! but where then is the scriptural "glory of the Logos as the life of all things?" Holy Writ surely speaks differently of the blood and of the tears!—*Stier, Discourses*, vol. v.

ART. VIII.—*History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. Vols. I.-IV. London: J. W. Parker. 1856-1858.

ALL history must be false:—such, at least, is the conclusion to which a superficial acquaintance with modern investigations would readily lead us. The startling results of the most recent discoveries in physical science find an exact parallel in the fruits which are being daily gathered in the field of history. All our old calculations are being upset; all the old theories are exploded. The helpless confusion wrought in the mind of an ignorant person by the marvels of science is hardly greater than the mingled complication of perplexity and uncertainty with which the well-read student now rises from his researches into the past. 'Whoever has attended but a little to the phenomena of human nature has discovered how inadequate is the clearest insight which he can hope to attain into character and disposition.' We are separated by impalpable and mysterious barriers from the men of our own generation, born and educated under the same influences as ourselves. How, then, can we expect to surmount the difficulties that intervene to prevent our understanding those who played their part under other outward circumstances, 'with other habits, other beliefs, other modes of thought, and other principles of judgment?' 'As the old man forgets his childhood; as the grown man and the youth rarely comprehend each other; as the Englishman and the Frenchman, with the same reasoning faculties, do not reason to the same conclusions;—so is the past a perplexity to the present. It lies behind us as an enigma, easy only to the vain and unthinking, and only half solved after the most earnest efforts of intellectual sympathy alike in those who read and those who write.'

The truth here stated in general terms has been abundantly illustrated by particular instances. Our age is especially fruitful in historians of a high order, and their talents have been largely devoted to reversing the decisions which were current amongst ourselves. We have lately been presented with such narratives of both ancient and modern story as no former age could have produced; and the tendency of each has been to contravene the judgment hitherto accepted upon the subjects of which they treat. How many are the characters which have been reproduced under new aspects in the last few years! Carlyle has stepped forward as the advocate of Cromwell; Hepworth Dixon endeavours to prove Bacon incorruptible; Helps vindicates Spain in her government of her American colonies; Grote



would rescue Cleon from the imputation of being a demagogue; Froude stands forward to maintain the good name of bluff King Hal. Each of these writers has given us a contribution which the world would not willingly let die; yet how many of them can be said to have determined the questions which they have handled with so much ability and with such minute inquiry? Froude's favourable estimate of Queen Elizabeth is challenged by anticipation in Motley's 'History of the Netherlands.' All the voluminous learning and extraordinary talent of Macaulay have not saved him from the criticism of a 'New Examiner,' which seriously compromises the accuracy of his conclusions. The judicial impartiality of Hallam does not satisfy us that he understood Luther as well as his opponent the late Archdeacon Hare understood him. History may be philosophy teaching by example; philosophy positive it cannot yet be termed. After so much thought and sympathy and study, how little can be regarded as settled in this branch of human knowledge!

Yet the value of historical investigations is not to be estimated by the positive conclusions to which they may have led us; nay, paradoxical as the statement may appear, the reverse is probably nearer the truth. Who can be ignorant of the varying motives by which men are swayed in action, of the mingled streams of good and evil which combine to form the broad current of any epoch in a nation's history, of the many inconsistencies and contradictions that make up the life of individual men, and which must constantly interfere to modify the sweeping decisions which it is so easy to reach and so tempting to record? And how much is the difficulty increased when this tangled skein is still further ravelled by the exigencies necessarily involved in a political career, and when the special emergencies of a great kingdom may seem—we say not how correctly, but still may really seem—to demand a line of action which no private interest could warrant, and no judgment, apart from the peculiar issues at stake, could approve! We do not say for a single moment that there are not broad distinctions between right and wrong; but we are sure that a slight knowledge of human nature will enable us to sympathize with the difficulty of right conduct when the welfare of a whole people depends upon the course which a statesman may adopt. This thought should render us charitable in our estimate of character, and should tend to soften the severity of the condemnation which is ready to rise to our lips; but it will be sure to hamper us in the eyes of the unthinking, who can appreciate only strongly-defined judgments, without having the power to enter into the minuter shades of distinction which the thoughtful historian feels called upon to pourtray.



The task of writing history is still further complicated by the twofold life of its most prominent subjects,—their private and individual existence, and their public acts. A tendency was exhibited not long since to narrow all historical questions to a mere inquiry into the personal character of the chief actors in the scene. The personal qualities of one sovereign or his ministers were extolled, whilst the vices of another were prominently set forth and loudly condemned. Mary and Elizabeth, Charles I. and Cromwell, have especially been subjected to this method of treatment; and an endeavour has been made, in behalf of each, to avoid an unfavourable verdict, by calling in witnesses to character. But it was soon felt that this mode of writing history was raising a false issue; and that if we would estimate rightly the influence of any bygone period, it must be upon the acts that emanated from men in their public capacity that our judgment must be based. The tide is now turned, and there is the usual danger of its running into the opposite extreme.

*‘Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.’*

The general tendency of the public acts is being allowed to overrule the distinctions of right and wrong to an extent against which we feel called upon to protest. A most signal instance of this tendency is to be found in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *‘Personal History of Lord Bacon,’* in which, neglecting all the experience of the past, and unmindful of the evidence which daily testifies to the strange contrarieties bound up in a single heart, he begins by boldly asserting that the strongest contrasts cannot exist in the same individual, and would prove, *à priori*, that Bacon could not have been at once ‘the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind.’ Here, too, in the history under consideration, although taking his stand upon a different position, the judge too frequently descends to be an advocate. It is only by the combination of all the different elements to which we have adverted, and to the right use of each in that combination, that the historian fully performs his undertaking.

With these general considerations in mind, we approach the study of Froude's *History of England*. The principles by which he has been guided in its composition were set forth by himself in an able article that appeared in the *Oxford Essays* for 1855. We make no apology for inserting the following extract, as it enables us to understand the author's point of view, and permits him to express in his own words the advantages he anticipated from the method he employed. After glancing at existing works as means of teaching English history, he writes, Instead of these, ‘we recommend that there be substituted the

study of the old Statute Book, in which, notwithstanding all that is thought and believed of the dependent position of Parliament, the true history of the English nation substantially lies buried,—a history, different, indeed, from anything which has been hitherto offered us as such. Everything of greatest consequence is to be found there. All great movements, political and religious, are treated of there; and all those questionable personal transactions which have appeared so perplexing are there, though viewed no longer from their personal side, or as connected with personal intrigue, caprice, or feeling, but as rising out of the national will and expressing the national judgment;—viewed from their inner side by men apparently of large, calm, massive minds, not as we see them now, but as those saw them then, who bore a part in doing them. Under any ordinary circumstances, it would be quite certain that accounts of matters to be got at in this way would be both credible and valuable; it is worth while, at all events, to listen to what they have to say, and to hesitate before deciding that, in the times of which we are speaking, the English gentlemen were of such unusual worthlessness, that their thoughts do not deserve to be considered. But this is far from all which the Statute Book will furnish us; not only shall we find an account there of the ordinary subjects of our books, but, after careful study, a whole picture rises out of it of the old English nation—its life, its habits, its character, its occupations, amusements, hopes, and fears. The political economy, the education, the relations between man and man, between landlord and tenant, between employer and employed, all are laid out before us there in unconscious simplicity, with the duties which in all such relations were supposed to be involved, and the degree in which such duties were fulfilled. We do not say that every idle person who amuses away an hour or two with turning over the pages of the folios, and smiling at the uncouth phraseology, will find all this at a glance. Little truth of any kind is to be gained in that way; and the Statutes, viewed as we are viewing them, are, like the book which Bishop Butler desired to see written, consisting only of premises. But the conclusions are there, and one day they will be seen and known to be there. One thing, however, we shall certainly find, of which it is as well at once to warn all persons who are unwilling to face such a conclusion, that the character of the English people, as illustrated in their lives and laws, was to the full as noble and generous as we experience it now to be; that there was the same true blood and the same true heart as are in ourselves; and that, therefore, it is at once impossible to believe them capable of actions of which we could not believe ourselves

capable; and that, in all matters concerning human life and action, they possessed minds as fully competent as ours to understand evidence, and hearts as certain to spurn any conscious sanctioning of iniquity.

This passage is a key to the principle on which Mr. Froude's history is composed, and reveals to us at once the source of its strength and of its weakness. Mr. Froude brings to his subject that first essential quality of an historian, a complete sympathy with the period of which he treats. Possessing a full acquaintance not only with the Statute Book, but with all the other accessible sources of information, it is clear that he has so mastered their contents that they have become entwined in the fibre of his mind, and he is able to enter into the spirit of the epoch, instead of merely considering it from without. Without being so palpably an advocate as Lord Macaulay, there is a similar power of turning to advantage those bye-paths of literature which give us glimpses into the home-life of England under the Tudors, and enable us to discern the throbbing of the minuter pulses of the system, as well as to hear the beatings of the great heart of the whole. There is no evidence of such a knowledge as Lord Macaulay possessed of masses of lighter historical matter,—indeed, we question whether there be materials on which such an acquaintance could be founded; yet no student will peruse this work without feeling that it is the result of labour honestly, toilfully, and lovingly performed. There is evidently in the writer a deep power of sympathy, which is readily drawn forth by manly conduct, and enables him to appreciate even when he cannot approve; and the whole is written in admirable language drawn from a well of English, pure and undefiled, expressed in a style at once so vigorous and idiomatic as to be a constant source of pleasure to the reader.

The time at which Mr. Froude's narrative begins was a period of transition to a new stage of existence. The flower of the English nobility had been destroyed in the wars of the Roses, and with them the power of their order and the feudal system were passing rapidly away. The clergy still retained considerable authority, which they exercised with no lenient hand; oppressive exactions in ecclesiastical courts, coupled with the great profligacy of the priesthood, had rendered their name odious to the people; and although the imputation of heresy was still hateful to the masses, the position of the Church was being slowly and surely undermined. New fields of thought were being opened, and new ideas were rapidly spreading amongst the community. As is usual upon the advent of a new era, the public mind was roused to an intensity of expectation; and,

in its eagerness to unravel the strange future, of whose approach it was conscious, it listened greedily to portents and prophecies which professed to lift up the veil behind which that future lay concealed. At such junctures the heart of a nation exhibits strange oscillations, as it inclines to what is novel, or, in its terror, flies for refuge once more to its old and worn-out formulas. This condition of England, at the period of Wolsey's fall, ought to be remembered, if one would rightly estimate their conduct who guided the vessel of the State through its stormy billows; they were passing through the dangerous and narrow straits in which met and contended for the mastery the opposing waters of two mighty seas.

It is always far from easy to trace the minute beginnings from which great revolutions spring. The name of Wycliffe was no longer popular, and the doctrines of the Lollards were held in detestation. There was but little sympathy with speculative questions, and had the lives of the clergy been moderately in accordance with the avowed tenets of Christianity, their tenure of power might have been indefinitely prolonged. There was the same indisposition to any sudden and violent changes that has ever been a characteristic of the English nation; and the theological training in which Henry had been nurtured had prepossessed his mind on the side of Roman Catholic orthodoxy. In the destruction of the nobility and the exhaustion of the Commons, the Church seemed to tower aloft in undiminished prosperity; whilst Morton, Wolsey, and Warham wielded as absolute a power as even Becket could have desired. From the Tweed to the English Channel there was no place of rest for suspected heretics, and, even if they escaped into foreign lands, they were not safe, as such offenders 'were outlawed by common consent of the European governments.'

Mr. Froude gives us some interesting glimpses at the means by which the knowledge of a purer creed was gradually disseminated. 'In 1525, a society was enrolled in London, calling itself, The Association of Christian Brothers. It was composed of poor men, chiefly tradesmen, artisans, a few, a very few, of the clergy; but it was carefully organized, it was provided with moderate funds, which were regularly audited; and its paid agents went up and down the country, carrying Testaments and tracts with them, and enrolling in the order all persons who dared to risk their lives in such a cause.' (Vol. ii., p. 26.) The Testaments which they bore were supplied from Tyndale's press, at Antwerp; and as Tyndale himself, and several of his associates, had been educated at the English Universities, it was natural that they should turn to them, in hopes of finding amongst the students some able coadjutors.

The story of Anthony Dalaber, one of the Christian Brothers, is a most interesting episode in the history of the time; and, although too long to be transferred to our pages, a brief *résumé* of it may indicate in what spirit the pioneers of the Reformation plied their dangerous task. Dalaber, when an undergraduate at Gloucester (now Worcester) College, became implicated in aiding in the escape of Thomas Garrett, another Christian Brother, who had fallen under suspicion of heresy; and we take up the story at the point where Garrett unexpectedly re-appeared in Oxford, and came to Dalaber's rooms.

'As soon as the door was opened, he said he was undone, for he was taken. Thus he spake unadvisedly in the presence of the young man, who at once slipped down the stairs, it was to be feared, on no good errand. Then I said to him, (Dalaber goes on,) "Alas! Master Garrett, by this your uncircumspect coming here and speaking so before the young man, you have disclosed yourself and utterly undone me." I asked him why he was not in Dorsetshire. He said he had gone a day's journey and a half; but he was so fearful, his heart would none other but that he must needs return again unto Oxford. With deep sighs and plenty of tears, he prayed me to help to convey him away; and so he cast off his hood and gown wherein he came to me, and desired me to give him a coat with sleeves, if I had any; and he told me that he would go into Wales, and thence convey himself, if he might, into Germany. Then I put on him a sleeved coat of mine. He would also have had another manner of cap of me, but I had none but priest-like, such as his own was.

Then kneeled we both down together upon our knees, and, lifting up our hearts and hands to God our heavenly Father, desired Him, with plenty of tears, so to conduct and prosper him on his journey, that he might well escape the danger of all his enemies, to the glory of His holy name, if His good pleasure and will so were. And then we embraced and kissed the one the other, the tears so abundantly flowing out from both our eyes, that we all bewet both our faces, and scarcely for sorrow could we speak one to another. And so he departed from me, apparelled in my coat, being committed unto the tuition of our almighty and merciful Father.

'When he was gone down the stairs from my chamber, I straightway did shut my chamber door and went into my study; and taking the New Testament in my hands, kneeled down on my knees, and with many a deep sigh and salt tear, I did with much deliberation read over the tenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, praying that God would endue his tender and lately-born little flock in Oxford with heavenly strength by His Holy Spirit; that quietly to their own salvation, with all godly patience, they might bear Christ's heavy cross, which I now saw was presently to be laid upon their young and weak backs, unable to bear so huge a burden without the great help of His Holy Spirit.'—Vol. ii., pp. 51-53.



We must refer our readers to Mr. Froude's narrative for the sequel of Dalaber's tale, where they will read it in all the beautiful and quaint simplicity of the above quotation. He proceeds to tell how the ill news of Garrett's visit spread apace, so that, at even-song in the cathedral, dean and canons, and heads of houses, 'in their grey amices,' all looked at the poor scholar with inauspicious glances: how he left the choir about the middle of compline, and told the story to one of his associates, and then went to Corpus Christi College, where he lay that night with Master Fitz James, 'but small rest and little sleep took they both there;' how next morn he hastened off to Gloucester College, his shoes and stockings covered with mud, and found the gates closed, and then, 'much disquieted, his head full of forecasting cares,' he resolved, come what would, he would declare nothing but what he saw was already known. The enemy was already upon his track, his rooms had been entered and searched in his absence, and he was soon after seized and brought before the commissary, threatened with the rack, and fastened in the stocks. We are fain to find place for inserting what follows:—

'They put my legs into the stocks, and so locked me fast in them, in which I sate, my feet being almost as high as my head; and so they departed, locking fast the door and leaving me alone. When they were all gone, then came into my remembrance the worthy forewarning and godly declaration of that most constant martyr of God, Master John Clark, who well nigh two years before that, when I did earnestly desire him to grant me to be his scholar, said unto me after this sort, "Dalaber, you desire you wot not what, and that which you are, I fear, unable to take upon you; for though now my preaching be sweet and pleasant to you, because there is no persecution laid on you for it, yet the time will come, and that peradventure shortly, if ye continue to live godly therein, that God will lay on you the cross of persecution, to try you whether you can as pure gold abide the fire. You shall be called and judged a heretic; you shall be abhorred of the world; your own friends and kinsfolk will forsake you and also hate you; you shall be cast into prison, and none shall dare to help you; you shall be accused before bishops to your reproach and shame, to the great sorrow of your friends and kinsfolk. Then will ye wish that ye had never known this doctrine; then will ye curse Clark, and wish that ye had never known him, because he hath brought you to all these troubles."

'At which words I was so grieved that I fell down on my knees at his feet, and with tears and sighs besought him that for the tender mercy of God he would not refuse me; saying that I trusted verily that He which had begun this in me would not forsake me, but would give me grace to continue therein to the end. When he heard me say so, he came to me, took me in his arms, and kissed me, the tears



trickling from his eyes, and said unto me, "The Lord God Almighty grant you so to do; and from henceforth for ever take me for your father, and I will take you for my son in Christ."—Vol. ii., pp. 59, 60.

Dalaber's narrative breaks off suddenly; but this fragment gives us a vivid picture of the men who were devoting their lives to the task of circulating the Scriptures. True men were they, cast in heroic mould, with a clear conception of the object they had in view, and of the dangers they incurred in attempting it. Nothing could be more faithful than the warning thus given by Master Clark, and his anxiety that the young disciple should not be exposed to peril unwittingly, or in consequence of a fit of temporary enthusiasm. It would need bold, manly spirits, to whom their creed was a matter of hearty conviction, to resist an opposition wielded by such an agency. Although the political element of the Reformation was as yet unheard of, yet the heaven was already working, and its influence could not fail to be presently felt.

It has been well observed by Mr. Froude, that the importance of the Protestant party at this period is not to be estimated 'by counting heads,' yet the number and frequency of the instances in which they played a prominent part was well calculated to make a deep impression on the country. The clergy seem to have been fully alive to the importance of the crisis, and endeavoured to crush out the growing spirit of heresy by unrelenting persecution. They found a most willing coadjutor in Sir Thomas More, to whose conduct in this matter we shall presently advert; and instead of bearing faggots in procession, as in the days of Wolsey, the Protestants had now to feed the flames with their own bodies. But the energy of an Almighty Power was working within their hearts; and many whose courage failed them on their first apprehension, so that they were led to recant, were unable to bear the torture of a disquieted conscience, and boldly stepped forward to voluntary martyrdom. The best known of these was little Bilney, whose mental agony was touchingly described by Latimer in one of his sermons: 'I knew that blessed martyr of God, what time he had borne his faggot, and was come again to Cambridge, had such conflicts within himself, beholding this image of death,' (*i. e.*, his own sinfulness,) 'that his friends were afraid to let him be alone; they were fain to be with him day and night, and comforted him as they could, but no comfort would serve. As for the comfortable places of Scripture, to bring them unto him, it was as though a man would run him through the heart with a sword.' Poor Bilney significantly told his friends that 'he would go up to Jerusalem:' and he did so in the smoke that

rose from the fire that consumed him, although his own words had reference to the place of suffering rather than of glory. Stripes, bonds, and executions were plentifully administered, but all proved vain to arrest the progress of the disease.

It may be well now to turn to the other party in this quarrel, that we may see how their practice commended their faith. It is not too much to say that the nation, although as yet firmly adhering to the creed, had long been weary of the exactions and iniquitous lives of their spiritual pastors. The licentiousness, luxury, and idleness of the monasteries were notorious. The consistory courts had become intolerably oppressive, and some flagrant instances of wrong committed in them had aroused a vehement spirit of hostility. Accusations of heresy were brought against any persons who were obnoxious to the clergy; and summonses to distant courts, and long bills of costs, were ruinous even to those who secured an acquittal. Non-residence at their benefices was almost universal among the beneficed clergy: indeed, the multiplication of pluralities made residence impossible; and 'Wolsey himself, the Church reformer, (so little did he really know what a reformation meant,) was at once Archbishop of York, Bishop of Winchester, of Bath, and of Durham, and Abbot of St. Albans. What could be the public estimate of the clergy and their ecclesiastical fathers, when Latimer could venture to ask in a sermon at St. Paul's Cross, 'Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know who it is; I know him well. I will tell you. It is the devil. Among all the pack of them that have cure, the devil shall go for my money, for he applieth his business. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learn of the devil to be diligent in your office. If ye will not learn of God, for shame learn of the devil.'

A more complete view of the light in which the clergy were generally regarded at the eve of the Reformation is to be obtained from the 'Petition of the Commons,' containing a summary of the wrongs of which the people complained. This act of accusation is given entire by Mr. Froude, and comprises a long list of grievances, which include exorbitant fees, extortionate probate duty, first-fruits and other charges on induction to benefices, illegal imprisonment, and complaints about the mode of examination for heresy. There was a significant allusion to the conduct of certain ordinaries, 'who do daily confer and give sundry benefices unto certain young folks, calling them *their nephews or kinsfolk*, being in their minority and within age;' and the whole concluded with a prayer that the King

would devise some remedy. The Petition was composed of certain specific allegations that had reference to notorious facts; but in reply to it, the bishops could only urge the theory of their position, and insist upon their right to exercise the powers they were wielding without prejudice from the acts of individual members, which should be arraigned and decided on the individual merits of each separate case. Mr. Froude justly remarks, that this reply 'is no defence at all when the faults have become the rule, and when there is no security in the system itself for the selection of worth, and capacity to exercise its functions.'

These facts of the condition of the opposing Romish and Protestant parties ought to be borne in mind, if we would rightly estimate the causes which gave birth to the Reformation. We have endeavoured to indicate the relative position of each side, and abundant illustration might be afforded from individual cases to strengthen the sketch which we have thus rapidly drawn. Of course the general statement of any great national movement is always largely qualified in the separate instances which go to make up its sum. There were cases, no doubt, in which the zeal of the Reformers was kindled by unworthy motives; there were cases in which the Romish clergy worthily filled the duties to which they were called; there were cases in which the monks in subsequent years showed equal firmness with the bravest of the Protestants, and endured the fires of martyrdom with a constancy that was worthy of a better cause. There can be no doubt that some of the Carthusians suffered as manfully as did Bilney or Barnham. There can be little wonder that the deaths of More and Fisher are still regarded as religious executions, although they were arraigned under a charge of treason. But when every allowance is made for such exceptions, the broad facts still stand out in strong relief, and no amount of special pleading can avoid the conclusion to which they inevitably lead us. This country did not shake off the yoke of Rome, merely because Henry VIII. wished to divorce Catharine of Aragon. No doubt the King's wishes in that matter were an element in the force by which the Reformation was effected; but a truer statement of the facts might be presented as follows. On the one side were *prestige*, wealth, power, the influence of precedent and custom, the vast and organized machinery of the most complete system that had ever been devised; but coupled with superstition, extortion, prodigality, and licentiousness, that had eaten out the heart of all true Christianity. On the other side were much confusion of words and thoughts, every imaginable disadvantage of worldly position or influence; but combined with a thirst for some

fresh and noble enunciation of the everlasting truth, the one essential thing for all men to know and believe.' These were the opposing parties; and aloof from them stood the great mass of the people hating the Romish clergy, but cherishing the Romish creed, until the efforts of the Christian Brothers in circulating the Scriptures, and the public exhibition of a Bible in every parish church, convinced the people that the ecclesiastical faith was little better than its practice, and then both fell together in one common ruin.

We cannot pass from this branch of our subject, without entering our protest against Mr. Froude's assertion, 'that the early Protestants did not bring forward any new scheme of doctrine;' or, if we could admit its truth in a qualified sense, we should still reject the conclusion which he endeavours to deduce:—

'When I look through the writings of Latimer, the apostle of the English Reformation,' says Mr. Froude; 'when I read the depositions against the martyrs and the lists of their crimes against the established faith, I find no opposite schemes of doctrine, no "plans of salvation," no positive scheme of theology which it was held a duty to believe; these things were of later growth, when it became again necessary to clothe the living spirit in a perishable body. I find only an effort to express again the old exhortation of the Wise Man: "Will ye hear the beginning and the end of the whole matter? Fear God, and keep His commandments; for that is the whole duty of man."—Vol. ii., p. 34.

Now if Mr. Froude intends merely to raise his voice against the substitution of an outward creed for a living, vital faith; if he only objects to 'schemes of doctrine,' when the acceptance of the symbol is deemed to suffice without a firm grasp of the truth signified therein; we should be content to subscribe to what he has written: but if he means more than this, we demur. It should be remembered that the faith of the early Reformers was naturally in a state of transition; that their minds were gradually awakened, point by point, to the falsity of doctrines which they once had firmly believed; and that in the case of many of them it was only after a long struggle that they were enabled to throw off the last remnants of the superstition in which they had been bound. Any complete 'scheme of doctrine,' therefore, was not to be looked for at so early a stage. But if we turn to the writings of Tyndale and Latimer, we shall not find them replete merely with exhortations to the practice of godliness. Mr. Froude mentions Latimer specifically, and we assert that Latimer's sermons abound in distinctive statements of dogmatic truth. Insisting as he does everywhere upon the necessity of evincing faith by practice, he yet insists no less

firmly upon the plain declarations of Scripture; and the boldness with which he rebuked the vices of the age is not more marked than the uncompromising language in which he defines the tenets of the Gospel. We have been particularly struck by the clearness with which he unfolds the value and character of the atonement, a subject upon which his sermons might be studied with advantage by many theologians of our own day.

We deem the most successful part of Mr. Froude's History to be his vindication of Henry the Eighth's conduct to his wives. There are passages in that portion of his life which we are not prepared to defend, especially the divorce of Anne of Cleves; and it must be admitted that the King was exceedingly unfortunate in his matrimonial relations. But the main points of attack have generally been the divorce of Catharine of Aragon and the execution of Anne Boleyn; and it is in these two instances that the defence set up by Mr. Froude is most complete.

The question of Henry's divorce from Catharine of Aragon has usually been discussed of late years on the grounds of the King's private character. It has been assumed that the monarch was of a licentious disposition, that he had conceived an unlawful passion for Anne Boleyn, and that, in his determination to gratify that passion, he broke through every tie of policy and decency. It is not a little startling with such pre-conceptions to turn to the pages of contemporary records, and to find that the sixteenth century was as unanimous in approving as the nineteenth has been in condemning the whole proceeding. 'Not only did the Parliament profess to desire it, urge it, and further it, but all indifferent and discreet persons judged that it was right and necessary.'

The story of the proceedings connected with the divorce is a long and painful one, and it would be difficult to bring out the various points involved in an article specially devoted to the subject; much less can we do it justice in the limited space now at our command. The interest of the whole nation in the question arose from the uncertainty about the law of succession. The theory of the constitution, 'not traceable to statute, but admitted by custom,' had been that no stranger born out of the kingdom could inherit. 'The descent in the female line, though not formally denied, had never in fact been admitted.' If these dicta of Mr. Froude be correct, it will readily be seen that the succession to the throne was a matter of no small perplexity. The first principle would exclude the Scottish claimants; the second would shut out the King's daughter, the only surviving child of Catharine of Aragon. Modern notions on this subject,



biased as they necessarily are by the fact that four female sovereigns have since worn the crown of England, are strangely at variance with the principles which prevailed in the sixteenth century. Up to the period when Henry VIII. was King, the country had demanded a capable ruler; and such weak sovereigns as Edward II., Richard II., and Henry VI., had been compelled to make way for more efficient men. With the miseries of civil war still fresh in their memories, with the knowledge that Henry's father had always refused to strengthen his title by advancing the claims of Elizabeth of York, with the consciousness that powerful factions still existed in the State, which might seek to advance their own private interests by supporting some rival claimant to the throne; and, besides all these elements of incertitude, 'with the innumerable refinements of the Romish canon law, which affected the legitimacy of children, and furnished in connexion with the further ambiguities of clerical dispensations perpetual pretexts for a breach of allegiance,' it is no wonder if the nation eagerly desired that the King should have such issue as might lead to the secure establishment of a settled government, and avoid a recurrence of those calamities of which it had so recent and terrible experience.

These fears were not merely chimerical, nor are they pleas set forth by an ingenious advocate in support of a foregone conclusion. The party of the White Rose avowedly looked to the Countess of Salisbury as the rightful heir to the throne; and Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, was informed in 1516 that the Dukes of Buckingham, of Suffolk, and of Norfolk, each entertained hopes of the crown. Moreover, questions had been already raised as to the Princess Mary's legitimacy, at the time when a negotiation was on foot for her marriage to a son of the French King. Were this difficulty removed, Mary's health had been delicate from childhood, and her mother was now too advanced in years to give hopes of any further offspring: one frail life alone then interposed between the country and a return to such perplexities as might involve it in ruin.

But the element of uncertainty in this most complicated matter had been introduced at a much earlier period. Political reasons had induced Henry VII. to desire that Prince Arthur's widow should be transferred to his younger son; but, from the very first, the step seemed hazardous. The dispensation was reluctantly granted by the Pope, and reluctantly accepted by the English ministry. The objections seemed to gain strength subsequently, and the young prince was compelled formally to disown and renounce the betrothal. This denunciation was, indeed, withdrawn at his father's death; and Henry, yielding to



the wishes of his council, renewed the engagement; but it is impossible to ignore these circumstances in any just estimate of the events that followed. And when, after a lapse of years, the disparity of age became more marked, and indifference had been succeeded by dislike, when all the male children of the marriage had perished by untimely deaths, and the anger of Heaven seemed thus to be visiting the error of their union, it is no wonder if the King lent a willing ear to the earnest representations of his ministers, and desired to adopt a course which would combine the national advantage and his own personal wishes.

That Henry was not merely influenced by passion was the opinion of the most unexceptionable witnesses. The legates wrote to the Pope that 'it was mere madness to suppose that the King would act as he was doing merely out of dislike to the Queen, or out of inclination for another person; he was not a man whom harsh manners and an unpleasant disposition could so far provoke; nor can any sane man believe him to be so infirm of character that sensual allurements would have led to dissolve a connexion in which he has passed the flower of youth without stain or blemish, and in which he has borne himself in his present trial so reverently and honourably.'\* Whilst citing this authority, we are not prepared to deny that the King's attachment to Anne Boleyn had also its effect upon his conduct. When so many and various motives combine to urge us to a certain line of action, who shall presume to assign to each its exact share of influence in regulating the whole? We question whether the King himself were conscious of the manner in which he was being guided, for nothing is more common than self-deceit when private inclination and public interest become identified. Enough has, however, been said to prove that no arbitrary off-hand judgment in so intricate a matter deserves to be received.

By whatever motives Henry was influenced, it is certain that he acted with much temper and moderation in his efforts to arrange the divorce. Sincerely attached to the Church of Rome, in whose defence he had broken a lance with Luther, there was nothing which he premeditated less than a breach with that Church or its temporal head. In the contest between the Pope and Charles V., he had been induced by Wolsey to support the former; yet both the prejudices of the nation and its commercial prosperity were on the side of the Emperor; and he would gladly have arrived at some compromise by which he might maintain

his friendship with both. Such a scheme at one time seemed feasible. It was suggested that Catharine should retire into a convent, the question of the marriage being left untouched, and that the King should receive a special dispensation, enabling him to marry Anne Boleyn. Year after year he waited patiently whilst the ecclesiastical courts had exhausted every device of chicanery and subterfuge, of evasion and delay; and neither the entreaties of his subjects, nor the advice of the French monarch, could induce him to precipitate matters, whilst any hope, however remote, of a solution yet remained. It was only when the most charitable interpretation could no longer be blind to the fact, that the Pope, who professed to be an independent judge in the suit, had really been gained over by one of the parties to the cause, that Henry at length cut the knot, and followed the course urged on him by his subjects.

Mr. Froude has entered very fully into all the circumstances that attended the negotiation, and leads his readers as pleasantly as is possible through the winding maze of diplomacy that lackeyed its course. The impression produced by it on our mind has been most unquestionably favourable to Henry, when his conduct is compared with that of two other of the principal actors in the scene. The relationship of Charles V. to Catharine naturally placed him in a very embarrassing position. He was most anxious to retain the friendship of England, as important alike to his designs against the French and to the prosperity of his Flemish subjects; but, much to his honour, he determined to stand by the Queen. If he desired Catharine to sacrifice herself for the welfare of two vast nations, or if, misled by the reports sent to him from her party in this country, he erred in his expectations of stirring up a rebellion in England, he yet seems to have shown more real feeling in this transaction than we might have looked for from one whose general behaviour was guided by a cold, calculating policy. But what are we to say to the demeanour of the Pope, or of Henry's ally, the gallant Francis the First? Granted, that the position of Clement was excessively perplexing. He was equally afraid to offend the Emperor, of whose power he had recently had so painful an experience, or the English King, whose support he desired to secure in case of future dangers. The old claim of infallibility still asserted for the Popedom was now brought at a most inconvenient season to be tested by the invincible logic of facts. 'If the King's majesty,' urged Gardiner, 'and the nobility of England, being persuaded of your good-will to answer, if you can do so, shall be brought to doubt of your ability, they will be forced to a harder conclusion respecting this see,—namely, that God has taken

from it the key of knowledge; and they will begin to give better ear to that opinion of some persons to which they have as yet refused to listen,—that those Papal laws which neither the Pope himself nor his council can interpret, deserve only to be committed to the flames.' To such reasoning there could be no satisfactory reply. Indeed, the Pope occupied a position from which it was disgraceful to retreat, and which it was impossible to defend; and so he took refuge in the common resort of weakness:—he made promises and delayed their execution, trusting that some happy accident might release him from the difficulties by which he was surrounded; or when pressed more closely, he would 'twist his handkerchief, or weep, or flatter, or wildly wave his arms in angry impotence;' and so he passed through his destined period of occupation of the Papal throne, presenting the horrible spectacle of Christ's (so called) viceregent upon earth in the guise of a 'false, deceitful, and treacherous' ruler, to be succeeded by another infallible Pontiff, who should imitate him in his temporizing policy, denying in public the curses and excommunications which he had muttered in secret consistory, and which were pronounced (be it remembered) in the name of the God of truth, and only daring openly to hurl his anathemas when it was too late, and the bolts fell impotently short of their aim.

Yet even if our stern condemnation of Clement VII. and Paul III. must be qualified by the memory of the untenable post to which they had been called, no such extenuating circumstances can be pleaded in behalf of Francis the First. Smarting under the defeat of Pavia, and desiring at once to retrieve his honour and to wreak his vengeance on his rival, Francis spared no efforts to induce Henry to break with Charles, and promised him all the material and energetic support of a hearty alliance. In every step taken to promote the divorce we may trace the agents of Francis working in furtherance of the designs of Henry; in every doubtful question his advice was prompt in recommending action, as though he would infuse something of his own audacity into his more prudent brother: and what was the issue when, in compliance with such counsel, the English monarch was irrevocably committed? Unable to resist the tempting promise of the Duchy of Milan for his second son,—

\* Francis, who had himself advised Henry VIII. to marry Anne Boleyn,—Francis, who had declared that Henry's resistance to the Papacy was in the common interest of all Christian princes,—Francis, who had promised to make Henry's cause his own, and three years previously had signed a treaty, offensive and defensive, for the protection of France and England against Imperial and Papal usurpations,

—sank before the temptation. He professed his willingness to join heart and hand with the Emperor in restoring unity to Christendom, and crushing the Reformation. Anticipating and exceeding the requests which had been proposed to him, he volunteered his services to urge in his own person on Henry the necessity of submitting to the universal opinion of Christendom; and to excuse or soften the effrontery of the demand, he suggested that, in addition to the censures, a formal notice should be served on all Christian princes and potentates, summoning them to the assistance of the Papacy, to compel the King of England with the strong hand to obey the sentence of the Church.'—Vol. iii., pp. 7, 8.

And such treachery was deliberately agreed upon by one who claimed to be the first gentleman in Europe, the knight, *par excellence*, of his time, without fear and without reproach.

The vindication of Henry's conduct in the divorce of Catharine, or at least the full statement of the reasons of State policy which conduced to it, have never been so fully and fairly stated as by Mr. Froude; but we owe him a still deeper debt of gratitude for the light which he has thrown upon the execution of Anne Boleyn. The received version of this transaction, Mr. Froude justly remarks, ought to serve as a warning against trusting any evidence which is not strictly contemporary. For generations it has been habitual to regard Anne Boleyn's death as an iniquitous murder, wrought out by an unfounded charge of adultery, and sanctioned by a complaisant Parliament, in order to gratify the licentious caprice of her husband. In the violence of a great controversy that has raged around the discussion of her character, the opinions of partisans and foes have oscillated between the greatest extremes, and we need to pierce through the dust and din raised in the conflict before we can fairly scrutinize the narrative, or hope to arrive at a just decision.

There is no portion of Mr. Froude's narrative which exhibits more favourably his qualities as an historian than the last chapter of his second volume, which is devoted to Anne Boleyn's trial and death. As he calmly collects and arranges the testimony to the queen's guilt, he allows no expression to escape him which would rather befit the advocate than the judge; he only urges that we should not willingly suppose that the highest noblemen and the most honourable gentlemen of that day would be ready without scruple to give their countenance to an act of villainy from which we ourselves should recoil with horror. He points out how the whole proceeding advanced step by step, with all the observance of judicial forms; so that if the Queen were really being ruined by a forged charge, Henry enacted his part with a horrible composure unexampled in the

history of crime. What the evidence produced against Anne Boleyn was, we have no means of judging, for it has not come down to us; but we know she was condemned by the unanimous verdict of twenty-seven peers, over whom her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, presided; whilst her own father, the Earl of Wiltshire, although absent at the trial of his children, yet was joined in the commission that passed sentence upon the other persons involved in the charge. The whole proceeding was a mournful tragedy; and Mr. Froude's sympathy is excited for the accused, so recently exulting in the triumph of her conquest of so puissant a monarch; and now, after an interval of only eight months, doomed to follow to the grave by a disgraceful death the lady whose heart she had so sorely tried. Very touching is the narrative of her wild and incoherent lamentations, intermingled as they were with the most trifling remarks, indicating that her mind was almost distraught by the sudden reverse in her fortunes; and our commiseration rises still higher as we read her last words ere her head falls beneath the fatal stroke. For the particulars of the whole story we refer our readers to Mr. Froude's account; but we cannot refrain from quoting the wise and manly language with which he allows the curtain to fall upon the scene.

'To this end she had come at last, and silence is the best comment which charity has to offer upon it. Better far it would have been if the dust had been allowed to settle down over the grave of Anne Boleyn, and her remembrance buried in forgetfulness. Strange it is that a spot which ought to have been sacred to pity, should have been made the arena for the blind wrestling of controversial duelists. Blind, I call it; for there has been little clearness of judgment, little even of common prudence, in the choice of sides. If the Catholics could have fastened the stain of murder on the King and statesmen of England, they would have struck the faith of the Establishment a harder blow than by a poor tale of scandal against a weak, erring, suffering woman: and the Protestants, in mistaken generosity, have courted an infamy for the names of those to whom they owe their being, which, staining the fountain, must stain for ever the stream that flows from it. It has been no pleasure to me to rake among the evil memories of the past, to prove a human being sinful whom the world has ruled to have been innocent. Let the blame rest with those who have forced upon our history the alternative of a reassertion of the truth, or the shame of noble names which have not deserved it at our hands.'—Vol. ii., p. 503.

There is no more interesting feature in our modern histories than the pictures which they present of the social condition of the country in past ages. The celebrated third chapter in Mr. Macaulay's first volume has been followed by others devoted to



the same subject; and, rife in controversy as this branch of history must always be, it will ever be welcome to the readers. Perhaps it is that our human nature has broad sympathies with our forefathers, and we love to know how they thought and felt; and to trace the current of their daily lives. Perhaps it is that the public policy of a nation seems to affect us less nearly than the private every-day existence of those who have gone before us: we can draw a comparison between them and ourselves in this respect, and so seem to have a fuller comprehension of what they really were. Perhaps it is the consciousness that the lives of the monarch and his court had probably little direct influence upon the condition of the great mass of his subjects; and we would fain get an insight into the varied constituents which compose the great sum of a nation's existence. We would enter into the privacy of castle, and hall, and cottage: we would see the justice holding his session and the merchant at his business, and all the different craftsmen at their manual toil; and, passing away from the city to the open field, we would visit the yeoman at his farm, and learn how husbandman and shepherd fared in the days when the light of the Reformation dawned. And Mr. Froude gives us some such glimpses. There is none of the vivid pictorial power with which Macaulay transferred to his canvass a representation of domestic life, that is equally astonishing for its general effect and for the elaboration of its minutest details. There is none of that sparkling rapidity of style which can dash in lightly a variety of incidents, and, gathering them up with a masterly hand, produce the desired impression on the reader's mind so easily, that it is saved all the burden of thought, yet so successfully, that it retains a clear conception of the whole. Indeed, the plan marked out by Mr. Froude, of looking mainly to the statute book for guidance, seems to have cramped him more in this than in any other portion of his history.

In dwelling upon the social condition of England in the sixteenth century, it must be again remembered that it was an era of transition. 'The paths trodden by the footsteps of past ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream.' It was natural, too, that at such a period men should exhibit the strongest conservatism in those minor matters which affected their own every-day domestic life, and, in the breaking of the fabric of habit which had been so laboriously constructed, should call upon the government to restore its breaches and to strengthen its walls. Let allowance be made for this tendency, and we shall perhaps be the less surprised that almost all the



statutes relating to the social life of the time endeavoured to force back the tide into the channel of mediæval custom ;—in short, the whole bias of domestic legislation in Henry's reign was an attempt to restrain the inevitable change by legal enactments.

That it should then have been deemed possible to effect such a result by passing statutes, strange as it may appear to ourselves, was but natural to the sixteenth century. Every item of social life in the middle ages had been regulated by statute. The law interfered in every transaction, however minute, marked out the only course which was to be adopted, and threatened with severe fines and penalties any departure from its stern decisions. The relations between feudal lord and retainer, between the employer and the employed, between the buyer and the seller, between the landlord and the tenant, between the master and the apprentice, were all defined with strict precision. The law ordained what you might buy, the hour at which it might be purchased, and the price which was to be paid ; it ordained what you might wear, the mode in which your dress should be shaped, and the trimmings with which it should be adorned ; it ordained the conditions on which you might pursue a calling, the mode of your entrance upon it, and the remuneration which you should receive for its performance. Nothing escaped its supervision. Liberty, in the modern sense of the word, or the right to do as one likes with one's own, there was none.

It is very difficult to understand how such a state of things could ever have worked well ; and the constant modification of the statutes, or their re-enactment with more stringent penalties, would seem to indicate that from the earliest times they had failed to effect their purpose. The sumptuary laws, especially, and those which regulated the prices and the wages of labour, appear to have been habitually evaded ; and, in turning over the pages of the *Liber Albus* and similar works, we find a repetition of the same complaints, ever followed by the renewed application of the same remedy. Such a system was probably more tolerable during the Wars of the Roses, when the population was for a time stationary, and when commercial dealings were probably restricted within very narrow limits ; but, in the altered circumstances of the country, it was no longer suitable, and a provident policy should surely have foreseen the coming change, and should have wisely and gradually guided the State into a new condition. Mr. Froude claims it as Henry's glory to have so piloted the kingdom in the reformation of religion ; but he appears to consider it a like indication of wisdom that a resistance was offered to social change. We must, however, first state the case which

Mr. Froude puts forward somewhat at length, and we will then urge the reasons which induce us to question, or at least largely to modify, his conclusions.

Mr. Froude sets forth in his own characteristic manner the advantages of the feudal system:—‘There is something truly noble in the coherence of society upon principles of fidelity. Men were then held together by oaths, by free acknowledgments, and mutual obligations, entered into by all ranks, high and low, binding servants to their masters, as well as nobles to their kings; and in the beautiful roll of the old language in which the oaths were sworn, we cannot choose but see that we have lost something in exchanging these ties for the harsher connecting links of mutual self-interest. Again, *in the distribution of the produce of the land, men dealt fairly and justly with each other*; and in the material condition of the bulk of the people there is a fair evidence that the system worked efficiently and well.’ (Vol. i., pp. 18, 19.) We believe that the feudal system and its much-boasted chivalry, with all its elaborate theory, derive very much the same kind of advantage from their remoteness from ourselves that distance is said to confer upon eastern cities; but, passing this by for the present, we proceed to Mr. Froude’s account of wages and prices.

‘The state of the working classes can be more certainly determined by a comparison of their wages with the prices of food. Both were fixed by Act of Parliament, and we have therefore data of the clearest kind by which to judge.’ These prices were as follows:—Wheat averaged tenpence the bushel in the fourteenth century, but with excessive fluctuations; beef and pork were a halfpenny a pound; mutton was three farthings; strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteen-pence a gallon, (we rather question this statement,) was then a penny a gallon. Rent was indeterminate; but Mr. Froude endeavours to approximate to it by quoting Latimer’s well-known account of his father’s farm. The whole case under this head is thus summed up:—

‘I am below the truth, therefore, with this scale of prices, in assuming the penny in terms of a labourer’s necessities to have been equal in the reign of Henry VIII. to the present shilling. For a penny, at the time of which I write, the labourer could buy more bread, beef, beer, and wine—he could do more towards finding lodging for himself and his family—than the labourer of the nineteenth century can do for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question. Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the 3rd of the 6th of Henry VIII. it was enacted that master carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tilers, plumbers, glaziers, joiners, and other employers of such skilled workmen, should

give to each of their journeymen, if no meat or drink was allowed, sixpence a day for half the year, fivepence a day for the other half, or fivepence halfpenny for the yearly average; the common labourers were to receive fourpence a day for half the year, for the remaining half threepence; in the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more; so that, in fact, (and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated,) the day-labourer received on an average fourpence a day for the whole year. Nor was he in danger, except by his own fault or by unusual accident, of being thrown out of employ; for he was engaged by contract for not less than a year, and could not be dismissed before his term had expired, unless some gross misconduct could be proved against him before two magistrates. Allowing a deduction of one day in the week for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of twenty shillings a week, and a holiday; and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. In most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and unenclosed forest land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely enclosed, Parliament insisted that the working-man should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry.—Vol. i., pp. 23-25.

We must find space for one more short quotation on the subject of legislative interference with trade, because Mr. Froude has exactly lighted upon the weak point of the system. He says, 'The details of trade legislation, it is obvious, could only be determined by persons professionally conversant with those details; and the indispensable condition of success with such legislation is, *that it be conducted under the highest sense of the obligations of honesty*. But already in the 24th of Henry VIII. we meet with complaints of fraud. The old proverb, '*Quis custodiet custodes?*' had begun to verify itself, and the symptom was a fatal one.' It should be added that Mr. Froude does not advocate the adoption of such legislative interference in our own day; but he regards it as a proof that a higher estimate was then taken of the dignity of labour, that workmen were treated as men, not as 'hands;' and he considers unquestionably that their prosperity was greater than that of the same class at the present day.

Now it may, we think, at once be granted that ordinary farm-servants in those days were better off than are either Dorsetshire labourers or many others who are now employed upon the land. The condition of this particular class is a foul blot on our

civilization; and the greater scarcity of labour, added to the fact that such servants commonly lived in their master's house, would raise their condition far above the poverty of the lowest class of our agricultural labourers. But, assuming Mr. Froude's estimate to be correct, we are sure that very few skilled workmen, *if well conducted*, would be ready to compound for twenty-eight shillings a week, steadily and regularly paid. There are, however, much stronger reasons for questioning the accuracy of Mr. Froude's estimate either of the general prosperity or of the contentment of the people under such a system of economic legislation.

For, first of all, it may be questioned whether it was successful at any period in our history. The whole narrative of these enactments abounds in reiterated complaints of their evasion or neglect. Human nature has been the same in all ages, and the temptation to act fraudulently in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors was as strong as it is under the sway of the House of Brunswick. The misconduct exposed in the 24th of Henry VIII. was no new thing; nor does the multiplication of difficulties in the reign of Elizabeth prove that the world had grown worse than under the regimen of her predecessors. The object of the Parliament in passing such measures may have been in many instances a laudable one; but even in so important a matter as the tenure of land, and one so fairly subject to regulation, we find that the most stringent statutes were evaded. And the law which forbade the conversion of arable into pasture land, and the establishment of huge parks, had to be repeated in the reign of Elizabeth, at the special instance of Lord Bacon.

We gather a further hint from Mr. Froude's pages, that the statutes which regulated wages and the price of meat were hardly drawn up with strict impartiality. Both were unpopular. The former was disliked because it prevented labourers from obtaining better terms for themselves, yet it continued in force: the latter was repealed, but prices rose, and never fell again to what they had been. It is significant that of two regulations so nearly affecting their interests, one should have been retained, and the other removed, and both to the disadvantage of the working man. At the very time, too, when the demand of labour is said to have been 'analogous to that of Australia or Canada at the present time,' we hear complaints about the number of vagrant and sturdy beggars, and severe condemnation of the 'abominable sin of idleness, the one hatefullest of offences in all persons of whatever sex or age.'

When all the relations between man and man had been thus

strictly laid down in the statute book, it was necessary, as Mr. Froude observes, that *things should be conducted under the highest sense of the obligation of honesty*: but we much question whether a high standard of morality and honour was prevalent at this period. Indications are not wanting that the intercourse between superior and dependent was by no means arranged so justly as Mr. Froude would have us believe. It needed the strong arm of a powerful monarch to restrain his more wealthy subjects from oppressing their poorer neighbours; and the calamities which befel the nation under the rule of Henry's son, are a strong argument against 'the highest sense of the obligation of honesty' having been widely extended in the days of the father. In one of his sermons, Latimer gives an instance of a perversion of justice which would be impossible in modern times.

'I myself,' he says, 'did once know where there was a man slain of another man in anger: it was done openly; the man-killer was taken and put in prison. Suit was made to the quest-mongers: for it was a rich man that had done the act. At the length, every man had a crown for his good will: and so this open man-killer was pronounced not guilty. So, they sold their souls unto the devil for five shillings, for which souls Christ suffered death: and I dare pronounce, except they amend and be sorry for their faults, they shall be damned in hell world without end.'—*Sermons*, p. 380. Parker Society's Edition.\*

But not to rely too much upon an individual instance, there are other passages in Latimer's sermons that afford a stronger confirmation of our doubts as to the amicable relation between servant and lord. Does it not seem strange, in the case of a man whose bold denunciations of iniquity had shaken England from end to end, whose uncompromising exposure of Popish superstition had awakened so vehement anger, that it was only the personal protection afforded him by Henry, which saved his body from the flames;—does it not seem strange that he should counsel his hearers to yield to the extortion of their masters, to endeavour to conciliate their goodwill by timely presents and judicious offerings; to escape the bitterness of being openly despoiled of their goods, by the voluntary presentation of a colt or a calf to the lord, of a fat sucking-pig or a capon to the lady? There was no hesitation on his part to tell the rich and powerful plainly their duty in these matters. He could lay the lash as heartily upon the backs of unjust nobles as on those of unpreaching prelates. It surely must have been from the sense that he was advising the commons to adopt the course which would most

\* See also Mr. Froude's own statement, when speaking of the Marquis of Exeter's influence, that 'no indictment could take effect against his adherents, no dependent of the Courtenays was ever cast in a cause.'—Vol. iii., p. 318.



conduce to their advantage, that he employed such language: but it would be quite unintelligible in an age when so high a standard of public morality, as that current among ourselves, was commonly upheld.

But to our own minds a yet stronger proof remains. It is to be seen in the readiness of the people at any time to break out into open rebellion. The clergy were naturally disgusted at the treatment they had experienced, and would use all their influence to foment any rising spirit of insurrection. Monks and friars hurried about the country, stirring up the discontent, and fastening eagerly upon any pretext to excite a rising against the government. Many of the nobles, too, and of the country gentlemen, were on the same side; they inclined to a policy of conservatism, and regarded with undisguised aversion the revolution that was being effected in the Church, whilst in matters of secular policy they were opposed to the administration of Cromwell. Yet all these influences combined would have failed to stir up to open violence a people who were more prosperous than the working classes of the present day. Petitions might be quoted from Mr. Froude's pages, did our space allow, which enumerate the causes of the general disaffection, and set forth in earnest and pathetic language the misery under which the people groaned. When the great rebellion, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, was shaking the foundation of Henry's power, the vast mass of more respectable artisans seems to have sided with the rebels; whilst the Duke of Norfolk was ashamed of the vagabonds and cut-purses that thronged his ranks. We are quite persuaded that this readiness to join in open insurrection is a strong argument against that prosperity in which Mr. Froude so firmly believes.

It had been a grateful task to us to follow Mr. Froude's guidance through many after scenes of Henry's eventful reign. We would gladly have said something on the suppression of the monasteries, of which we have a most interesting narrative, and one which goes far to disabuse the reader of the argument so often urged, that with all their faults the conventual establishments were regarded with general favour, and that the practical exercise of a liberal charity was held to cover a multitude of individual faults. On the contrary, the complaints against them were loud and deep. The existence of so large a number of persons in a state of forced celibacy had resulted in grave evils, which had eaten into the heart of society; and the flagrant scandals which prevailed would have necessitated the destruction of the smaller religious houses, even if the country had still remained in communion with the Papal see. No doubt cases



of hardship occurred, where 'religious men' who had faithfully fulfilled their calling were cast adrift, to the discomfiture of those to whose wants they had ministered, and whose sorrows they had soothed. No doubt, too, in the general disaffection that bore fruit in subsequent rebellions, the wrongs of the monasteries were put forward: when they had ceased to exist, the evils which they had generated were forgotten, whilst their advantages were missed, and retained in memory. The country gentleman, who had not obtained a grant of the abbey lands, loudly bewailed the fate of the abbot, who had been his personal friend, the trustee of his children, and the executor of his will,' and of the monks who would have taught his boys to read. But the Act which passed for their suppression was clearly the result of an impartial condemnation, 'and the judicial sentence was pronounced at last in a spirit as rational as ever animated the English legislature.'

From the period of Henry's final rupture with the Papacy, his kingdom was exposed to a series of dangers which it required no ordinary wisdom to overcome. Rent asunder as it was by treason and faction at home, almost always on terms of concealed hostility or open war with the neighbouring kingdom of Scotland, and with Ireland in a state of chronic rebellion, which it seemed hopeless either to conciliate or subdue, it needed the highest caution so to manage the relations of England with the European powers, that no hostile army should give to any of the above-named opponents a weight which might have rendered it irresistible. Through what intricate shallows and over what sunken rocks the vessel was guided may be seen in Mr. Froude's narrative; and this branch of it involves an elaborate examination into the behaviour of Cardinal Pole, which must irretrievably cut the ground from under the apologies that have been advanced by Papal writers in his behalf. In open treason against the sovereign to whom he owed his education, who had nurtured him with a strong affection, and whose cause in the divorce of Catharine he had undertaken to promote, Pole endeavoured to unite the sovereigns of Europe in a common crusade against Henry, and openly avowed that the Sultan himself was less culpable than the arch-heretic who now disgraced the English throne. To his calumnious pen may be traced most of those mis-statements which Mr. Froude has detected and exposed: nor can we fancy that Romish authors will venture from henceforth to defend him on any other ground than that of being so devoted a servant to the Papacy, that he deemed any action justifiable which might promote its interest.

There are other telling episodes in Mr. Froude's narrative over

which we would gladly have lingered. The trials and executions of More and Fisher, the strange conspiracy of the Men of Kent, the sufferings of the Catholic martyrs, the treason and rebellion of Kildare, the History of the Six Articles, of Essex's rebellion, the divorce of Anne of Cleves and the consequent fall of Cromwell, the adultery and condemnation of Catharine Howard, the French invasion of England, and the English wars in France and Scotland, each open up a separate vista abounding in matter of interest, and worthy of being discussed at greater length than we can possibly devote to their consideration. It would, indeed, be hard to find in the annals of English history a reign more replete with interesting topics than the period during which Henry VIII. occupied the throne; whilst the manner in which Mr. Froude handles each subject as it comes under his notice, gives it an additional zest, and carries the reader on with untiring satisfaction. Even when we differ from his conclusions, we cannot fail to admire the manner in which they are set forth, the broad, manly style in which the sentences are cast, and the vigorous, healthy thought by which the volumes are pervaded. Very amusing are the glimpses afforded us occasionally of the inner life of three centuries ago. Some of these are grouped together in the third volume under the head of 'Illustrative Sketches,' whilst others are dispersed throughout the narrative, and give it a vivid colouring. In one of these we are introduced to a Sunday at Windsor, where Latimer had been recently appointed one of the royal chaplains, and preached a sermon, much to the taste of the King, and greatly to the displeasure of swarms of doctors and friars. In another, we see four young fellows riding across country by night to burn the old wooden 'rood of Dovercourt,' and paying with their lives the penalty of an act which, a few years later, will be repeated amidst general applause. We are admitted to the private cell of the prior of the Carthusians; to scenes in the parish church at Woodstock, and the Lady Chapel at Worcester; and to the pew of two maiden ladies in the parish church of Langham, where the maidens were called by unmaidenly names for venturing 'to read their matins together upon an English primer,' and a commotion was excited against them for so harmless an act by a fellow fittingly named Master Vigorous. Perhaps the following incident may be thought of deeper interest, as illustrating the reception which the English Bible met with in country parishes:—

"A circle of Protestants at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, wrote to Cromwell complaining of the curate, who would not teach them nor preach to them, 'but gave his time and attention to dicing, carding,

howling, and the cross-waster." In their desire for spiritual food they applied to the rector of the next parish, who had come occasionally and given them a sermon, and had taught them to read the New Testament; when suddenly on Good Friday "the unthrifty curate entered the pulpit where he had set no foot for years, and admonished his parishioners to give no credence to the new-fangled fellows which read the new books." "They be like knaves and Pharisees," he said; "they be like a dog that knaweth a marrow-bone and never cometh to the pith, therefore avoid their company; and if any man will preach the New Testament, if I may hear him, I am ready to fight with him incontinent;" "and indeed," added the petitioners, "he applyeth in such wise his school of fence so sore continually, that he feareth all his parishioners."—Vol. iii., pp. 237, 238.

In one respect Mr. Froude signally resembles the monarch whose reign he has so well described; and it is impossible to read his narrative without being struck with his admiration for bold and manly character. Wolsey, Cromwell, Aske, Latimer, and to a certain extent Reginald Pole, are allowed to share the respect which Henry's uncompromising vigour has inspired in the writer's breast. And it is exactly the same principle of judgment which leads him to be somewhat less than just in his estimate of Cranmer and of Sir Thomas More. We are the more surprised at this low estimate of Cranmer, because there were many qualities in the man that are calculated to call forth regard. No doubt Cranmer thoroughly knew and feared his master, and his temporizing disposition enabled him to bend before the rising storms of passion; and he was thus permitted to fill a post to which he might have been thought to be hardly equal. But, in the long list of criminal trials which darkened Henry's reign, it was rarely that the archbishop's voice was not raised on the side of mercy; and none but he ventured to intercede for Anne Boleyn or for Cromwell in the hour of their distress. That Henry appreciated Cranmer's worth, the well-known story of his deliverance from the plot which Gardiner had contrived for his ruin is a sufficient evidence. Few characters, we think, have received such scant justice as has that of Cranmer in modern times.

The vigour of Henry's administration reached to a terrible height as years rolled on, and stamped his whole reign with features which Mr. Froude has hardly, we think, sufficiently pondered. It was a reign of blood. From the fall of Wolsey to the King's death, the stream of human blood flowed down, gathering strength and velocity in its onward course. More, Fisher, Dacre, Aske, Cromwell, Exeter, Grey, Surrey, Anne Boleyn, Catharine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury, and a

host of others, all perished before the same fell accusation of treason. We are not ignorant that each of these cases must be judged upon its individual merits; and Mr. Froude has laboured, and in many instances successfully, to show that the sufferers deserved to die. We have already given some examples, in which we deem his vindication to be complete; but the great fact stands out in letters that cannot be obliterated, that the same fatal destiny impended over friends and foes equally in this terrible epoch. To oppose the King or to serve him led to the same deadly issue, and one block awaited the insurgent whose open rebellion had been crushed, and the long-trusted servant whose policy had become distasteful.

So long as these facts stand out in bold relief, without fuller shading to modify the effect than that which is supplied in these four volumes, we think it hopeless to anticipate a favourable verdict upon Henry's character. Of all the executions that marked this reign none seems to us less excusable than that of Cromwell. Let it be granted for the moment that he could be technically or fairly brought within the purport of the law against high treason: was no consideration due to the long-tried fidelity of an able minister, whose capacity had safely carried the kingdom through the most critical period in its history? Are past services, performed in a full sense of the responsibility which they involved, and the honest advocacy of measures whose advantage might be questioned by opponents, but whose peril to their promoter was undoubted, and whose issues had been signally successful, to have no weight against the errors that were laid to his charge? Granted that the law knows nothing of set-off, yet the King's prerogative to pardon was unquestioned, and often had Cromwell invoked its exercise on behalf of those who were far less deserving of mercy.

But Mr. Froude has unfolded the whole truth in a passing sentence. 'With Henry,' he says, 'guilt was ever in proportion to rank: he was never known to pardon a convicted traitor of noble blood.' Herein lies the essence of the stigma which will ever attach to Henry's name. In a period of transition, when the world was rocking to and fro, and men were floundering on dangerously to an unknown haven,—when the minds of men were so unsettled that the difficulty of choosing a right course must have been greatly aggravated,—when, in the indecision consequent upon such a state of affairs, the King himself was inconsistent, and swayed alternately to the progressive and retrograde parties in the nation,—when the weakness of our poor human nature was more sorely tried than in any subsequent period of English story,—one man sat aloof from all others, wielding an

almost despotic power. It was not his fault that the crisis of opinion reached its height in his own time. It was not his fault that the condition of the nation demanded an intricate policy. We would not even assign it as his fault that he began by persecuting what he afterwards accepted, or that he failed to understand the principles of tolerance, which alone were consistent with his changed position. But it was and ever will be his crime, that, consistent in his inconsistency, as a man he had no pity, as a monarch he had no mercy; and the blood shed under all the forms of justice still cries out against him from the ground.

There is one grand lesson clearly written upon the transactions of this reign, a lesson which we wonder Mr. Froude has not set forth in the forcible language which he can employ with such striking felicity. In the strange events which finally led to the reformation of religion in this country,—in the course forced most inevitably upon a reluctant monarch, who desired to break neither with Rome nor Germany,—alike in the grand tendency of events in their combination and in the minor incidents which marked their progress,—in the foreign policy of Francis, which compelled Henry to conciliate the Lutheran princes, and in the so-called accident by which the courier was detained at the crisis of an arrangement between Henry and Paul III.,—in all these we may clearly trace the guidance of an overruling Hand. In all the *puissance* of his power, Henry VIII. was but a creature in the hand of the Lord God of Hosts, who ruled the nations then as now according to the counsel of His own will, and to whose Providence we owe the inestimable blessing of an open Bible and a pure creed.

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ART. IX.—*Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State of Popular Education in England.* London. 1861.

It has been a principle generally received in Europe, at least since the Middle Ages, that neither religion nor education can be self-supporting; that is, that neither the clergy nor the secular teachers of the people can be left to depend on the support of those who enjoy the benefit of their labours. The independent feelings of the wealthy middle class in England have successfully combated this principle. Subscription churches and chapels have been found to yield adequate incomes to popular preachers; proprietary schools have been found to

succeed; private teachers have made fortunes; and among this class, at least, it has been proved that people will pay liberally for what they find to suit them, whether in secular or religious teaching. But the experiment has gone little further. The lowest classes are admitted unable to pay competent instructors, and the highest are unwilling; that is, they show a decided preference for the services of those who are by legally secured endowments rendered independent to a great extent of any income arising from actual success in their respective vocations. We attempt not either to justify or to combat their reasons; but simply note them, as the two grounds on which instruction is accepted at the public expense:—on the one hand, inability to support the instructors; and, on the other, the desire of seeing them independent.

Before, and for some time after, the Reformation, the general idea of eleemosynary education was to provide an academic course for those among the poor who seemed to have special aptitude, with the view of their entering the then numerous ranks of the clergy; and, perhaps, we are scarcely in a position now to estimate how great was the intellectual and moral influence which resulted from a considerable number of individuals of the humbler classes thus receiving a liberal and religious education, and again for the most part mingling freely among the ranks from which they sprang. But when, in the course of time, a university education became the luxury of the rich, instead of the bread of the poor, when even the lowest places in the learned professions were gladly filled by men of gentle birth, the literary objects of the ancient endowments were gradually divorced from the eleemosynary; the funds were almost of course held for the former; literature was supported for the rich, and the poor were left to their ignorance. Such has been the fate of our college and grammar school foundations.

The idea of elementary education for the lower classes in general, an education not to remove them from the sphere of manual labour, but to enable them to occupy it intelligently, is quite of modern origin. It has sprung out of, or, rather, has grown side by side with, the extension of political rights; the diffusion of cheap literature; the introduction of penny postal communication; the demand for skilled labour rather than brute force, which has arisen from the invention of machinery; and a variety of other causes which have materially altered the position of the working classes since the commencement of the present century. An education of some kind for these is now admitted on all hands to be a crying necessity; but we look in vain for



the funds which the piety of past ages accumulated for the education of the poor through future generations. They have long since been otherwise appropriated, and are now deemed irrecoverable. When M. Guizot was preparing to legislate for national education in his own country, he said, 'All the ancient and various establishments for public instruction have disappeared with the masters and the property, the corporations and the endowments. We have no longer within the great community small communities of a private kind, subsisting independently, and devoted to the various kinds of education. What has been restored, or is struggling into birth, of this description, is evidently not in a position to meet the public wants. We have destroyed everything, we must create anew.' What was true of every kind of education in France when M. Guizot laid his plans, was true of England with respect to the great masses of the people till within a very recent period, and has scarcely ceased to be so; but our rulers are not so ready as the French to take the initiative in matters of this sort; they would rather consolidate and give increased effect to what they find in existence, than start new projects, or expend money on schemes extemporized on paper. Warned by the experience of past ages, the pious rich of our day seldom lay permanent foundations for charitable education. It is kept for the most part dependent on voluntary subscriptions continually to be renewed. The State has hitherto declined making more than a yearly provision, and has thus kept open the question of what is a suitable education for the masses, and by what means it ought to be diffused. There has been abundance of noisy controversy and keen debate among politicians, ecclesiastics, and philanthropic theorists; there has also been a sphere of actual life and labour, displaying a large amount of individual enthusiasm, of associational generosity, and of national liberality; but all these activities have been experimental and tentative. No one has pretended to say what permanent methods would secure the objects in view for the whole; but each has prosecuted those which commended themselves most to his own judgment. Some have looked on the rapidly increasing powers of the once unconsidered masses, and have fondly hoped that they might be made not only an intelligent but a well-informed community. Such have devoted their attention to raising the standard of knowledge in the common day schools, and devising the best means of retaining the children in attendance upon them; while others, despairing that the claims of labour will ever in this country yield to those of education, have desired nothing more ambitious than the commonest elements of secular instruction, with full attention to

moral and religious training. Some have turned their attention to the establishment of night schools and Mechanics' Institutes, for continuing the course of instruction after labour has begun, while some, beginning at the other end, have promoted infant schools, as a preparation for the improved day school. Yet another set of philanthropists have set their hearts on the vagrant and destitute, who are likely to swell the ranks of crime, — 'the Arabs of the streets,' as they have been aptly termed; and have endeavoured to bring them under some measure of restraint and culture in ragged, industrial, or reformatory schools. Finally, a vast army of volunteers devote their personal energies on every Lord's Day to the religious instruction of the ignorant of all grades and ages, as they happen to fall within their reach. Some prosecute their labours apart and alone; but the greater number in connexion with some association for mutual counsel and assistance. Of these the greater part gladly avail themselves of any help which the State is willing to afford; while a few by no means contemptible sections prefer depending entirely on voluntary contributions. The objects have thus become more defined, and the methods more diversified, as the work has proceeded; but one general principle has pervaded every class of effort. All, or nearly all, have been of opinion that the rising generation ought to be instructed in Divine truth, and trained in religious and moral duty, so far as may be, in the schools which they attend. The favourite idea has been to render even the day schools nurseries for those Churches to which their promoters respectively belong, to instil the religious principles professed in these Churches, and to familiarize the children with the language of worship and instruction as usually employed by them. Hence most of the public schools are denominational, each teaching the truths and forms which are understood to belong to a particular religious body; while some construct a broader platform, and insist only on those doctrines and usages in which many Christian denominations agree.

If our rulers had with an impartial eye watched, and with an equal hand assisted, all the educational experiments which have been originated by individual or associational philanthropy during the present century, they might sooner or later have been in a position to construct a great general scheme, combining and consolidating all the best elements that had thus been brought into existence. But they concocted a scheme of their own, not apart from existing agencies, but in connexion with them; yet not bringing them together, but rather more sharply defining and permanently stereotyping their deficiencies. The plan was

not promulgated at once, or in such wise as to excite general attention; but one step was taken after another as occasion served, and quietly recorded in the shape of Privy Council Minutes, which were read by those whom it concerned to become acquainted with them. A very brief sketch may suffice to convey to the general reader some idea of these provisions, as they exist at present.

The objects in view are, to provide proper school buildings, to supply qualified teachers, to induce the attendance of children, to keep the secular teaching in an efficient state, and withal to leave local managers, of whatever denomination other than the Established Church, free to deal with the religious element as they see fit.

In pursuance of these objects, the Lords of the Privy Council say to all those educational associations that desire to train their own teachers, 'We will pay you for prosecuting this important work in your respective training colleges, so long as the education proceeds to our satisfaction. What we require in the training of teachers is, that they be made thoroughly proficient in those things which they are to teach; chiefly Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, English History, Geography, and the elements of science. Likewise, that each intended teacher should prosecute some one study, with a view to the further cultivation of his or her intellectual powers, irrespective of any view of teaching it to the future pupils; as Mathematics or Latin Grammar during the first year; Physical Science, Mechanics, more advanced Mathematics, English Literature, or Latin, during the second.'

To the promoters of schools the Lords of the Privy Council say, 'If you will erect such buildings as we approve, we will bear part of the expense of such erection. But you must vest the property securely, and settle the rules of management permanently, by executing deeds of which we will furnish the models.' The seven different forms of deed are framed to meet the views of the leading educational boards. There are four forms for Church of England schools, adapted to the various circumstances in which the population may be found. In populous districts of towns in which the intelligent and wealthy inhabitants are numerous, the deed ought to provide that a certain number of persons residing in the parish, or having property in it, shall be associated with the Clergyman to form a managing Committee, and that these shall be chosen every year by the subscribers. Where the well-educated and wealthy classes are less numerous, such election is to take place only in case of vacancies occasioned by death, resignation, or incapacity.

In thinly-peopled, poor, and ignorant districts, where it would be difficult to procure a succession of managers, the deed may provide for the committee filling up its own vacancies till the bishop directs the subscribers to hold an election. And in still more illiterate parishes, the deed may provide that the principal officiating clergyman shall be the sole manager, until the bishop directs the election of a committee by subscribers. In case of any disagreement arising between the clergyman and the laymen on religious matters, the point in dispute is to be decided by the bishop of the diocese; but if on any other subject, it is to be determined by a majority of arbitrators, consisting of a school-inspector nominated by the President of the Privy Council, a beneficed clergyman appointed by the bishop, and a lay justice of the peace, chosen jointly by the other two. The model deed for Roman Catholic schools places the management on a footing similar to that of the third-class parishes. That is, the priest is to be associated with six other Roman Catholics as a committee, who may fill up their own vacancies till their bishop directs that their election shall be by subscribers. In the Wesleyan schools, the committee is formed of the ministers stationed in the circuit for the time being, two trustees appointed annually, the steward or stewards of the Society, and not less than six other persons, of whom two-thirds are to be Wesleyans, elected by annual subscribers of at least 5s. each. In Jewish schools, in non-denominational ones, and in those connected with the British and Foreign School Society, the lay members of the committee are all to be elected annually by the subscribers. We remark in passing, that every denomination except the Established Church and the Roman Catholic is supposed capable of producing a succession of laymen competent to assist in the management of a school, and therefore must hold an annual election; which is expected in connexion with the Established Church only in those districts which rank highest in wealth and intelligence. Moreover, that in no denomination except the Established Church is it contemplated and provided for, that a quarrel may arise between the minister and the laymen of the committee. Does not one infer that the Lords of the Privy Council must have formed a strangely low estimate of the intelligence of Church laymen; and of the harmony in which they act with their ministers, as compared with Nonconformists?

For the continual maintenance of good teaching, the Lords of the Privy Council say, We will periodically examine teachers who present themselves to us, and will from time to time inspect the schools under their care; and if we are satisfied with respect to their personal attainments, and their capability

of conducting the schools committed to them, we will give them certificates which shall have a certain money value, entitling them to from £10 to £30 a year each from us, and at least an equal sum from the local managers.' They say further, 'Wherever these teachers are employed, we will bear the expense of apprentices or pupil teachers to assist their labours, in the proportion of one such apprentice to every forty scholars. Moreover, we will contribute to the general expense of managing such schools, at the rate of from 3*s.* to 6*s.* per annum for every child that attends 176 days in the year. Still further, we will provide these schools with books and other apparatus at considerably reduced prices, allowing teachers and managers to select for themselves from an extensive list.'

The fundamental principle of this plan is, that it lends its aid to the education of the lower classes through the medium of their voluntary benefactors, not inquiring whether they have need of help, but whether they erect the buildings and maintain the teaching up to the standard required by the Privy Council. Whether the principle is a sound one or not, it has elicited a vast amount of educational zeal. Above thirty training schools for teachers have been organized by various associations, and above 9,000 elementary ones for children. About 6,000 teachers hold government certificates, and above 15,000 pupil teachers are serving their apprenticeship. The scheme, which has cost near four-and-a-half millions of public money, has elicited twice as much from private purses. Parliament has never refused the sum necessary to meet the engagements of the Privy Council, though it now amounts to £800,000. Still it has not been voted without much misgiving and frequent debate. The rapid increase of the grant has occasioned alarm, and has excited the jealousy, not only of those who object to all State support of education, but also of a goodly number who have only feared that the money was not effecting all the good that it might do if otherwise administered. Some of those who through their official position are best acquainted with the system, have declared their opinion that it is not calculated to become a national one, because it excludes and, unless completely revolutionized, must for ever exclude all those populations that do not happen to have benefactors wealthy enough, generous enough, and zealous enough, to prosecute the undertaking; all those, likewise, whose benefactors do not choose to incur the difficulties, the delays, the perplexities, the trammels, inseparable from maintaining a connexion with the Privy Council. Lord John Russell, for instance, asserted in Parliament that 'it was not intended by those who in 1839 commenced the system, that



its plan should be such as to pervade the whole country.' And Mr. Lowe, that, 'the schools being established by voluntary efforts, the system could not be universal.' And again, that 'the exceedingly fluctuating nature of the body of the school supporters struck him as a serious drawback to the system; and he states it now to the Committee, not to prejudice them in their vote, but as an humble suggestion towards the means of forming a judgment, whether there were about the system the elements of perpetuity, or whether it was to be regarded as an experiment preparing for something more perfect.' Concerning all which we can only say, the Lords of the Privy Council ought to have looked well to this before they embarked; for they might have known it would be an exceedingly difficult and ungracious thing to withdraw these grants, seeing that so large an amount of pecuniary and other voluntary effort had been embarked with them. Especially they might have foreseen, that, having settled the management of above nine thousand schools by means of their trust deeds, it would be no easy matter to make any considerable alteration; and that, having delegated so much power to denominational boards, by allowing them to train teachers, and within certain limits to direct and control school operations, it would be impossible to withdraw this power from them again, even if it were desirable. A general feeling, however, gained ground that it was time to pause and consider; so that there was no great difficulty in obtaining the consent of Parliament to petition for a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the whole subject, the main questions being whether the present system of aid should be modified, extended, and rendered permanent, or whether it should be superseded by one based on entirely different principles, and whether any stronger measures should be taken to insure a due use of the means of education provided. The Commission appointed in compliance with this petition three years ago, consisted of the Duke of Newcastle, Sir J. T. Coleridge, the Rev. C. Lake, the Rev. W. Rogers, Goldwin Smith, Esq., W. Senior, Esq., and Edward Miall, Esq. The object set before them, in terms of their commission, was, 'to inquire into the present state of popular education in England, and to consider and report what measures, if any, are required for the extension of sound and cheap elementary instruction to all classes of the people.'

In the prosecution of the inquiry thus committed to them, the Commissioners examined the extensive collection of facts which had been already furnished by the inspectors of schools under the Privy Council. They likewise appointed ten Assistant Com-



missioners, to each of whom they assigned a district, into the educational condition of which he was to examine as minutely as possible. Two of these districts were chiefly agricultural, two manufacturing, two mining, two maritime, and two metropolitan; the whole ten comprising about an eighth part of the population of England and Wales. While the personal labours of these gentlemen were proceeding, circulars containing two series of questions were forwarded to various persons of both sexes throughout the country, understood to be interested in popular education; and finally, a number of witnesses were examined *videlicet* at the office of the Commission, chiefly with reference to the working of the present system of annual grants. Side by side with the general inquiry a statistical one was carried on by means of tabular circulars, issued partly through the assistant commissioners to schools of every kind, public and private; and partly through the leading educational boards, with reference to those in connexion with them. We are led to believe that the parties applied to in these various forms, generally responded cheerfully to all the inquiries; and that the Assistant Commissioners, for the most part, obtained admission to all the schools they desired to see, except those conducted by Roman Catholics, who uniformly declined giving any assistance.

The long-looked for Report of this Commission is now before the public; and we believe it may be safely asserted that it gives universal dissatisfaction. That 'it unsettles everything and settles nothing,' is perhaps the best account that can be given of it in so many words. The facts which it records form a repertory of valuable and interesting information, though somewhat ineffectively arranged. The conclusions are utterly inconsequent, and some of the most momentous of them scarcely even profess to be based upon the facts elicited.

The supply and demand are thus statistically reported. In the middle of the year 1858, when the returns were made, there were in England and Wales 24,563 public schools, containing 1,675,158 scholars; and 34,412 private ones, containing 860,304 scholars; there being on an average 68.2 in each public, and 24.82 in each private, school. In round numbers near 59,000 schools in all, including above two-and-a-half million scholars.

Allowing for those in superior establishments for the wealthier classes, there are about two-and-a-quarter millions on the books of popular elementary schools, public and private.

The public schools are thus classified:—

	Schools.	Scholars.
I. Supported by religious denominations	22,647	1,549,312
II. Not specially connected with religious denominations.....	357	43,098
III. Entirely, or almost entirely, supported by taxation .....	999	47,748
IV. Collegiate and superior .....	560	35,000

The first class,—public schools that can be called denominational as to religion,—are reported to stand in the following proportions:—

	Schools.	Scholars.
Church of England.....	19,549	1,187,086
British Schools .....	1,131	151,005
Roman Catholics.....	743	85,866
Wesleyan (Old Connexion).....	445	59,873
Congregational .....	388	33,163
Baptist.....	144	9,388
Unitarian.....	54	4,088
Calvinistic Methodist .....	44	2,929
Jews.....	20	3,204
Society of Friends .....	33	3,026
Presbyterian Church, in England .....	28	2,723
Primitive Methodists .....	26	1,342
Presbyterians, undefined.....	17	2,592
Methodists (New Connexion) .....	14	1,851
United Methodist (Free Church) .....	11	1,176
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>22,647</b>	<b>1,549,312</b>

The second class,—schools not considered denominational,—are:—

	Schools.	Scholars.
Ragged .....	192	20,909
Orphan and Philanthropic .....	40	3,762
Birkbeck .....	10	1,427
Factory .....	115	17,000
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>357</b>	<b>43,098</b>

The third class,—supported chiefly by taxation,—are:—

	Schools.	Scholars.
Workhouse .....	869	35,303
Reformatory .....	47	2,683
Naval.....	13	1,491
Military .....	70	8,271
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>999</b>	<b>47,748</b>

The fourth class, including the collegiate and superior or richer endowed seminaries, number 560, with about 35,000 pupils.

Public evening schools are thus denominationally proportioned:—

	Schools.	Scholars.
Church of England .....	1,547	54,157
Congregational .....	125	6,344
British Schools .....	108	4,250
Roman Catholic .....	96	8,413
Baptist .....	73	2,952
Unitarian .....	37	1,710
Wesleyan (Old Connexion) ...	21	1,150
Jews .....	6	305
Non-Sectarian .....	9	978
Ragged .....	14	707
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>2,036</b>	<b>80,966</b>

The denominational proportions of Sunday schools are thus stated:—

	Schools.	Scholars.
Church of England .....	22,236	1,092,822
Wesleyan (Old Connexion) .....	4,311	453,702
Congregational .....	1,935	267,226
Primitive Methodist .....	1,493	136,929
Baptist .....	1,420	159,502
Calvinistic Methodists .....	962	112,740
Methodist (New Connexion) ...	336	51,517
United Methodist Free Church	402	62,609
Roman Catholics .....	263	35,458
Unitarians .....	133	13,142
Non-Denominational .....	23	2,662
Jews (Sabbath) .....	2	88
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>33,516</b>	<b>2,388,397</b>

To which may be added 356 Ragged Sunday schools, with above 23,000 scholars.

The general evidence as well as the statistical goes to prove that almost all the children in England capable of going to school receive some instruction. 'Wherever the Assistant Commissioners went, they found schools of some sort, and failed to discover any considerable number of children who did not attend school for some time at some period of their lives.' One of them put the question again and again, 'Do you know any moderately respectable man, making twelve shillings a week and

upwards, who does not send his children to school?' In every case the answer was in the negative. Another says, 'There are very few, perhaps, who do not see the inside of something that may be called a school, especially since the establishment of ragged schools.' Another: 'There are few families without some kind of school within easy reach.' And yet another: 'My own inquiries, which were rather extensive, would lead me to believe, that amongst the respectable working men this absolute neglect (of their children's education) is almost unknown; and that so much of it as there may be, is confined almost exclusively to the lowest of the immigrant Irish, who prefer that their children should beg; to a few of the degraded class brutalized by profligacy and poverty; and to the more ignorant of the colliers and miners.' 'No doubt,' add the Commissioners, 'many of the schools are exceedingly bad, and the attendance is frequently so irregular as to be of very little value; but the result is nevertheless a valuable one, as it points out the direction which future efforts for the improvement of popular education ought to assume. There is no large district entirely destitute of schools, and requiring to be supplied with them on a large scale.' And again: 'Wherever a school is established which supplies the sort of education for which the poor are anxious, it is filled with pupils. All the Assistant Commissioners testify to this.' This, however, it is added, applies only to day-school education; the provision of evening schools being altogether inadequate to the wants of the population. So is that of infant schools. In the specimen district, thirty-one per cent. of the children attending public schools were found to be between three and seven years of age, yet only fourteen per cent. were taught in schools devoted to infant instruction.

Another very important general fact, perhaps somewhat unexpected, is, that there is no religious difficulty with the parents who send their children to popular schools,—none at least within the limits of evangelical Protestantism. The sectarian feeling lies wholly with the voluntary benefactors who organize them. The evidence on this point is overwhelming, and appears to be almost unanimous; the only exception being that of Mr. Jenkins, who reports that in Wales the parents, being generally Nonconformists, refuse to submit to the terms on which alone the gentry belonging to the Established Church are willing to subscribe for schools. Probably, this is the fact which is more definitely stated by Mr. Foster: 'The only grievance wearing a religious aspect seems to be the power which the managers of National Schools possess to compel Sunday attendance at school and church, as a con-

dition of week-day tuition.' Every one must see that this is a hardship; and that the honest working man who contributes his full share to the taxation which partly supports the parish school, ought to be able to send his children to that school, without foregoing the privilege, and, as he may think, sacrificing the duty, of taking them on the Lord's Day to attend the worship and instruction which he finds most edifying to himself. Yet the Commissioners judge that this evil may be left to disappear gradually under the influence of public opinion, and decline recommending any other mode of putting an end to it. It is to be feared that herein they are only making a virtue of necessity; because the title-deeds of a great many parochial schools, especially those that have received grants from the National Society, expressly convey this power. Everything goes to show that the denominational principle in education has fastened its roots deeply in the country. Yet it is clear that though denominationally provided, it is undenominationally received, when kept within its week-day sphere of influence. One of the assistants says, 'Parents will send their children to whichever they deem the best school, quite irrespective of religious peculiarities. The fact is universally admitted, and not least by those who deplore it as evincing only the ignorance and apathy of the community. It would be fairer to say it shows the disposition of the lower classes to be guided more by facts than theories; for, notwithstanding the pertinacious zeal of the promoters of schools about having them conformed to this or that religious standard, I believe it is a thing unheard of among Protestant communities for children to depart from the religious profession of their parents through influences received at a day school.'

The rapid increase of the demand for education is evinced by the fact, that whereas in 1803 the number of scholars was one in 17½ of the whole population, and in 1851 they were one in 8·36, they had risen to one in 7·7 when the returns were obtained by this Commission in 1858. 'Looking, therefore, at mere numbers,' says the Report, 'as indicating the state of popular education in England and Wales, the proportion of children receiving instruction to the whole population is in our opinion nearly as high as can reasonably be expected. In Prussia, where it is compulsory, it is one in 6·27; in England and Wales it is, as we have seen, one in 7·7; in Holland it is one in 8·11; in France it is one in 9·0.'

According to the best calculation that can be made, the bulk of the children have their names on the books of some school from six to ten years of age; while a considerable number go

before six, and many remain as late as twelve. Assuming six years as the average period of attendance, the names of 2,655,767, that is, one half of the children in the country between three and fifteen, ought to have been on the books at the time the estimates were collected. They were found to fall short of this by 120,305; not a great number, when we have subtracted those permanently incapacitated by bodily or mental infirmities, and those educated at home.

These figures, however, it appears, would of themselves lead to a very delusive estimate of the state of education. It must be taken into account that, if the schools which keep records of the ages and attendance of the pupils, are to be considered as fair samples of the whole, four-fifths of the children are under eleven years of age, and not half of those whose names are on the books attend as many as a hundred days in the year. It is difficult to believe that under these circumstances they could in any case receive a serviceable amount of instruction. It must be told, also, that even those whose attendance is more regular fail to obtain it on account of inefficient teaching. Of the two and a quarter millions of scholars, above a fourth part are in private adventure schools, which, say the Commissioners, 'our evidence uniformly shows are for the most part inferior as schools for the poor, and ill-calculated to give to the children an education which shall be serviceable to them in after life.' How is this reconcileable with the statement, (page 98,) that 'private schools appear to maintain their ground against the public ones, on account of the preference which exists for them in the minds of the parents;' and (page 175) that 'it is wonderful how people so destitute of education as labouring parents commonly are, can be such just judges, as they commonly are, of the effective qualities of a teacher? Good school buildings and the apparatus of education are found for years to be practically useless and deserted; when, if a master chance to be appointed who understands his work, a few weeks will suffice to make the fact known, and his school is soon filled.' It is thus accounted for. The parents think that the pupils are more respectable in private schools, that the teachers are more inclined to comply with their wishes, that the children are better cared for, and that they themselves, in choosing such schools for their children, stand in an independent position, and are not accepting a favour from their social superiors. 'These,' say the Commissioners, 'are natural grounds of preference, and it would be rash to say that they are always unfounded.' Let us glance at the picture given us of these schools. 'When other occupations fail even for a time, a private school can be opened



with no capital beyond the cost of a ticket in the window. Any room, however small and close, serves for the purpose; the children sit on the floor, and bring what books they please; whilst the closeness of the room renders fuel superfluous, and even keeps the children quiet by its narcotic effects. If the fees do not pay the rent, the school is dispersed, or taken by the next tenant.' Dr. Hodgson, whose district was on the south side of London, says, 'None are too old, too ignorant, too feeble, too sickly, too unqualified in any or every way, to regard themselves, and to be regarded by others, as fit for school-keeping. Nay, there are few if any occupations regarded as incompatible with school-keeping, if not as simultaneous at least as preparatory employments:—domestic servants out of place, discharged barmaids, venders of toys or lollipops, keepers of small eating-houses, of mangles, or of small lodging-houses, needlewomen, who take in plain or slop work, milliners, consumptive patients in an advanced stage, cripples almost bedridden, persons of at least doubtful temperance, outdoor paupers, men and women of seventy and even eighty years of age, persons who spell badly, (mostly women, I grieve to say), who can scarcely write, and who cannot cipher at all.'

Mr. Winder, who examined one of the manufacturing districts, asserts that hardly any one is brought up to be a teacher unless he is unfitted by bodily infirmity for other occupation. He called without design on five masters successively, all of whom were more or less deformed; one, who taught in a cellar, being horribly distorted by paralysis. All other private schoolmasters had been engaged in other callings. We cannot find any particular description of the general qualifications of teacher or the quality of teaching in the public schools that are not under inspection, though they were diligently visited by the assistants. The only idea given of their condition is, that they are for the most part very inferior to the government ones; and we are led to infer a general state of inefficiency.

If these things are so, it is a question of no small interest,—What is the Privy Council system doing to supply the education for which the people are desirous? The answer of the Report is, It is helping to educate about 920,000 children, and as yet leaves unaffected about a million and a half of those actually attending school. The Commissioners see no reason to hope that it will ever, under the present *régime*, overtake them. The reason alleged is, that the Privy Council require a certain character of school building, and a certain annual sum to be locally raised, and this in many localities cannot be accomplished. The fault is said to lie not with the parents, who are

abundantly willing to bear what is considered a fair share of the expense, but with their social superiors, especially the landowners, who hold back, and leave the burden of maintaining schools to a great extent on the shoulders of the parochial clergy. The government have said that an efficient education for the working classes must cost about twice as much as they can be supposed able to pay; the rest must be made up between the State and the voluntary contributors. The Privy Council refuse to make grants except in proportion to what is raised locally. They say that to do so would be offering a premium to niggardliness; while to give proportional assistance, to supply less expensive teaching than they have decided on, would be a departure from their fundamental principle of countenancing no inferior standard. Thus much for the condition of government supply as it regards quantity.

The public were fully aware, before the Commission sat, that there was this shortcoming in the present arrangement. But perhaps few were prepared for the announcement now made, that the system has failed to secure a really efficient education for more than about a fourth of those who give fair attendance to its schools. It is stated that notwithstanding the faultiness in their attendance, they do attend long enough to afford an opportunity of teaching them to read, write, and cipher; and yet (page 154) 'a large proportion of them in some districts do not even learn to read; at least their power of reading is so slight, and so little intelligent, as to be of little value to them in after life. They neither read well nor write well. They work sums; but they learn their arithmetic in such a way as to be of little practical use in common life. Their religious instruction is unintelligent, and to a great extent confined to exercises of merely verbal memory.'

The Commissioners say, (page 295,) 'We have seen overwhelming evidence from her Majesty's inspectors to the effect that not more than one-fourth of the children receive a good education. So great a failure in the teaching demanded the closest investigation; and as the result of it, we have been obliged to come to the conclusion that the instruction given is commonly both too ambitious and too superficial in its character; that (except in the very best schools) it has been too exclusively adapted to the elder scholars to the neglect of the younger ones, and that it often omits to secure a thorough grounding in the simplest but most essential parts of instruction. We have shown that the present system has never completely met this serious difficulty in elementary teaching; that inspection looks chiefly to the upper classes, and to the general con-

dition of the school, and cannot profess to examine carefully individual scholars; and that a main object of the schools is defeated in respect of every child who, having attended for a considerable time, leaves without the power of reading, writing, and ciphering, in an intelligent manner.' And again: 'The junior classes in the schools, comprehending the great majority of the children, do not learn, or learn imperfectly, the most necessary part of what they came to learn:—Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic.' It is not only asserted (page 341) that 'the inspection is too cursory to check this;' and that (page 231) 'regarded as an examination it is insufficient, and especially insufficient with respect to that part of the school which most requires vigilant and assiduous teaching;' but the Commissioners directly blame the system on which the teachers have been trained, and the stimulus afforded by inspection, as causing this neglect. So at page 245: 'They (the teachers) have hitherto been educated on the theory that they will have to instruct boys of a more advanced age than those who actually frequent the schools, and a greater stimulus than has hitherto been applied is obviously required to induce them to teach the lower classes and the humbler subjects of instruction.' And at page 260, 'It appears to be clear that the whole scheme of education in the schools was settled, that the school-books were prepared, and, above all, that the teachers were trained upon suppositions as to the age of the pupils, and the opportunities which would be afforded for instructing them, which the facts have not sustained.' And at page 341, 'We need only repeat our belief, that the present defects of teaching and inspection aggravate one another; and that, till something like a real examination is introduced into our day schools, good elementary teaching will never be given to half the children who attend them.' 'They (the teachers) are almost the creation of the Committee of Council;' (page 166;) 'and it exercises over them so powerful an influence, that it is responsible not only for their errors, but, so far as they are remediable, for their deficiencies.' 'They are cramped' (page 232) 'by the government system. Few masters or mistresses venture to adopt any system of their own, however much required, for fear of the inspectors.' 'At present' (page 230) 'every inspector is independent, and practically almost uncontrolled, even by the central office. This state of things has grown up gradually and accidentally; it is in itself undesirable, and will become still more so, when a greater number of schools are brought under inspection.' On the whole the Commissioners conclude (page 295) 'that the system has not effected, and we have reason to believe that it is not adapted to effect, a

general diffusion of sound elementary education amongst all classes of the poor.' And yet again: (page 319:) 'If it be urged that things be left exactly as they are, and that the present system, in spite of all disadvantages, will work its way through the country, then we should contend, first, that its progress would be exceedingly slow; and, secondly, that while highly successful, if regarded as provisional, and as a stimulus to education, it would be unwise and unjust, if established permanently as a national system.'

One would deem all this very conclusive against the continuance of the system, and would anticipate a recommendation that it should be utterly abolished and superseded. By no means. The Commissioners tell us, on the other hand, that it would be far from the truth (page 264) 'to infer from the preceding evidence, that the inspected schools must be considered as having failed. That they have not yet succeeded in educating, to any considerable extent, the bulk of the children who have passed through them, is true; but they give an excellent education to an important minority.' And again, (page 266,) 'The moral effect produced by the schools is more important than the instruction given in them, although not so appreciable.' 'Among the labouring classes, the teacher is almost the only educated man with whom they (the children) daily come in contact. The school, when compared to the home, is a model of neatness and order. We might assume, therefore, even if we did not know it to be so, that the religious, and therefore the moral, influence of the public schools over the children must be very great; and we have also much evidence in support of that opinion.' 'Even as to mere literary instruction,' (page 274,) 'it would be a mistake to suppose that the existing system has failed, because it has hitherto educated successfully only one fourth of the pupils. The effort has been directed towards establishing a good type of education; towards the quality of the teaching more than to the number taught. In this point it has succeeded. In good schools, the senior classes have turned out scholars really well taught; the pupil-teachers have been brought up in them; and even where the definite results in the junior classes might appear small in an examination, they have probably affected the whole school morally and intellectually.' Sadly lame advocacy this. We had supposed the intention of the Privy Council was to supply a good type of schools; and that no school could be called a good one, if it afforded efficient teaching only to one fourth of the pupils. Nor could we even deem that to be a good type of education given to 'an important minority,' if, as this Report represents, it

is a system of *cram*, storing the memory with facts, without any corresponding improvement of the general intelligence.

On the ground of this 'failure in teaching,' as they call it, the Commissioners freely acquit the parents of blame in not keeping their children longer at school. They quote a gentleman who says that it is a proof of the common sense of the parents that they remove them; and in another place they say, (page 178,) that if a child ten years old, who has attended school with moderate regularity for four or five years can hardly read and write, and cannot cipher to any useful purpose, it would be very hard to require the parents to forego the wages he could earn for the sake of keeping him longer in attendance. 'If he is ignorant of these things after four years' schooling, his parents may well be excused for supposing that the experiment has lasted long enough.' Of course, under these circumstances, the Commissioners are not disposed to recommend any more stringent enactments for keeping children longer at school; because it is obvious, that if the State requires this, it must provide schools, and good ones too.

We feel sure that the above imputations are far too sweeping. We simply disbelieve the assertion, that, as a general fact, the junior classes are not brought on fairly according to their capacity and the diligence of their attendance; and we likewise doubt the cause alleged, namely, that the inspectors do not make any account of the attainments of these junior classes. The former assertion bears some contradiction on the face of it; for if the highest class is really well educated, how or where did the scholars who fill it receive their preparation, if not either in the classes beneath, or in some of those schools which we are led to consider as very inferior to the government ones? It is to be made account of, too,—and the Report directs attention to the fact in connexion with the unintelligent reading,—that in illiterate families 'the language of books is an unknown tongue,' utterly unlike their vernacular dialect, both in its vocabulary and construction. The poor children have therefore to acquire not only the mechanical art of making words out of letters, but the knowledge of a new language, before they can read in a way to evince their appreciation of what is before them. The Commissioners appear to forget this, when they point to the early reading of children belonging to the higher ranks of society, though taught often by persons of low attainments and no training. They forget, too, how individual the teaching is in such families,—generally one teacher at least to one scholar,—and they rashly conclude that the more rapid acquisition of reading is due to the motive supplied by public opinion stimulating to diligence.



on the part of the teacher; whence they sagely infer that the Privy Council teachers only need a motive to induce them to make good readers of those committed to their care. They seem to suppose, that if children were taught to read correctly, and with proper regard to pause, emphasis, and modulation, they would understand what they read as a consequence; whereas the cause and effect lie the reverse way. If the children understood the matter of the book before them, and the language embodying it, they would learn to read correctly and effectively in an incredibly short time. But no amount of painstaking with the mechanical art will either convey the intelligence, or effectually conceal the want of it.

The truth, too much overlooked, is, that good, that is, intelligent reading, including a fair comprehension of what is read, can advance only in proportion to the general cultivation of a child's mind; and instead of its being a low test, it is one of the highest that can be proposed, just to take any of the usual reading-books of a school, and endeavour to elicit from those who have read a passage of it such answers upon the matter therein contained as to prove that their understandings have fully gone along with their reading. This must generally be a very rare accomplishment among ten-year old children of illiterate parents; and can scarcely be attained by any reasonable amount of schooling, where they are greatly secluded from intercourse with persons of higher education. Three or four years of going to school one week, and staying at home another, is quite inadequate in this rank of life to secure what the commissioners seem to think so simple, and justly deem so desirable, viz., 'a mastery over the elements of education.'

It is simply idle to attempt settling the question whether an advanced course of study unfits the teachers for giving instruction in the elementary branches; and it is unjust to charge the system of training with having rendered them impatient of the drudgery necessarily connected with the mechanical parts of their work; for the fact is, that if the master of a school including ninety or a hundred children, as the inspected schools generally do, were to devote himself to this part of the work alone, he could not teach more than perhaps a fourth of them much better than they are generally taught at present. The mechanical business of putting letters together to make words, of writing a copy after an example set, and working simple accounts of figures put down, may be taught to a child by another child very little older than himself, though perhaps not so effectively as by a grown person. The thing wanted is, that the tuition be individual enough and carefully watched, that monitor and pupil be kept attentive. Superintendence here is



the master's business, not a personal devotion of his own energies to that which is merely mechanical. But to elicit and improve the intelligence even of the youngest is his proper work, and not beneath the powers of the most cultivated mind; for in truth it is far more difficult than to instruct the elder scholars in what are called the higher branches. The trained teachers ought to be peculiarly qualified for these duties, if it is true, and doubtless it is, that as a class they are characterized by peculiar quickness of eye and ear, quiet energy, facility of command, and patient self-control. But, considering that not only the salary, but the character and prospects, of the teachers depend wholly on the inspectors, from whose individual judgment there is no appeal, and who demand to find the highest class of each school well advanced in grammar, geography, and history, it is little wonder if they feel obliged to devote undue attention to these branches.

*A propos* of inspection, it seems to us that the Irish plan is far superior to the English. The inspectors there are of two classes. The ordinary ones, who have about £250 a-year, with the obligation to keep a horse, are expected to make three full examinations annually of every school in their respective districts, besides looking in occasionally as may be convenient for a shorter time. Their visits are always unexpected, and they are not permitted to interfere, but only to report: interference is reserved to the head-inspectors, of whom there are six for the whole country, with appeal to the Central Board. As no cognizance is taken of the religious instruction, all the inspectors are laymen,—some Protestant, some Roman Catholic; and though the religious persuasion of each has something to do with determining the district in which he is placed according to its prevailing creed, yet each inspector has charge of all the schools within his bounds, of whatever denomination. But, to return.

We must advert to another very serious fault attributed to the Government Schools,—that connected with the religious instruction. The error seems to be twofold: the children are crammed with mere facts, names, and numbers, instead of being instructed in the saving truths of Scripture; and they are caused to repeat by rote forms of words which they by no means understand. We are told, that nothing is more common than a knowledge of the weight of Goliath's spear, the length of Noah's ark, the dimensions of Solomon's temple, what God said to David, or what Samuel did to Agag, by children who can neither explain the atonement, the sacraments, or the parables with moderate intelligence. This is imputed, we believe not unjustly, to the character of the inspectors' examinations. We have heard—from a lady who was present—of one who entered

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a school where the families of the clergyman and the squire, with others of the neighbouring gentry, were assembled in rapt expectation, and who, without any preliminary, even that of lifting his hat to the ladies, pointed his roll of paper, and demanded, 'What did Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, find in the bottom of a pit in the time of snow?' The same inspector, on another occasion, asked a timid little girl, 'Who was Job's mother?' We have put these questions to many a theologian since, and have seldom obtained a ready answer.

Of the absence of intelligence in connexion with sacred recitations, a striking example is quoted from Mr. Brookfield's Report. He required two girls, eleven years of age, and of average intelligence, to write out, from memory, the answers to the questions concerning their duty to God and their neighbour. Whereupon he obtained the following,—though we almost shrink from giving the quotation:—

'My duty toads God is to bleed in him, to fering and to loaf withold your arts, withold my mine, withold my sold, and with my sernth, to whirchp and to give thinks, to put my old trast in him, to call upon him, to onner his old name and his world, and to save him truly all the days of my life's end.'

'My dooty tods my nabers, to love him as thyself, and to do to all men as I wed thou shall do and to me, to love, onner, and suke my farther and mother, to onner and to bay the Queen, and all that are pet in a forty under her, to smit myself to all my gooness, teaches, sportial pastures and marsters, to oughten myself lordly and every to all my betters, to but no body by would nor deed, to be trow in jest in all my deelines, to beer, no malis nor ated in your arts, to kep my ands from pecken and steel, my turn from evil speaking, lawing and slanders, not to civet nor desar othermans good, but to lern labor trewly to git my own leaving, and to do my dooty in that state if life and to each it is please God to call men.'

Such parrot-work as this might seem to be is common enough in all schools which insist on the children learning to repeat these forms of sound words, before they are capable of understanding them. They are not committed from a book, but caught by ear, in the way of simultaneous recitation, and the children probably very seldom see a Church Catechism. The same is practised with hymns and prayers. Archbishop Whately long ago recommended his clergy, that children should never be taught the words of the Catechism, till they had been fully instructed conversationally, and from the Scriptures, in the matters therein contained; the Catechism being afterwards used as an embodiment of the ideas already acquired. We should like to see this attempted; with respect to everything our scholars were obliged

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either to read or commit. It might safely be predicted, that there would be a considerable abridgment of quantity in favour of quality.

It would have been desirable that the Commissioners should have more distinctly stated what kinds of schools they were, and amidst what kind of populations, in which the Privy Council plans of tuition appeared to such disadvantage; for sure we are, that all are not chargeable with the faults alleged. As there are many districts where, on account of poverty or apathy, the system cannot enter at all, there are many others where it has found place; but where, through the ignorance and brutality of a long-neglected population, it must operate but slowly, and cannot be expected to exhibit its fruits in perfection during the present generation of children.

Perhaps the system has nowhere developed more pleasingly or successfully than in connexion with schools congregationally organized; and, as this is an important as well as comparatively recent feature, we could have wished the Report had devoted to it more than the seven lines on the seventy-eighth page. A Wesleyan, Independent, or other Christian congregation build and maintain the school as they have done the chapel; he that has much gives plentifully; he that has little does his diligence gladly to give of that little; and it is cheerfully left to Him who settled the value of the widow's farthing, to say who has given most. The management is vested in the minister, with certain of the most educated members of the congregation; a certificated master is engaged, and seldom interfered with. The poorer members of the congregation obtain admission for their children at whatever they can afford to give; the well doing of the working class pay fourpence and upwards a week; while a fair proportion of those in much better circumstances not only pay the fees, but subscribe according to their means, and avail themselves of the education afforded. The presence of a superior class of children not only helps the funds, but exercises a most beneficial influence on the general intelligence; and especially improves the lower children in the matter of language, which is acquired much more by intercourse than by the teaching of books. Many who do not belong to the congregation, place their children under its shadow. They do not, in any case, it appears, become religious proselytes; but, doubtless, they will grow up with a kindly feeling towards the companions of their childhood, though differing from them in religious denomination. It is, as Mr. Lingen expresses it, a sort of proprietary school. The subscriptions are a matter understood among themselves as Christian brethren; not a dole of alms from one

to another, but general contributions to support a good cause. No one feels pauperized by partaking the benefits of such a school, because it is partly supported by government grants. Nor need they. Classical and scientific education is provided in this country for the nobility and gentry out of public funds, whether parliamentary grants, or permanent endowments; and it is felt to be but justice and good policy to support elementary education for the masses on similar principles.

When the Commissioners come to settle finally whether the present system should hold its ground, they manifest a weakness of handling of which we are ashamed. They set out with assuring us, that 'the arguments in its favour have considerable weight;' in which we cordially agree, but not exactly according to their showing. The first reason they adduce is, that 'the present system is in possession of the ground, and the question can no longer be considered as altogether open.' They plead that 'the managers of schools would be very harshly treated, if the assistance at present given to them were transferred to schools founded on a different principle, without any proof that they had failed to render the services for which the grants were paid, or if they were refused further contributions, except upon the terms of altering the constitution, which they were so lately compelled by public authority to accept, and upon the faith of which such contributions were made.' Though this is a preclusion of debate, rather than an argument, every one must feel that it is just; and therefore it is that we deem it somewhat disingenuous in the Privy Council authorities, and with them the Commissioners, to say that the system never was intended to be permanent. With what good faith have people been encouraged to spend millions of money on the erection of school buildings after a particular model, and to vest the property by certain deeds for the maintenance of education on certain principles? Was it contemplated that, within a few short years, they should be rendered valueless for their original purposes, and that they might be either left idle, or purchased by government for a trifle to try some new experiment? We believe it not. We feel persuaded that when the title-deeds were settled, and in fact up to a very recent period, the Privy Council authorities did expect they should be able to fulfil the engagements of their Minutes, at least to every survivor of those who contributed to establish schools on the faith of them.

The next argument adduced in favour of the system is the number of schools and colleges it has raised, the advantages of inspection and apprenticeship it has introduced, and the personal exertions of a charitable kind which it has elicited; above all,

that it has secured to education a religious character in accordance with the denominational feeling, which, in this country, is so closely connected with religious doctrine and worship. All these we feel are points for our approval and gratitude, so far as things have gone; but as mere statements of good effected, they have no apparent bearing upon the main question at issue,

—Whether popular education is in future to be maintained, in whole or in part, out of the general taxation; and whether the support afforded is to be centrally administered, on the principle of granting to those only who exhibit local exertion up to a given standard. If the Commissioners had demonstrated these desirable matters in popular education to be inseparable from the principles of administration with which they have hitherto been associated, —we say not the mode, but the principles,—so much ground would have been gained to plant our feet on, and any details of method might have been easily settled. Mr. Lowe has distinctly announced this to be the great question, concerning which he does not say his own mind is satisfied,—Whether the principle upon which the whole system is founded, that of giving government assistance only through voluntary benefactors, and on condition of their keeping up their schools to a certain standard, is to be sanctioned and supported as the permanent principle of national education in England? If the answer is affirmative, there may follow several questions of great, but not fundamental, importance; as, whether the scale of payments can safely be lowered; whether the mode of distribution can be organized so as to be more manageable to those who have the charge of it; and, whether the standard of education can be so altered as to give the whole work of education an impulse towards the cultivation of intelligence in connexion with the elementary branches, rather than an accumulation of substantive knowledge of more showy character. If, on the other hand, the answer as to the main principle be unfavourable, let it be frankly announced, and something better sought for.

The Commissioners do not thus fairly grapple with the subject before them. They too plainly reveal their want of confidence in the fundamental principle; but they mix up what is incidental and accessory with what is essential and fundamental, calling all and every part of it 'the system:' whereupon, having set forth some of its excellences, they proceed to announce that they approve of maintaining it, but they have found the following four to be defects which they consider formidable, even if taken singly, and much more so when united.

1. Its expense; and the tendency of that expense to increase.
2. The difficulty of admitting poorer schools to its benefits.



3. The defective teaching which characterizes it; and, 4. The complication of business which it devolves on the central office.

With respect to the first of these, it has never been tried whether Parliament would object to the expense, if assured that it was effecting the objects for which it was designed. With reference to the second, we think, if the Commissioners really intended—as they profess—that the present system should continue unimpaired, they might have devised some temporary expedient for benefiting the poorer schools, till it should be seen whether the present system would or would not work its way to embrace them. As for the third, we cannot suppose they could have been at a loss to suggest a corrective; the appointment, for instance, of a set of humbler and more plodding examiners under the class already in office, if their own time was reckoned too valuable for a minute and personal scrutiny into the state of the junior classes. If, on the other hand, the Commissioners had frankly said that they perceived children could not be kept at school longer than enough to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic fairly, and therefore they desired to see the present system superseded by one less ambitious and less expensive, we should at least have deemed them consistent with themselves; but, while professing to desire that the Privy Council system, and its standard of teaching, should be maintained, they propose for these three evils a remedy, which it requires no great penetration to see is but an insidious method of confusing, undermining, and finally subverting it. Their suggestion is, to organize a complete system for the promotion of mere elementary instruction, as a counterbalance to the ambitious standard of the Privy Council; and to introduce this new power, not merely into other and rival schools, but into those which are now under government superintendence, as though the teachers had not enough of masters already. Moreover, this rival system is to be supported by a local and compulsory rate, though worked out by voluntary agency.

It is proposed that in each county there shall be a board of education, composed of, at most, six gentlemen, being in the commission of the peace, or being chairmen or vice-chairmen of boards of guardians; these six to be elected by the court of quarter-sessions, and themselves to choose, at most, six other persons. Ministers of religion not to form more than one third of the whole board. The election to be for two years; and one third to retire at the end of each year, but to be eligible for re-election. The grants for the promotion of the objects in view to be paid out of the county rates. In corporate towns of at least forty thousand inhabitants, the town-council may appoint



a borough board of at most six persons, including not more than two ministers; and the grants to be paid out of the borough rate, or other municipal funds. Any school may be taken under the county or borough-board system of aid, if it is registered at the Privy Council office, having been reported by an inspector as 'healthy, properly drained and ventilated, and supplied with offices.' Also, its principal school-room must contain at least eight square feet of superficial area for each child in average attendance. The local education boards are to appoint examiners from among the certificated masters of at least seven years' standing; and within twelve months after any school makes application, an examiner is to attend, and examine in reading, writing, and arithmetic, every child presented to him for that purpose, provided he or she has attended the school 140 days of the previous twelve months; a Privy Council inspector having a right to be present. The examination of girls to include needlework. The examiner is to make proper entries in the appointed schedule, and leave one copy at the school, while he forwards another to the county treasury. For every child who passes this examination, the school is to receive from 21s. to 22s. 6d.; and for the average attendance of every child under seven years of age 20s. without examination; only the two grants, or, as we suppose it means, all grants from public funds, are not to exceed what is raised by school fees and subscriptions, or 15s. per child on the average attendance.

At the same time it is recommended that all salaries now paid to teachers and pupil teachers by the Privy Council shall cease, and that the managers of schools employing certificated teachers shall receive from that quarter only a capitation grant, amounting at the utmost to 8s. 6d. per child; the managers of schools being left to appropriate these sums as they think proper, in the way of salaries, and teachers, and apprentices, and the payments from the Privy Council being made through the local boards.

The principle on which these rates are fixed is, that public money should supply ten shillings towards the expense of educating each child. As many schools will not be able to deserve this sum, fifteen shillings is fixed as the *maximum*, with the view that ten shillings may be the average; and the commissioners conclude, though it does not appear on what grounds, that half of this may fall to be paid out of the Consolidated Fund, in the shape of Privy Council grants, and the other half out of the county rates. It is supposed that the whole would not for many years exceed £750,000; that is, ten shillings each for 1,500,000 children. The present amount of the Parliamentary grant is about £800,000 to educate about 1,000,000 scholars;

but when they rise to 1,500,000, the expense will be only £750,000, to be shared between the central and the local funds. The local board and rating part of the scheme appears to be universally disapproved. Let us view it first under its religious aspect. It is understood, though not distinctly expressed, that private teachers may avail themselves of the provision; and this at once removes every guarantee for the maintenance of the religious element in education supported by public money. Even if the Privy Council rule, about 'reading the Bible audibly every day,' is to hold good,—which, however, there is no reason to think is intended, forasmuch as the local grant is proclaimed to be free from all conditions except the suitability of the premises,—yet its obligation may be discharged by reading a single verse aloud, even with the view of scoffing at it. It is to be feared that little good influence of a moral or religious kind would proceed from a certain pretty large class of schoolmasters; those clever, educated men, who have lost some previous position through misconduct. Probably these would be by far the most successful in earning the local grants. They would, as Sir James K. Shuttleworth has shown, eschew the drudgery of teaching beginners, and would entice the well-advanced pupils from the parochial and other schools by means which the managers of these schools would disdain to employ; and it is to be feared that parents would be only too willing to transfer their children to masters thus devoting themselves to the work of putting a rapid finish on their elementary education. In an intellectual point of view, the aspect is not more promising. If it is intended that examiners are to be content with mere mechanical reading, writing a fair copy, and working accounts that have been set down, there will be less cultivation of the intelligence than ever, and probably, at least, as little useful power of reading as at present. But if, as seems indicated by 'a mastery over' these elements, it is intended that there must be such reading as to indicate an intelligent comprehension of what is read, writing from dictation, and an application of arithmetical rules to questions proposed, we venture to affirm that throughout a large part of England and Wales it would not be worth any one's while to undertake it for the money. Perhaps in none of those districts which are now, through their poverty, seclusion, and illiteracy, excluded from Privy Council aid, would it be possible to attain this standard in less than from four to six years; and this would not pay, even if the children were likely to remain so long at school. But the great improbability that the school which sowed during the first three years, would be allowed to reap in the fourth, fifth, or

sixth, would render it a still less inviting speculation. The statistics show that throughout England and Wales, not thirty-six per cent. of the pupils attend the same school for two years; so that in any case no person could deem it a prudent adventure to begin teaching a child seven years of age its alphabet or monosyllables. The reward would be too distant and too precarious.

The aspect of this scheme with respect to teachers is very serious. It is alleged that the Privy Council Office can no longer cope with the minute and complicated business arising out of paying the teachers and pupil-teachers individually, according to the respective merits of each as ascertained, by the inspectors; and to simplify the business at head-quarters, the government allowance to each school is to be in the form of a capitation grant paid to the managers to make their own bargains, so that a teacher's certificate will not in future bear a money value. It seems to be deemed no breach of faith to discontinue the government protection and pay to the thousands of teachers who have been induced to devote themselves to the profession on the faith of the Privy Council Minute of 1846, and to leave them to make what bargains they can for their services. Though in one part of the Report we are informed that the unconquerable detail and perplexity of the Privy Council business has arisen from examining individually and deciding upon the several claims of teachers and pupil-teachers, and that each payment is made by a separate post office order in favour of the person interested; yet these persons are now told that the Privy Council has always 'carefully avoided any direct recognition of them;' that they are 'in no sense public servants;' and that the advantages and disadvantages of their occupation must be, like others paid by the public, dependent on the market value of their services. That is, in other words: Hitherto the government has fixed the pecuniary value of your services, and undertaken to pay the half, on condition of the school managers finding the other half; but for the future the public shall be left to judge for itself, and to pay accordingly. It required no great amount of prescience to anticipate that if the teacher's income was to be no longer dependent on the inspector's report, the influence of inspection on his exertions would be all but nugatory. It is therefore suggested, that the grant to each school may be raised or lowered within the prescribed limits, according to the inspector's opinion of its merits. Did not the commissioners perceive that any reduction in case of disapproval would go to punish not the teachers, or assistants, or apprentices, but the managers, who must fulfil their bargains,

whether the authorities supply them with the means or not? One sees clearly that the whole system of inspection falls to the ground as a useless thing, when the salaries from the public purse are discontinued.

We should like, in passing, to suggest a question in connexion with this point. In by far the greater number of government schools, the management is vested in a single individual,—the incumbent of the parish. Has Parliament such perfect confidence in the wisdom and integrity of every clergyman throughout the realm, that it will consent to hand over to them, individually the entire control of the funds for their schools?

Already the national schoolmasters in some parts of the country have been holding meetings, discussing the impending dangers, and threatening to set up for themselves, and become their own masters, if such measures be adopted. We trust, however, that our rulers will feel it would be a breach of faith to carry them out with respect to those already in the service: and it will only remain to consider what is likely to be the influence on the future supply of competent instructors.

It is easy to show that, according to the new scheme, it will be impossible to maintain certificated teachers, and much less pupil teachers, on terms to command their services at anything like the present prices. The Privy Council grants are to be at the rate of 6*s.* per head at most where a certificated teacher is employed, but only 5*s.* if the number is above sixty. If pupil teachers are engaged, they must be in the proportion of one to every thirty scholars; and if assistant teachers, one to every sixty. In either case, the allowance to be 2*s.* 6*d.* a-head on the average attendance. This gives £3. 15*s.* a-year for the maintenance and instruction of each pupil teacher, and £7. 10*s.* for the services of an assistant teacher; whereas hitherto the salaries of pupil teachers have been from £10 to £20, besides from £3 to £5 a-year to the principal teacher for instructing them. It is too obvious that it will be impossible to remunerate them on the new conditions, and that this, one of the distinguishing features of the present system, which the Commissioners profess highly to approve, and the discontinuance of which they say would be fatal, will shortly disappear, starved out at their instance. It may be, of course, answered, that the Privy Council schools are not to depend wholly on its grants, but on the local ones also, and at least in equal proportion. We fear, however, that this will prove a very precarious supply to schools of that character. To say nothing of the jealousies which may arise between two avowedly rival systems of encouragement, and which may render it inexpedient, if not impossible, for the same

school to serve the two masters, it remains to be seen, if the expedient is tried, whether private adventurers will not find ingenious methods of securing the children under seven, who need not be taught at all, and decoying away those elder ones who can be prepared for examination within a year. It is to be feared that regularly-conducted, straightforward-dealing public schools will obtain little from the local boards, if surrounded by rivals who devote themselves entirely to preparing pupils for the county examiner. It promises to be an excellent speculation for hundreds of depressed governesses throughout the country to set up school in a thriving town, gather the young children of busy female shopkeepers and others, take them off their parents' hands for the whole day, keep them amused in good order, and, if possible, instructed, but not so as to weary or disgust them. The parents will gladly give fourpence a week and dinner or dinner-money, if satisfied their children are safe and happy. Such a school, with fifty children, will realize £75 a-year. As soon as they are seven years of age, which will be deferred as long as possible, they may go into other schools, to encounter the drudgery of learning to read, write, and cipher; and when they have nearly mastered these, some finishing teacher will take them for a year to press on with all diligence for examination. If it is true, as this Report says, that while the voluntary benefactors of the working classes are anxious chiefly about their moral and religious training, and the Privy Council authorities about their attainments in substantive knowledge, the people themselves value reading, writing, arithmetic, and these alone, then it may be anticipated that parents will give abundant encouragement to those teachers who lay themselves out expressly for earning the local grants, to the great injury of all existing institutions.

Though we have used a future instead of conditional form of expression in the above remarks, we by no means desire to intimate that we believe the leading suggestions of the Commissioners will be acted on. Much more likely is it that when debate has done its best for and against the local rating and all its accessories, and nothing can be agreed on, the Committee of Privy Council will devise means of correcting the errors which have been indicated, and of overcoming the difficulties which have impeded their progress and embarrassed their operations hitherto; whereupon the representatives of the people will be content to let them work on for some time longer on the old principles.

It only remains to advert to one other recommendation of the Report,—that which refers to the abolition of useless and per-



nicious charities, with the view of appropriating their funds to popular education. There are a great many small endowments connected with elementary schools, the effect of which, especially in secluded districts, is, that the masters are seldom chosen on the ground of merit, and being after their election independent and irremovable, they are in too many cases a disgrace to their office, and a hindrance to the general cause. There are, moreover, a great many well-endowed grammar schools, so called, which are serving very little good purpose, from there being but a limited demand for the kind of instruction they afford. Another class of schools in which the benefits seem incommensurate with the funds are those in which the pupils are supplied with a grotesque and expensive costume, also in some cases with maintenance, or a small sum each in lieu of maintenance, and other sums for apprentice fees. Above all, there is Christ's Hospital, the wealthiest and most celebrated of all the free boarding schools in the country, which it is proposed to render more useful to the class of boys for whom it was intended. With reference to all these, it is recommended that 'the legal powers now possessed by the Charity Commissioners, in relation to endowed schools and other educational charities, be transferred to the Privy Council, and that it be charged with the duty of annually inspecting and reporting upon them.'

Besides the endowments connected with schools, there are numerous permanent charities amounting to a large sum in the aggregate, distributed in the form of money, bread, clothes, blankets, or other articles, to the poor of certain parishes or districts, the recipients being selected entirely at the discretion of the trustees. The effects of these distributions, it appears, is, for the most part, both to demoralize and pauperize the people; and the opinion of the Charity Commissioners has been expressed concerning them, that 'it would be of great advantage if there were some competent authority to direct the application of charities of this description to the purposes of education, or to some other substantial benefit of the poor.' With this view, and for the more convenient administration of estates which are partly for educational and partly for other benevolent purposes, it is recommended that 'all the charities now within the jurisdiction of the Charity Commission should be brought under the jurisdiction of the Privy Council; and that the Privy Council should be empowered to proceed to the better application of charitable funds and their conversion, where it may be right and expedient, to the purposes of education.' The Commissioners desire to see it laid down and distinctly expressed as a principle of administration in this country, that 'the power to create per-



manent institutions is granted, and can be granted, only on the condition implied, if not declared, that they be subject to such modification as every succeeding generation of men shall find requisite. There has been more or less action on this principle ever since the Reformation, but no sufficiently distinct announcement of it on legislative authority.

This appears to us decidedly the best part of the Report. The facts are effectively stated, the principles are clearly enunciated, the conclusions and suggestions are well connected with both, and the whole hangs together consistently.

Of course, if the Education Committee of Council get rid of the complicated business arising from the minute oversight they now take of the operations they have set on foot, and the detailed distribution of the funds intrusted to them by Parliament, they will find leisure for looking after these desirable funds, and so lessening their demands on the general taxation. But the question will perhaps arise, whether Parliament will approve of vesting permanent funds for national education, unless a system having promise of permanence be resolved on. The new scheme of county rates to offer a boon to rudimentary teaching indicates a mistrust of the plans hitherto pursued; it cannot pretend to be itself anything but an experiment to be carried on side by side with the existing system, and loosen its hold on the country, with the view of one or both giving way after a time to something more homogeneous. It would be madness if the nation were with one hand to consign permanent funds to the Privy Council for the support of their system, while with the other it sets on foot a system of local rating and superintendence, the obvious effect of which must be to subvert and destroy it.

We do not despair. Some master mind surely will be able to gather up the precious facts of their Report, and place them before the public in such wise that, instead of presenting the confused sort of illumination they do at present, they will become beacon lights to guide our rulers in the way in which they should go. Meanwhile we hope and believe the Christian public will lift their voices on every hand in favour of keeping religious in close combination with secular education; and that they will earnestly deprecate any measure that would abridge the facilities now afforded to every Christian community for instructing its children in all that is calculated to fit them for serving their generation according to the will of God.

attire; and, though some of them now-a-days affect to draw a line between the two Testaments, and would have us suppose they are independent of each other, we must be excused if our faith in their logical accuracy and consistency is too strong to allow us to believe that they mean what they say. There is no greater service at present open to Christian scholarship and mind than that of assisting to put the criticism of the Old Testament upon a right foundation, and of meeting point to point on its own ground and with its own weapons the self-satisfied and impudently scepticism which challenges at once its inspiration and its facts. It was surely a conviction of this sort which gave birth to the *Essays and Reviews*; and which has led Mr. Macdonald to produce a critical defence of the Old Testament generally, and of what is far more truly its *Heart* than its *Letter*—the Books of Moses in particular, so nearly answering to the immediate requirements of the Church and the Faith.

## BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

**Introduction to the Pentateuch: an Inquiry, Critical and Doctrinal, into the Genuineness, Authority, and Design of the Mosaic Writings.** By the Rev. Donald Macdonald, M.A. Two Vols. 8vo.

THE Old Testament promises to be the field on which the modern Rationalism will fight its last battle with the ancient faith in the Bible and the Holy Ghost. It was here it first entered the lists with it; and we are greatly mistaken if it is not destined to die an inglorious death on the very ground on which it won, as it is proud to believe, its original laurels. For some time past its forces have been gathering more and more thickly towards this point. The space which the earlier canon of Scripture holds in the hostile feeling and purposes of the party in question, may be seen in the endeavours which the *Essays and Reviews* made to discredit its Divine claims. And it must strike the commonest observer, that for every opponent of orthodox views of the Bible who builds his hopes on the demolition of St. Matthew or St. Paul, there are half-a-dozen who look with something like confidence to the speedy exploding of Moses and the Prophets. And assuredly, if the Scripture revelation is to be got rid of, this is the only philosophical and sensible way of going to work. Why trouble yourself about the trustworthiness of Evangelists and Apostles, if it can be shown that they believed a lie in assuming the historical truth and Divine inspiration of the Old Testament? The older and the newer Scriptures are one. They cannot be sundered. Essentially, organically, vitally, they form the same homogeneous, indivisible Bible. The Old Testament without the New is an antecedent without a consequent. The New without the Old is simply the reverse of this. No man can maintain the New Testament for an hour who is not prepared to vindicate the Divine authority of the Old. If the defenders of Revelation do not see this, the sooner they open their eyes to it the better. It was seen long ago by their adver-

saries; and, though some of them now-a-days affect to draw a line between the two Testaments, and would have us suppose they are independent of each other, we must be excused if our faith in their logical acumen and consistency is too strong to allow us to believe that they mean what they say. There is no greater service at present open to Christian scholarship and mind than that of assisting to put the criticism of the Old Testament upon a right foundation, and of meeting front to front on its own ground and with its own weapons the self-satisfied and imperious scepticism which challenges at once its inspiration and its facts. It was partly a conviction of this sort which gave birth to the book named at the head of this notice; and we greatly rejoice that a man so well equipped for the task as Mr. Macdonald proves himself to be, has had the wisdom, grace, and industry to produce a critical defence of the Old Testament generally, and of—what is far more truly all Hebrew Scripture than Homer was ever all Greek—the Books of Moses in particular, so nearly answering to the immediate requirements of the Church and the Truth. Our author would be the last person in the world to pretend that his work disposes of all the difficulties of the case. We believe that some of these difficulties are not to be disposed of without better lights than those we are at present able to hold up to them; and that they must remain for a while, at least, as the mote in the eye of the Faith, over which Unbelief with its beam may make merry if it will. Nor are we sure that the book before us is always successful in dealing with the difficulties with which it actually grapples. But, however this may be, Mr. Macdonald's argument in the main is unanswerable; and, with all the obligations he owes to Hengstenberg, Hävernicks, and others, he has given us a work which is as truly independent in its general build and shaping, as it is scholarly, comprehensive, and well arranged. The author proposes to himself two leading objects: first, to establish the genuineness of the Pentateuch by a critical inquiry into its unity, antiquity, and authorship; and secondly, through a copious and careful induction of external and internal evidence, to vindicate its historical truth and Divine authority. In prosecuting the former part of his design, he devotes a preliminary chapter to a more precise and detailed statement of the aim and plan of his book; to a consideration of the relations in which the Books of Moses stand to Judaism and Christianity; and to the history of the attacks which have been made upon the Pentateuch, particularly in modern times. Here, of course, we are carried past a long line of gainsayers, from the author of the Clementines and Ptolemy the Valentinian, down through certain heretical rabbins of the Middle Ages, to Eichhorn, Vater, De Wette, and their most recent imitators and disciples at home and abroad. At the same time we are introduced to the principal defenders of the truth, as they appear one after another in the course of the ages, and are wisely taught at more than one point to remark, how the good cause suffered from the weakness and inconsistency of its advocates. It is a well-drawn picture which the author gives us, and forms a fitting frontispiece to his volumes. We fear he is only

too right, when he finds the explanation of many of the sceptical theories which figure in them in unworthy views of the nature of sin and of the moral character of God. The introductory chapter paves the way for an elaborate conspectus of the names, divisions, and contents of the Pentateuch, each of its five books being subjected to separate examination, and many important questions as to the nature of their component parts, and their connexion with one another, or with the general argument of the author's work, being distinctly and in some cases very fully discussed. The chronology of the several books, the character of the Mosaic legislation, and the view which should be taken of the prophecies of the Pentateuch, may serve as specimens of the topics on which Mr. Macdonald dwells. He appropriately closes this part of his book with a chronological list of the chief commentators on the Pentateuch and its several portions. The next eighty pages of the work are occupied with a review of the famous Document-Hypothesis of the Germans, according to which large parts of the Pentateuch consist of cuttings taken by Moses from older records, and ingeniously, but not always very happily, dovetailed into his narrative. The grounds on which this theory is built are well known to be certain distinctions observable in the employment of the Divine names, and certain evidences, as it is alleged, of diversity of authorship arising from difference of style, the presence of duplicate accounts of the same events, and sundry discrepancies in matter of fact. This entire doctrine, with all its pleas and appurtenances, our author puts through the sieve of a keen-eyed and firm-handed literary logic. He is perfect master of the position. Nothing escapes him; and he does even justice on all sides. And we are bound to say that, if he does not reduce this darling scheme of his opponents to nothing, he leaves them so small a residuum of it, that nothing at all would be almost as good for the purposes of their argument. We are glad to find the writer expressing dissatisfaction with the principle on which Hengstenberg has endeavoured to account for the phenomena connected with the Divine names. We have long thought this theory, at least in the length to which its author pushed it, scarcely less arbitrary and incongruous than the one which he so meritoriously sought to demolish. And we believe Mr. Macdonald takes the only right ground when he contends, that whatever difficulties may belong to this question, the Document theory is no resolution of them whatever, and that they are best explained by striking a mean between the views of Hengstenberg on the one hand, and of those who regard the use of them as simply fortuitous and mechanical, on the other. We commend this very learned and elaborate section of Mr. Macdonald's work to the admiration and sedulous attention of all young students whom the Document-Hypothesis may have either bewildered or bewitched.

The unity of the Pentateuch being established, our author proceeds to the proofs of its antiquity, supplied by the references which the other books of the Old Testament make to it, and by the nature of the contents themselves. Under the latter of these heads, he argues

very satisfactorily—first, that the Mosaic writings must have been composed before the settlement in Canaan, and while the political and religious system of the Israelites was in course of formation; and, secondly, that it is evident the author of them was intimately acquainted with the Sinaitic Peninsula, and with the internal life of Egypt, both civil and social, at a very remote period. At the same time he urges with great force the proof which the archaisms in language, traceable in the Pentateuch, afford as to its historical headship in the Hebrew literature. As a necessary supplement to this division of his subject, the writer discusses the very interesting question of the geographical, historical, and other anachronisms supposed to exist in the books of Moses, and then goes on to consider their authorship. In dealing with this point, he finds his main argument for their Mosaic original, as may be supposed, where the strength of it lies, in the testimony which the Pentateuch and the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures as a whole bear to the fact. We could wish, however, that some little space had been given to the corroborative evidence of ancient heathen authorities; for, though it is true that that evidence is comparatively modern and in itself not very considerable, it is not true, as the *Westminster Review* affirms, for the purpose of disparaging Mr. Rawlinson, that there is 'not an atom of external testimony' on its behalf; and we do not see that, such as it is, it needed to be suppressed by a writer who knows so well as Mr. Macdonald how to give it its precise value.

But we are now brought to the last great section of our author's first volume, which is an extended and important discussion of the credibility of the Pentateuch, considered both as to the miraculous and non-miraculous elements of its history. Some of the most formidable difficulties which the defenders of the inspiration of Moses are called to encounter, fall within this circle of inquiry. The cosmogony, the unity of the human race, the longevity of the antediluvians, the flood, the confusion of tongues, the early migrations and settlements of the primeval tribes of mankind,—these are some of the points at which science and literature have come most violently into collision with the express statements of Moses; and they deserve and have received the close attention of the writer. Mr. Macdonald's limits prevent him from going much into detail on some of these topics; but they all pass under review, and are carefully and critically handled in the light of the most recent discoveries and investigations. With respect to the geological knot, Mr. Macdonald does wisely in refraining from any direct attempt to untie it. The *Essays and Reviews* cut it—a very simple method of resolution, no doubt, but one against which we protest, alike in the name of science and religion. We believe in the facts of geology. We believe on quite as good grounds in the inspiration of the Mosaic account of the creation. We may not be able to show how the two revelations, the natural and the written, agree with one another. But to escape from the dilemma by denying the Divine authority of Moses is to act the part of a child, and to surrender one of the first principles of the inductive philosophy.

We may add, that the concluding chapter, on the proof which the success of Moses furnishes as to the divinity of his mission, is among the most valuable parts of our author's book. There is much striking thought and much good writing in it, and it forms an admirable bridge for passing to the object of his second volume, which is to exhibit 'the design of the Pentateuch as a Divine revelation, and the basis of the Hebrew polity and constitution,' and so to account for its peculiar character, and to cut away the ground from under those manifold errors in regard to it which have sprung from misconception of its proper scope and bearing. This is neither the least original nor least important division of Mr. Macdonald's work. He has done good service to the cause of truth by coping so vigorously as he does in his first volume with the historical scepticism of our times. He deals this scepticism a no less serious blow by arguing so fully, systematically, and forcibly as he does in his second volume on the great thesis to which it is devoted. The Pentateuch is not a collection of ancient Semitic legends and annals. It is not a formal and scientific treatise on the beginnings and early history of the world and of man. It is not a venerable monument of Oriental jurisprudence in the olden times. It is an historical revelation of the character, will, and purposes of God, addressed to a people whom His providence designed to be the medium through which the highest religious blessing should flow to mankind at large, and intended by its teachings and ordinances to become the means of carrying forward and completing their moral training for this great function. And in this simple and sublime aim of the Mosaic books not only have we the key to what on any other principle must be pronounced their omissions, their disproportions, their redundancies; but their entire mould and character are explained and more than justified. Such is substantially the text which Mr. Macdonald labours to establish and illustrate in his second volume. We cannot follow him into the details of this branch of his argument. We trust a multitude of grateful readers will do themselves and him the justice to track his steps through the whole length of it. One omission has somewhat surprised us. The Sabbath Institute is never once brought into prominence in his train of reasoning. It naturally falls within it. The Sabbath is one of the most peculiar appointments of the Pentateuch. It was one of the greatest moral instruments which the Mosaic legislation employed for the education of Israel. It is intimately connected with the wisest and most permanent aims of the original revelation of God to man. And we are at a loss to understand how our author should have omitted to wield the weapon which this most ancient Divine ordinance puts into his hand, and the value of which suggests itself at so many points of his polemic. On the whole, however, Mr. Macdonald's reasoning is as complete as it is fair and cogent; and, though the style of his book throughout, and particularly in the second volume, is cumbrous, diffuse, and not unfrequently rhetorical, he makes out his case, and leaves a candid reader no alternative between accepting the Pentateuch as the writing of one who was moved by the



Holy Ghost, and finding in it the most unaccountable jumble and puzzle that the world has ever seen. We strongly recommend this sensible, weighty, fine-tempered book to all earnest students of the Word of God.

**Philosophy of the Infinite: a Treatise on Man's Knowledge of the Infinite Being, in Answer to Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Mansel.** By the Rev. Henry Calderwood. Second Edition, greatly enlarged. Macmillans.

THIS is a new edition of an able and well-known work. At the time when Sir W. Hamilton's authority was all but unassailably great, in 1854, Mr. Calderwood had the courage to criticize searchingly his famous distinction between the Infinite and the Absolute, and to construct an argument against his doctrine of the incognisability of the Infinite. The Bampton Lectures of 1858, and the controversy which has arisen upon them, have revived and extended public interest in the questions at issue between the school of Hamilton, now represented by Mansel, and those who maintain the possibility of a knowledge, partial and inadequate, but real and true, of the Infinite Being. Mr. Calderwood's treatise, as now published in a second edition, may almost be considered as a new work, so considerable are the modifications, and so extensive the additions. In particular, the new edition embraces a very full examination of the views of Dr. Mansel, as presented in his famous lectures.

So far as this volume is a criticism of 'the philosophy of ignorance,' in relation to the nature of 'the Infinite,' which has been taught by Hamilton and Mansel, it is, in our judgment, exceedingly able, and, on the whole, triumphantly conclusive. So far as it aims to establish the author's own positive doctrine respecting 'man's knowledge of the Infinite Being,' we do not regard it as altogether so satisfactory; nor is it so lucidly arranged as it might be. For a clear understanding of the purport and drift of some of the earliest chapters the reader needs the light of the latter half of the volume; and definitions should have been given first of all. Not until we have read far into the book can we learn what the writer actually means by 'the Infinite,' or in what sense he holds that man has 'a necessary belief' in the existence of 'the Infinite Being.'

On the second page, for instance, we read, 'Man exists in relation with the Infinite.' The fact of his existence and the end of his being can be explained only on this admission. The Infinite, therefore, is a prominent object in thought and feeling; and its recognition has exercised a powerful influence throughout the entire history of the race. . . . What, then, is the nature of the Infinite? Upon what ground do we hold the existence of one Infinite Being? What is the nature and extent of our knowledge of the Infinite God? . . . Man desires to know something of the Infinite; he longs to trace his relation to the Supreme, to contemplate his connexion with the

Omnipotent, to meditate on the attributes of the Divine Being, till he is lost in their infinitude.

Now, a thoughtful reader, well-informed as to recent theological controversies and philosophical logomachies, finds himself involved in difficulty as to the drift and meaning of these sentences. 'Man exists in relation with the Infinite.' Is this the metaphysical Infinite; or is it the Infinite of all being, the total of existence, past, present, and to come; or is the abstract term here used as a designation for the personal God? Does the dictum mean that the existence of man implies either one infinite being, as the ground of all existence, or an infinite series of existences, with which it is interlinked? Or is the meaning of the sentence—that man, the creature, must exist in relation with his Creator? Such were the perplexities which suggested themselves to us when we read our author's first chapter; and it was not until we had read many pages that we found, to our satisfaction, that Mr. Calderwood regards the abstract Infinite, 'the Infinite' of which we hear so much in Dr. Mansel's volume, as a mere chimera, worthily identified by Hegel with 'pure nothing,' and no true object of a philosophical or theological inquiry, no intelligible term in an argument. Nor was it until we had read more than three hundred pages that we further learnt, no less to our satisfaction, that Mr. Calderwood has to so great an extent modified the views set forth in the former edition of his work, and yielded to the force of Sir W. Hamilton's arguments, as to concede fully and absolutely that 'time and space must be excluded from the supposed notion of the Infinite,' and to 'abandon all defence of a recognition of a distinct Infinite in pure time.' It is precisely at page 331 that we find him for the first time explaining distinctly his ideas respecting the infinite in space, which, however, he does in words so discriminating and so philosophically just, that we must quote them:—'If we admit of the distinction between empty space and occupied space, what is called empty space is the relative position of two bodies, or the distance which separates them, and is capable of being measured by the same standard as the extended surface of the objects themselves. If extension be considered as equivalent to space, which I am inclined to deny, then it is a perceived quality of objects, and it may be said in a sense capable of vindication, that we *see* space. I conceive, however, that the term *space* is more usually and properly applied to what has been designated *empty space*, in contrast to extended surface. And such empty space is nothing more than the relative distance of extended objects from each other, measured on a standard similar to that which applies to the bodies themselves. In this way it is equally accurate to say that there is a certain specified distance between the bodies, and that there is *nothing* between them, because space is nothing but their relation to each other.' Space is, in fact, *emptiness*, it is *nothing*; but it is *emptiness* conceived as capable of being filled with matter; it is *nothing*, viewed in relation to body and to material dimensions; it is conceived as the possible place of body, of matter; and, when its dimensions are spoken of, they represent simply the size and form of

the matter which might occupy the place, which at present is empty. The infinity of space is therefore but an 'infinite deal of nothing;' and all the transcendentalisms which have been uttered about the mysterious infinitude of space fall to the ground.

Infinite time or duration is a phrase which only expresses our own inability to conceive an absolute limit and termination of being either in the past or the future, unless, indeed, we make it to be equivalent with the eternity of God; in which case it can only be regarded as a dependent and derivative infinity. The infinite of time is conceived of as a linear infinite, an infinite series, in the mathematical sense; or it is but an attribute—an attribute of the Deity—darkly and incorrectly expressed. In neither case can we regard it as having any relation to a true and absolute Infinity. So, also, the infinite in space is but a mathematical and quasi-material infinite of three dimensions, which can have no relation whatever to the spiritual and absolute Infinite. Hence, all attempts to step from the so-called infinite of time and space to the pure and proper Infinity of the Supreme and Eternal are futile. It is time that this style of argument was abandoned. It rests altogether on a verbal fallacy; it misled some noble Platonists, in bygone ages; it misled Dr. Clarke, in his famous *a priori* argument. But Butler, in his letters to Clarke, partly exposed its fallacy; and by this time, considering the attention bestowed on metaphysical and logical science during the last hundred years, it is strange that it should still be insisted on. Mr. Calderwood has set a good example in frankly abandoning it; and we hope that Dr. McCosh, in revising his work on the 'Intuitions of the Mind,' will see reason to follow Mr. Calderwood's example.

But, now that Mr. Calderwood has given up this argument, we are obliged to ask, whether it is not altogether a misnomer to call his work a treatise on the 'Philosophy of the Infinite.' So far as his work relates at all to that philosophy, its object is to show that while there may be some true knowledge of the Infinite Being, that is of God, there can be no '*Philosophy of the Infinite*,' considered simply as such, dealt with merely as an abstraction, by the processes of analysis and the combinations and deductions of logical science. He has himself no positive 'philosophy of the Infinite,' in any strict or just sense. And even in that portion of the volume which treats of the knowledge which man actually has of God, the leading thought is not of God as Infinite, but as Supreme, as Creative, as the Moral Governor. Mr. Calderwood agrees with Dr. Mansel that 'our *primary conception* is of God as a Moral Governor,' and arises out of 'our sense of moral obligation.' He denies, indeed, the assertion of the same writer, that 'it is not as *the Infinite* that God reveals Himself in His moral government.' But, if these words are strictly interpreted as referring to the mere testimony of conscience, respecting the moral government of God, and the exigency of Mr. Calderwood's argument requires that they be so interpreted, nothing can be to us more evidently clear than that they are true. The conscience of man, as man,—of the rude, uninstructed man,—in testifying to the reality of

God's moral government, does not bear testimony to the infinity of His nature and attributes. On the other hand, nothing, in our judgment, can be more singularly unfair than Mr. Calderwood's perversion of Dr. Mansel's meaning, when he pretends to interpret the sentence we have quoted in the manner following:—'That is to say, "It is as the Finite that God reveals Himself in His moral government."' Mr. Calderwood is endeavouring to show that in man, as man, there arises a necessary and intuitive belief in God as a Moral Governor. But surely we might deny that *that intuition* had any direct relation to God as the Infinite Being, without implying that it regarded God as Finite.

We confess that we agree much more nearly with Dr. M'Cosh than with the able author of this volume, in regard to the question of man's instinctive and necessary belief in God. We doubt whether it can ever be proved or made probable that, apart from revelation or tradition, man, whatever his culture and progress might be, would ever have been able to attain to a true and stable conception of the Deity as the Infinite Creator and the Universal Moral Governor. This we take to be the real question, put in the form most favourable for Mr. Calderwood. That the mind, and heart, and conscience of man possess such faculties and susceptibilities as naturally respond to the truth respecting the Deity; that they are such and so adjusted as to embrace this truth as the natural basis and complement of all other truth; this no Christian thinker will deny;—but there are no data, so far as we can discover, which can warrant us in going a step beyond this position. On the contrary, all the facts bearing upon this question seem to us to point clearly to a conclusion directly opposed to the view maintained by Mr. Calderwood.

The author, indeed, appears to have been unwilling to see the true state of the case as regards the heathen world, whether savage or civilized. What can argue more entire want of insight into the spirit of ancient heathen philosophy, and the nature of the problems which exercised the thoughts of the sages of the old world, than his assertion that the convictions of the ancient atheists respecting the eternity of matter arose out of their speculations concerning the origin of evil? and what philosopher has ever hazarded a harder or a more inconsiderate assertion than that the supposition of the eternity of matter is self-contradictory and opposed to our fundamental beliefs? (See pp. 40, 41.) The fact is, that the ancient philosophic doctrine on this point arose out of the maxim, '*Ex nihilo nihil*;' and that, until the Bible had taught otherwise, it was the universal sentiment of philosophers, that this maxim was a self-evident and fundamental principle. 'The world by wisdom knew not God.' If the universal idea of the Infinite is to be reduced to such an idea as the ancient philosophers had, how vague and worthless must we judge it to be! And if from the cultured and philosophic heathen we turn to the superstitions of savage tribes, what then do we find? Mr. Calderwood, in his Appendix, makes the best of this matter; but what is there presented is of itself sufficient, as we think, to refute his theory.

We do not, in the least, admit that the view which Mr. Calderwood supports is necessary to make good our argument for the existence of a Deity, as against the pantheist or atheist. From the vantage-ground afforded us by the intellectual and moral advancement of these revelation-lighted ages,—a vantage-ground from which, even in an argument with pantheists or atheists, it is impossible for the parties on either side altogether to descend into the darkness of ages past,—it is not difficult to demonstrate that the denial of a personal and voluntary Deity must involve us in inextricable contradictions, darken and confound our consciousness, destroy the basis of truth, annihilate morals, and, so far as it prevails, go to defeat the hopes and bar the progress of humanity. Not less clearly and fully are we persuaded, in opposition to Mr. Calderwood, (p. 375,) that, although the universe itself be admitted to be finite, yet *'the creation of the universe is'* not *'only a finite manifestation of power ;'* and that *'from this,'* if from anything,—and at any rate far more clearly and surely than from so disputable a position as the existence in all men of a faculty the gift and power of which it is to recognise intuitively the Infinite, *as such*,—we *can* *'infer the Infinite,'*—i. e., the infinite power and wisdom of God. On this point we may direct attention to some valuable remarks in the first volume of Greyson's Letters. These remarks, and Locke's well-known 'Chapter on Infinity,' contain more common sense and true philosophy on this subject than all our abstruse modern treatises on the 'philosophy of the Infinite.'

There are many subordinate, but important, subjects handled in this volume. In particular, the author deals with Sir W. Hamilton's views respecting causation. We cannot pretend to criticize Mr. Calderwood's criticism. In part we agree with him; but there is a very important truth in Sir W. Hamilton's acute analysis of the mental judgment as to causation, to which neither Mr. Calderwood nor Dr. McCosh has done justice. There are, in fact, *two* ideas of causation: there is causation proper, which implies will; and causation improper, which recognises what we call *force*, and *impulses* distinct and real *power*, if not also, by a suppressed metaphor, something like intelligence and will. The theory of concauses, however, broached by Sir W. Hamilton and adopted by Mill, who knows whether this tends and which way he is leading, and by Dr. McCosh, who, we think, should revise his views on this point, must, we agree with Mr. Calderwood, be given up as untenable and of evil tendency.

We have freely expressed our dissent from Mr. Calderwood on many points. Nevertheless, we wish emphatically to record our judgment that this is a very valuable volume, likely to contribute materially to the promotion of true philosophy, and we must repeat our opinion that, so far as respects the errors of Hamilton and Mansel, it contains by far the ablest and most conclusive exposure of them which has yet been published, except, perhaps, Dr. Young's 'Province of Reason.' But Mr. Calderwood's peculiar intuitionism will not, we think, endure a strict examination.

Intuitionism. By B. Frankland, B.A. Hamilton and Co. 1861.

HERE is much acuteness and close conscientious thinking. Some years ago, as we learn from the preface, Mr. Frankland found it necessary, 'for the confirmation of his own faith and practice,' to examine step by step, and position after position, the principles, reasonings, and results of that system of thought which he styles 'Intuitionism.' In order to this, and as the generic type of intuitionist principles and reasoning, he selected for examination Morell's *Philosophical Tendencies of the Age*. The present volume is the result. It exhibits in detail the process of analysis and examination by which the author, as he went along, tested Mr. Morell's assumptions and speculations.

The respected and able author must excuse us if we say that, in our judgment, he has published what are valuable materials towards such a demonstration as he wished to furnish of the baselessness and worthlessness of Intuitionism, rather than the demonstration itself, at least in such a form as is likely to be generally effective. A mathematician, when he publishes his solution of a problem, does not exhibit the original analytic process by which he was led to the idea which furnished him with his solution. Having found his way to this, perhaps by a devious path, perhaps after many trials in different directions, his business is, by a clear deductive process, free from intricacy and needless detail, to present the solution and its proof to the student. So, in the present instance, what the student needs is not the analytic process, in all its ins and outs, by which Mr. Frankland was enabled to ascertain from what primary fallacies 'intuitionism' takes its rise, and by what false methods of reasoning it proceeds in its inferences and conclusions; but a synthetic exhibition of its principles and results, and, in connexion with this, a clear deductive demonstration of its falsehood. Our keen anatomist takes us with him through all his preliminary dissections; what we want is an orderly and perspicuous statement and proof of the discoveries he has made, of the results he has arrived at. He makes us accompany him, while he gropes his way, as an explorer, up and down all the dark and intricate passages, and in and out of all the dim and disappointing recesses of the intuitional philosophy; we should have been better pleased, and, at least, equally instructed, if, giving us the full benefit of his own labours, he had taken us at once to the centre of the labyrinth, and from thence, carrying his torch in his hand, had shown us, that the whole of the vaunted 'philosophy,' whose 'methodology' he has mastered, is but a maze of fallacies, into which, if the wanderer enters from the common ground of solid truth he must either remain bewildered for ever within its enclosure, or will find himself compelled to return to the region of certainty by the same door by which he had entered.

Mr. Frankland's first chapter must have been written last, and in it we find the advantage of his having previously performed his analysis. The following passage is worthy of being studied.



'The Intuitionist may be easily recognised from his outfit. This, according to the newest fashion, is something as follows:—

'First, He has a firm persuasion of having succeeded in establishing, to his own satisfaction, an essential distinction between his "logical" and his "intuitional consciousness."

'Second, He assumes that intuitional truth, *i.e.*, truth intuitively perceived, is identical with "higher or spiritual truth."

'Third, He assumes that all "higher or spiritual truth" is seen by the intuitional eye directly, just as extended objects are seen in their sensible qualities, and in their truthful relations to each other, by the bodily eye.

'Fourth, He assumes that thus to see "higher or spiritual" truth is to bring the observer at once, and as a matter of course, into moral harmony with it.

'And lastly, He has arrived at a belief in the "essential divinity" of human nature.

'Many other assumptions are made, and other positions maintained, according to taste and convenience, and with more or less show of research and argument. But these are the essentials which mainly characterize the new Gospel.

'Some grand conclusions to which it points are sufficiently obvious:—

'By article 1. The material world is cut off at a stroke from all troublesome interference with the decisions of the "intuitional consciousness" and "spiritual insight." This is a great step gained. Natural theology is neatly and finally got rid of. Butler, and Paley, and Chalmers, are obsolete. We may vary our "phases of faith" *ad infinitum*.

'By art. 2. The important subject of religion in the human heart is set clear of an intrusive, *i.e.*, an objective Revelation. Spinoza is justified. Miracles, if not impossible, are clearly unnecessary.

'By art. 3. Man, for improvement in the "higher philosophy," (a synonym for religion,) is made independent of all aid foreign to himself. The scriptural doctrine of the Atonement, with all which it implies, is superfluous—if not *something worse*.

'By art. 4. The Holy Ghost, as an agent in the moral regeneration of the human soul, is dispensed with. Inspiration at the same time is reduced to bardship.

'And by the last article we have here noted as distinguishing this famous belief, each of us is practically responsible to none but himself—or, at the utmost, only to the "universal consciousness" of the age in which he happens to be cast. Each of us, for instance, may write his own Bible, each Donaldson compile his own "Book of Jashar:"—one thing only provided, namely, that whilst recognising and asserting his own "essential divinity," he is condescending enough to pay some little deference (a mere matter of courtesy) now and then to the Divine voice of "universal humanity." Beyond this there is neither a standard of truth, nor a fountain of law, for human nature.'—Pp. 2-4.

There is acuteness, there is patient thought, there is smartness and

wit, in this little volume, sufficient to furnish materials for a much larger and for a truly effective volume; but the whole should be recast. And Mr. Frankland would certainly, on further study, see reason to alter the style of his remarks on Kant. He does not appear to have rightly appreciated the character and bearing of the philosophy of the great German, which stands, at some of its most characteristic points, sharply contrasted with that of the school of German philosophers immediately following him,—there can scarcely be said to have been a Kantian school,—and which certainly rises far above the range of Dugald Stewart's criticisms in his *Preliminary Dissertation*.

The Debate between the Church and Science: or, the Ancient Hebraic Idea of the Six Days of Creation. With an Essay on the Literary Character of Tayler Lewis. Andover, Boston, and Philadelphia. [Trübner and Co. London.] 1860.

'PROFESSOR TAYLER LEWIS, LL.D.' was for eleven years, from 1838 to 1849, Professor of Greek and Latin Literature in the University of New York. Since 1849 he has been Professor in Union College, Schenectady. He has addicted himself to the study of philosophy and theology, no less than of classical literature, and has added the mastery of Hebrew to that of Latin and Greek.

The last hundred and fifty pages of this volume are occupied with an essay on the literary character of Tayler Lewis, who is held in profound admiration by the anonymous author. It is much to say,—but we confess that the extracts given from his writings seem to us almost to justify the enthusiastic devotion with which Lewis has inspired his defender and panegyrist.\* We have met with few passages more nobly eloquent, or more distinguished by true and deep philosophy, than some of those with which this portion of the volume is enriched; and we earnestly wish we could have transferred the greater portion of them into these pages. Some of them are peculiarly appropriate to the present condition of thought and state of theological controversy in this country. Indeed, had the series been selected with a foresight of the 'Essays and Reviews,' and in order to counteract their teachings, they could hardly have been more exactly adapted to that end. How profound, how true, how seasonable are the thoughts in the following noble passage on 'The True Idea of God!'

'The doctrine of the anima mundi, or universal life, *although revised*

\* The author says that Coleridge and De Quincey, though in respect of the fragmentary character of their writings they afford a good parallel to Tayler Lewis, are, 'in learning, logic, and intellect, too inferior to be brought into the comparison,' and that the only writer with whom Tayler Lewis can be classed is Pascal. As respects Coleridge, he makes the striking remark, that although 'he has put forth a widely felt and still extending influence—more so in this country than in England,'—yet, 'in its last analysis, his philosophical speculations are brilliant failures to reconcile principles not fathomed, with doctrines not believed.'

in every age as a high philosophical speculation unknown before, may in fact be traced among some of the oldest developments of the human mind. It was one of the earliest forms in which the fallen nature of man manifested its dislike of a personal God, a righteous Governor, as revealed in the Bible.

'There is a charm to many minds in such views of the Deity, if so they may be called, because they invest Him with no moral character. It is a mere personification of power, motion, and extension, which, while its contemplation gratifies the pride of intellect, produces no effect upon the heart. It can be the object of no spiritual communion. It can be the hearer of no prayer. A Rousseau and a Byron could approach even into the very presence of their idolized abstraction, whilst no conviction of sin troubled their consciences, or disturbed that complacency in emotions of their own creating, which they mistook for lofty communings with the spirit of nature. Even the professed atheist will have his universal power; only call it a principle, a property, a cause, or anything but a God, and he is content. To this word also would he have no objection, could he only separate it from the idea of moral retribution. Every view which stops short of the moral attributes of Deity, or does not assign to them the highest place, is essentially atheistical. The contemplation of power may awe the soul into a feeling of sublimity, or blind veneration; but it matters not, as far as this effect is concerned, whether it be styled a first cause or the attraction of gravitation.

'The intellectualist, or natural theologian, may rise a step higher. He may assign to his deity the attribute of wisdom as well as power, whilst he regards the ascription of feelings, or passions, in any other except some transcendental and unintelligible sense, as a derogation from his perfections. The wisdom he adores is the wisdom of natural adaptation, of natural means to natural ends, manifested in the regular orbits of the planets, in the curious structures of the vegetable and animal worlds, in the minute wonders of microscopic organization. Final or moral causes he gravely pronounces not to fall within the legitimate province of science,—condemns their investigation as only prompted by ignorance and superstition; or, with a sceptical sneer, transfers the whole subject from science to that "faith which does not permit itself to be too closely questioned by reason." His deity is too wise, too immutable, too much like nature herself, to condescend to the details of a special moral Providence. He would rather adopt that lofty and more philosophical view, which regards him as the *causa causarum*, the main spring, placed at an immense distance, of a long train of secondary influences, which, together with their primary, operate by a supposed necessity, arising out of the nature of things,—thus denying to the Creator that individuality of will and action which he is compelled to attribute to some of His works.

'Such a one has not arisen to the true idea of a God. There have been those who have gone nearly as far as this, and yet did not even rank themselves among theists. The ancient Hylozoists believed almost if not quite as much as some who have written works on natural theology, and treatises to prove the existence of a Deity. Their universal life

possessed intelligence, but it was regarded as unconscious intelligence, because there was no world external to itself, which could objectively give rise to the phenomena of consciousness. It was *nature's instinct*, possessed of the highest wisdom, but only of a natural wisdom arranging physical means in reference to physical ends, with no more choice or exercise of will than is manifested in those animal instincts which were considered a part of this universal plastic principle of adaptation. As a necessary consequence, it was regarded as destitute of personality; and, *in fact, whatever system of philosophy is adopted, whether of the sensual or transcendental school, the personality of the Deity is not truly acknowledged, until he is regarded as possessed, in addition to power and intellect, of moral attributes, and viewed in relation to beings, whose conduct may be the object of his love and aversion. In the conviction of sin, we find alone a true conviction of a personal God—the God of the Bible.*

The representations of the Scriptures are equally opposed to pantheism or materialism on the one hand, and to idealism on the other. In the one system, God is often regarded as a necessary conception, an idea, a creation of the human mind; and *this idea, as we attempt to grasp it, keeps ever vanishing away, until it becomes only another name for truth, or, in other words, an apotheosis of human reason.* In the other, he is identified with physical power, connected with an unintelligible property of adaptation—*the result, and not the cause, of the organization of the universe, or rather the organization itself.* The Scriptures everywhere present the most sublime descriptions of power and wisdom, but *unite them in an essence, which imparts to both reality and energy.* This essence, or third thing, is the moral nature of the Deity; and thus they reveal to us an individual, personal, acting, feeling, loving, and angry God,—knowing all things, moving all things, designing all things for moral ends; loving all which is good, or that which is like Himself; hating all that is opposite; having intellect, power, passions,—Jehovah—the living God—our God—the God of His people—the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. *In the contemplation alone of the moral attributes, and especially as they are exhibited in the cross of Christ, we arrive at a true belief in that God with whom we have to do. It is this view which invests him with such an awful personality to us as sinners, and which, when deeply impressed upon the soul, will ever save it from both the extremes of false philosophy. The belief in a God of power and intellect, has no real advantages over atheism. Such a being is nothing to us, or we to him.*—Pp. 312–315.

‘It is possible,’ says the author of this volume, ‘to arrive at the conviction that revelation proceeds upon the idea of a preceding revelation, and upon the idea, that there are certain moral truths known to man which it merely confirms and enforces.’ (Page 82.) There is, at the end of the volume, an excellent passage, illustrating this sentiment, given from Lewis, from which we quote the concluding portion:—

*‘No one can produce a passage from the Scriptures,—the challenge*

is made in reference to the New Testament as well as the Old,—in which the resurrection, or even the future life, is presented as a newly announced truth, then formally proclaimed, and treated as something unknown before. *The same may be said of almost all the great truths of religion.* They have either been in the world from the beginning, or they have thus come into it in the course of the providence of God introducing them historically in some known or unknown way, and then treating them as known grounds of appeal in the written word. This is certainly true of the great and fundamental articles of the Divine existence, of the Divine moral government, and of the general doctrine of a separate spiritual life of the dead. The first two are assumed throughout the Scriptures. The third, if it did not exist from the beginning, is at least presented in the Old Testament in its incipient growth;—in the hopes of the pilgrim patriarchs; in the common popular language respecting the dead, who are gathered to the congregation of their fathers; in the apparently casual, yet on that account the more significant, mention of the popular belief of some kind of intercourse with departed spirits; and in the superstitious regard for a certain class, by whom, it was supposed, such intercourse could be maintained. To one who views this doctrine from a still higher ground, it manifests itself in those highly spiritual ideas of the Divine moral government, and in those sublime expressions of faith in the eternal righteousness, which have no meaning when the rationalist forces them down to a connexion with the idea of a mere animal existence of the briefest kind for man. And finally it reveals itself in the praises and prayers of God's beloved saints, growing clearer, and loftier, and more animated, until we come down to the manifestation of the Desire of all nations, and to those teachings of the New Testament, in which the spiritual life is everywhere assumed as something long previously maintained, whilst it is nowhere announced, as that which was utterly unknown before.

'We may say the same of the primitive dogma of sacrifice, and of the need of some form of expiation for acceptance with God. So also of that most solemn of all doctrines, *without which all the rest, even the being of God and the question of a future life, lose all their interest for the soul*,—we mean the fundamental truth, that man, frail and finite as he is, is the subject of a moral law connecting him with the infinite and eternal Justice, and imparting to his actions an incalculable importance, which must extend far beyond the brief period of his present phenomenal existence.

'What, then, it may be asked, does the Bible most truly reveal? We answer, *Jesus Christ and Him crucified, as the great fact, which gives its highest meaning to every other fact and doctrine.* It was not the knowledge of sin, of wrath, of the need of expiation. It was not the atonement as a doctrine, nor the redemption, nor the moral law, nor the resurrection, nor the life to come. It was no one of these as an abstract dogma. It was the *person* and life of the incarnate Redeemer,—He of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, and of whom evangelists and apostles testified. It was Jesus

the Messiah, the Expiator, the Mediator, the Redeemer, and who embraces all these doctrines in himself, when he is called the Peace, the Redemption, the Way, the Truth, the Resurrection, and the Life.'—Pp. 432-434.

There are some admirable pages on the 'law of progress,' peculiarly worthy of study, but which will not admit of fragmentary quotation. They are in disproof of 'the doctrine of eternal rectilinear progression, as commonly held,' which, Lewis maintains, 'is not true of man, either physically or morally.'

The immediate occasion of the present volume is that Professor Lewis has published a treatise on 'The Six Days of Creation,' which has been severely handled by certain critics. His anonymous disciple and admirer steps forward—unknown to Professor Lewis himself, as to the public at large—to vindicate his hero's theory. Professor Lewis's treatise undertook to demonstrate the perfect and literal harmony of the Mosaic record of creation with the principles of geologic science. 'It gave a masterly exposition of the nature of scriptural language on natural subjects;' professed to furnish a strict and scientific analysis of the essential ideas which belong to the word *day*, and to show that that word would be used with exact propriety, and that from the very text and context of the record itself it can be shown that in the record of creation it *is* used, to denote cycles of time of a certain description; in this way it professed 'philologically to establish that the cycles of creation were indefinite periods;' it also undertook to show that the language of the sacred writer is consistent with the position, and indeed would be most naturally interpreted as teaching, that 'creation, as revealed, is a supernatural work carried on by natural agencies, through indefinite times,' and that 'such was the ancient oriental idea of creation,' from which the Western and the modern mind has strayed away, and thus brought the whole language of the record into confusion, and rendered it discordant with science and with fact.

The volume before us is intended as a vindication of this theory from the criticisms of Professors Dana and Barrows; but it is also intended to be itself a supplementary treatise, evincing more fully the harmony of Professor Tayler's interpretation with all the facts of geology, and with the geological cycles, and also to explain how the true idea of creation, the key to the interpretation of Genesis i., came to be lost.

The preface is not inviting, neither is the volume arranged with a sufficient regard to lucidness of method and easy progress of thought. Nevertheless, this will be found a book worth study, abounding in sagacious observations, eloquent utterances, and fine collateral views. It is an exceedingly suggestive volume. There are occasionally subtleties of distinction which seem to be exceedingly unprofitable; there are abstruse speculations, too, respecting a primary 'substanceless substance' which will find few followers; but there is much deep thought and impressive writing. Both Lewis and his vindicator would seem to be, after a sort, Platonic realists; but they hold their



realistic views in combination with a spirit of reverence for the Divine Revelation, and of faith in its strict and assured truth, such as we have scarcely found paralleled in modern writing of a high scientific or philosophic class.

**Revision of the Liturgy.** A Correspondence between a Clergyman and a Layman. Both of the Established Church. Published by the Latter with the Consent of the Former. London: Hamiltons. 1861.

THIS is a very interesting and able correspondence, well-conducted on both sides. But the layman seems to us to have decidedly the advantage in argument, and, slightly, in temper. All the most important points connected with the revision of the Liturgy are discussed here without the waste of a word on either side. The clergyman is a High-Churchman, who believes in Baptismal Regeneration, and that the Holy Ghost is conveyed in Confirmation and Ordination. The views of the layman—Mr. Robert Tooth, of Cranbrook, Kent—are thus summarized by himself.

*'The Liturgy teaches, without reservation, in Infant Baptism "NONE can enter the kingdom of God, except he be regenerate, and born anew of water and of the Holy Ghost."*

*'Christ declares, that infants without baptism are of the kingdom of God.*

*'The Liturgy teaches, adults in Baptism receive remission of sins, and are made heirs of everlasting salvation.*

*'Scripture teaches, remission of sins depends ON REPENTANCE AND FAITH in Christ's Atonement, whereby we become heirs of everlasting salvation; and that Baptism is the outward and visible sign thereof.*

*'The Liturgy teaches, in the Catechism of a child, that By Baptism it is MADE a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.*

*'Scripture teaches, that by Christ's Atonement infants are made children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.*

*'In the Ordination Services, gifts of the Holy Ghost and power to retain and remit sins are declared therein to be given to the ordained.*

*'Scripture teaches, none can forgive sins but God, and also teaches that He bestows upon no man the power of giving the Holy Ghost.*

*'In the Athanasian Creed, it is taught that unless EVERY ONE keep whole and undefiled the Catholic faith, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.*

*'Scripture teaches, that those who have not the Gospel shall be judged according to the knowledge given to them by God, who will render to every man according to his deeds,' &c.*

Mr. Tooth does not, in this incidental summary, make any reference to the Burial Service; but in an earlier page, referring to this subject, he says, in reply to the explanation of the Rev. Mr. Edge, his correspondent, 'Your explanation, that *this clause does not refer to the resurrection of the person over whose body it is read, is surely a*

*good reason* why it should not be *read at all*;' and he accordingly suggests, either that the clause should be omitted, or, if it be understood to refer to believers, that the words 'of the just' should be inserted after 'resurrection,' as in the burial service used at sea.

As respects Infant Baptism, Mr. Tooth thus expresses his faith: 'The act of Baptism introduces a child to the visible Church of Christ, and it is thereby made a member of the same. It secures to the baptized infant a solemn engagement by its sponsors to bring it up in Christ's holy religion; it gives to the infant privileges,' &c. This is all very good and sensible, and greatly to be preferred to High-Church superstition; but it omits to note the rich symbolical meaning of the ordinance, both as teaching the need of spiritual washing for all born into the world, and as pledging the correspondent grace of the Christian covenant. In general, however, Mr. Tooth shows himself not only to be an acute reasoner, but a very well-informed and judicious interpreter of the sacred word. His clerical High-Church correspondent does not by any means compare favourably with him, even as a biblical expositor. Mr. Tooth would appear to be an evangelical Arminian in his theology; few clergymen of the 'evangelical' school would have conducted this correspondence to so great advantage as this layman.

**Regeneration.** By William Anderson, LL.D. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

THIS treatise is from the pen of a minister of the United Presbyterian Church, resident in Glasgow. The first edition was published in 1850, and was exhausted more than five years ago,—a fact which bears testimony to the favourable reception which the volume has met with from the 'religious public' of Scotland. We certainly should not have expected such a reception for such a volume in North Britain. The author himself, it appears, was not prepared for it; but, on the contrary, anticipated that 'exception' would be 'very widely taken to his views;' and experienced a 'gratifying disappointment' when he found that his 'treatise, as a whole, was received by the critical press with almost unanimous favour.'

Dr. Anderson represents, in fact, a type of theological opinion markedly different from what is generally regarded as the prevalent form of evangelical doctrine in Scotland. From a phrase here and there, and from his frequent quotations of the Assembly's Catechism, it cannot be doubted that he wishes to be classed among Calvinistic divines. But, if he is to be considered as Calvinistic at all, he certainly belongs to the very mildest section of the modern moderate school. He can hardly be said to teach, though he does barely imply, the doctrine of 'final perseverance;' as to reprobation, there is not the slightest savour of it in his theology; and, what is very remarkable, we do not remember any reference in the volume to 'election.'

Dr. Anderson perceives clearly the inextricable dilemma in which the theory of regeneration in order to faith,—the generally accepted

'scientific' exposition of modern Calvinism,—as set forth by Mr. Fuller, Dr. Williams, Dr. Pye Smith, and (in a modified form) by Dr. Payne, involves its adherents; reducing 'regeneration' to a *punctum saliens* anterior to all ideas, to all knowledge of the truth, and making a man a child of God *before* he has repented of his sin. He teaches that the Holy Ghost, co-operating with the truth upon the understanding and the heart, produces faith in God's Revelation of Righteousness in and through Christ, and that this faith, when clear and complete, is the antecedent and instrument of regeneration.\* He has a theory, indeed, about 'a sacred avenue—a *via sacra*—belonging to the original constitution of the human mind, which the Creator reserves for His own sovereign use, and by which He transmits vividly to the believing faculty those ideas with which He designs it to be impressed,' which, like all other 'wisdom of men,' on such points of hidden experience, is, to our thinking, mere 'foolishness;' but the statement of it does not occupy a page, and the author adds, 'But I affirm nothing—nothing further than the fact, revealed by the Divine testimony, that there is a direct work of the Spirit on the mind,' &c.—Page 157.

As respects the nature of regeneration, and the process and progress of sanctification, with all that belongs to the experience of the tempted Christian in a sinful world, Dr. Anderson's observations are eminently judicious. He quotes largely from Boston's 'Fourfold State,' and in general adopts the experimental theology of the famous 'Marrow' school of Scotch divinity. He holds high views as to the degree of holiness attainable by the diligent Christian; and on this, as on a number of other points, his teaching approximates closely to Wesleyan theology. 'The general rule,' he says, 'is, that the child of regeneration, from the day of his birth, gradually advances towards the vigour of the perfectly sanctified man.' To prevent misconception, I observe at the outset, that I shall not intermeddle with the much disputed question, if complete sanctification be attainable in this world; further than to say, that although I suspect it has never been realized, yet is it not only not presumptuous to aim at it, but sinful not to have attained to it; since God wills it, and has made provision for it. . . . Let no one, therefore, plead in defence of his imperfectly sanctified life, that nothing else was ever designed; but that, at the best, he should sin *moderately* till the end of his earthly pilgrimage. The apology is most profane. I reiterate the demand of Christ, "Be ye perfect."—Pp. 177-8.

Nevertheless, while holding views so strong and high as to the privilege and duty of attaining to a state of entire consecration, of 'perfect' Christian renewal, Dr. Anderson has too much true

\* His view of faith might seem, at first, to differ materially from that of those who make it to consist mainly in the trust of the heart. As he develops his views, however, there is very little difference, other than of phrase. His 'belief of God's testimony' involves a hearty trust in the Divine word and promise. He aims at greater simplicity of distinction and arrangement. Still we prefer to adhere to the old form with which we have been familiar, that faith in its completeness implies 'the assent of the understanding, the consent of the will, and the trust of the heart.'

philosophy to forget that the soul of the regenerate man, even of the perfect Christian, must still remain in vital connexion with the body, and, therefore, if for no other reason, must be incapable of attaining to a state of Adamic purity. 'In the case of the drunkard, for example, there are two diseases on him; one of the mind, the other of the body; the one a depravation of his affections, the other a vitiation of his nerves. Now, when such a person comes to be regenerated, the process does not cure the nervous disease: the craving for the poisonous stimulant continues, for some time at least, in all its former viciousness of appetite..... So is it with all other depraved appetites and habits of sensual action and susceptibility: it is the mind alone on which the agency of regeneration acts; and the mind, when changed, proceeds to reduce the rebellious flesh to order.' (Pp. 10, 11.) More follows in illustration of the same principle, and the author brings the section to a close by directing the hope of tempted believers to 'that day when their *entire being* shall be perfectly regenerated; with the body no longer an impediment and temptation, but, itself *spiritualized*, made a fit and harmonious organization for the inhabitation and exercises of the glorified mind.' It will be observed that he uses *mind* in these extracts in its most comprehensive sense, as including all that belongs to our immaterial nature. The result of Dr. Anderson's entire teaching on this subject is, that he maintains, that the 'new man' may be perfectly formed in a Christian, his spiritual principles and affections may be pure and perfect, he may ordinarily and habitually be filled with perfect love to God and man, and yet, even then, such is the connexion of the mind with the body, as well as of the man with the world, that he will remain liable, not merely from without, as in the case of Adam, but, in a sense, from within, to disturbance and temptation from the 'motions of sin which work in his members,' from constitutional besetments, strengthened and aggravated by habit, by association of ideas, by memory, by the long established interplay of mind and body, flesh and spirit.

Dr. Anderson is a bold thinker, and a fervid writer. The Scottish temperament glows strong within him. Happily he is a reverent believer in the Divine Word, and an experimental Christian. This restrains him from driving his bold and logical habit of thinking to dangerous lengths. He does not shrink from launching outright a theory on the subject of original sin. He rejects distinctly and with little ceremony the traducian hypothesis as to the transmission of mind from generation to generation, as 'inferring either gross materialism in the creed, or the fancy, that mind generates mind,' and maintains, on the contrary, 'that every soul has its origin *directly* in the power of God.' (Page 51.) Hence, he is led to adopt 'one form of the privation-theory of Original Sin,' and to 'denounce' the opposite view as 'an impeachment of God as being the author of sin, in the worst form possible, in which the impeachment can be made—as not only tempting to its commission, but directly creating it.' In two pages of strong, hot words, he gives vent to his indignation against those preachers who teach such doctrine, of whom he

affirms, with great disgust, that 'even now-a-days, and among ourselves, they are popular and praised as peculiarly *evangelical*!' He devotes an appendix to the subject of the 'privation-theory,' claiming for it the highest theological authority,—the support of Howe, Turretin, Doddridge, President Edwards, Dr. Williams, Dr. Hodge (of America), Dr. Harris, and many others. Dr. Anderson might have added to his list the name of Richard Watson. To the form of this theory advocated by Dr. Payne, Dr. Anderson takes serious exception. His *practical* conclusion as to the doctrine of original sin is thus expressed: 'Whatever may be the theory according to which the explanation is attempted, the *fact*, that human nature is universally depraved,—that sin is as characteristic of man as any instinctive disposition or habit which may be named, is characteristic of some particular species of animal,—is evinced incontrovertibly by all experience, all observation, and the whole complex of the Scripture.'

Dr. Anderson's subject brings him, of necessity, into contact, at various points, with the High-Church theory of regeneration in baptism, and sanctification by the Eucharist. In face of this false theory, his indignation knows no bounds; not only does he not measure his terms, but he allows himself in a kind of coarse raillery, which greatly violates good taste. We feel as strongly as Dr. Anderson the necessity of utterly exposing and refuting, of overwhelming by logic, and, if needful, even by keen satire, so it be well-mannered, 'the superstition of water-baptism sanctification.' But to do this effectually it is necessary to recognise and do justice to the truth of which it is the perversion, and to show how that truth may be asserted and made efficacious apart from all belief 'in spiritual-material dynamics,' or, as Archdeacon Hare phrases it, in 'the magical powers' of the symbolical ordinance and sacrament of Holy Baptism. How beautiful are these words of Trench, from a hymn \* to his godchild on the day of his baptism!

'Dear child, and happy shalt thou be

If there shall be no dreary space

Between thy present self and past,

No dreary miserable place.

With spectral shapes aghast;

But the full graces of thy prime

Shall, in their weak beginnings, be

Lost in an unremembered time

Of holy infancy.

There is truth at the bottom of such hopes and prayers as these, truth, indeed, which is not necessarily dependent, as High Churchmen fancy, on the doctrine of 'baptismal regeneration,' but which, notwithstanding, gives a charm and a vitality to that evil perversion. Let this truth be recognised, and its consistency shown, equally with the doctrine of human depravity and with that of salvation by faith in Christ. This would be the first step towards an effectual refutation of the priestly superstition. Dr. Anderson can hardly give a believer in



sacramental efficacy, especially if he be a clergyman, credit for common sincerity; Tractarians, as a class, he condemns as dishonest. All this is too sweeping, and mars his excellent treatise. He is, moreover, too diffuse in his style, and writes in too great a heat and haste. A strict revision, with a view to greater nicety of phrase, and especially to greater compression, would greatly benefit his volume. He appears to have been a pupil of Dr. Chalmers. This fact is interesting to us, as affording reason to regard Dr. Anderson's loving and large-hearted theology as in some sort a derivative from the teaching of Chalmers. But one consequence of his having attended Dr. Chalmers's prelections is probably that he has, from the example of his teacher, become infected with that diffuseness on which we have remarked. Nevertheless, as an original, fresh, vigorous, and suggestive performance, we can warmly recommend this treatise to our readers.

**Man Contemplated in his Primeval, Fallen, Redeemed, and Millennial Condition.** By the Rev. Nathan Rouse. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1861.

This book teaches—among other strange things—these as the strangest;—that the regenerate man may be so, and so far, sanctified as to be restored to a state, in which to Adamic purity is united all that belongs to Christian holiness; that the children of parents, both of whom are thus sanctified, will be born (not merely innocent, but) holy, fully sanctified in the highest Christian sense, participant of the Christian character of their parents, at that stage of exalted spirituality and full consecration, to which, through a long growth in grace and the experience of years, they have been brought by the Holy Spirit; moreover, that in the proportion in which any parents may have advanced towards this estate of consummate Christliness, their children will partake of the Christian character; and that, in this way, by propagation, by 'immaculate conception' on a scale which reduces the modern Romish dogma to insignificance, it can alone be expected that Christianity shall ultimately become universal and the visions of prophecy be fulfilled.

These ideas are not new; they have presented themselves in passing to many minds; they have been expressly refuted in the writings of theologians. But till now we are not aware that any one, after seriously considering their meaning and their consequences, has committed himself to the support of principles so crude and unscientific, as well as unscriptural. Mr. Rouse's theory of the propagation of souls is so coarsely, so revoltingly, material, that we cannot bring ourselves to print the words in which it is expressed. Suffice it that Christian sanctification descends, together with the soul, from parent to child, enwrapped in a material vehicle. Mr. Rouse does not seem to be aware that, according to the well-established results of scientific investigation, the result of his principle, if it were true, would be that the soul and the sanctification are derived exclusively from the father.

On all that belongs to this subject Mr. Rouse's views are extremely



superficial, notwithstanding the great confidence with which he holds them. According to his philosophy, each vegetable has a soul. He quotes from Müller's work on *Sin*, as if that great thinker agreed with him, whereas the very passages he quotes show that the profound German philosopher holds a view precisely the contrary of his own. It is evident that he has never even conceived the question which lies at the root of all truly scientific thought on this subject—What is nature? What are the laws and forces on which the continuity of species depends? He even seems to write as if he looked upon depravity as a material force, if not as a material deposit.

His interpretations of Scripture, not only as respects the second and third chapters of Genesis, but such passages, *e. g.*, as John iii. 6, 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh,' are specimens of superficial, unspiritual rationalizing, exceeding in their way almost anything to be found in Kuinoël. Mr. Rouse teaches that the children of the fully holy are *not* 'born of the flesh.' But he has not explained how, on his hypothesis, we are to interpret John iii. 3.

Mr. Rouse's conception of the nature of sanctification is vitally defective. Suppose a child were born into the world, entirely free from the taint of human depravity, it would not on that account be a partaker of Christian regeneration, or grow up in the possession of Christian holiness. It would be as rational to conceive of an infant being born mature in body and mind, and in bodily and mental vigour, perfect in habits and in activity as respects his whole nature, as to conceive that the character of the perfect Christian can be transmitted to his unborn child. The righteousness of the Christian is an essentially and consciously dependent righteousness; he must lean every moment on the staff of a Divine support; the new life is 'life in Christ;' the new nature is the being made 'partaker of the Divine nature;' and all that belongs to the Christian's privileges, character, and experience, involves a personal relation between the individual man and his Saviour. How can such a personal relation be transmitted to his offspring through a material vehicle?

That, in some way, the character of the offspring is conditioned by the character, as well as by the constitution, of his parents, may probably be the case. But the laws on which that depends cannot be known by us. Assuredly Mr. Rouse's view of the matter is as low, and as unphilosophical, as could well be taken. But, whatever may be the secret laws which determine the facts of the case, universal experience assures us that the pride and passion of self-will which, apart from every grosser manifestation of antagonism to the holy will of God, betokens the depravity of the race, is found alike in all men, and is not found to be mitigated in the children of the godly. Facts contradict, and philosophy disowns, Mr. Rouse's theory.

In fact, whoever will try to realize it, will easily learn its unphilosophical character as a theory. Suppose a parent to be partially sanctified, with the 'remains of the carnal mind' struggling for the mastery, in what condition is his offspring born? *In that very condition?* Is there no law of his nature, *as such?* Is he already

launched into the mid career of Christian experience and life? But suppose, farther, that the parents are unequally sanctified, or the one partially holy, the other still ungodly at heart, into what state will the infant be born, so as fairly to represent and reproduce, in just proportions, and in definite combination, the actual spiritual state of both parents? Or suppose one is 'entirely sanctified,' and the other but partially, or not at all, what then? Here we have indeed new and strange problems relating to the 'composition of forces.' Mr. Rouse, we hope, ere long will abandon his crude speculations, and confess that our nature, as such, is fallen in Adam, and has its laws of perverted bias and sinful tendency.

**Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi.** Edited, with Notes and Introductory Account of her Life and Writings, by A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C. Two Vols. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1861.

THE two volumes now before us, as a contribution to a special department of literature, may be read with advantage by the student of society and social aspects in the last century. Nor will they be found uninteresting by the general reader, who only desires to pass lightly away a few leisure hours. Hester Lynch Piozzi, or 'H. L. P.,' as she often signs herself in these her literary remains, is best known as Mrs. Thrale, the intimate friend, and benefactress we may add, of Dr. Johnson. Benefactress,—for whatever may have been its originating cause, or the reasons for its maintenance, unquestionably Mrs. Thrale's association with the great moralist and lexicographer was very largely productive of advantage to him. To have hinted such a thought to him would probably have excited all his irascibility, and might have led him to break off a connexion which he would have regarded as degrading. Still it is pretty clear from the details given in these volumes, that both he and the world were gainers by the hospitable asylum afforded him at Streatham House, in the days when its owners were in prosperity and health. Mrs. Piozzi first came into notice, as Hester Lynch Salusbury, at an eventful period of England's history; and she occupied a prominent place in polite and literary society for more than half a century, descending to the grave at the ripe old age of eighty-one, within three days of Napoleon Buonaparte, and in the same year as saw the fourth George crowned King of England. Born in 1740, in 1760, when George III. was crowned, she was the centre of a learned and witty circle. In earlier days Quin, the actor, had taught her to recite Satan's Speech to the Sun, from *Paradise Lost*, and Garrick had honoured her with a seat upon his knee while they together viewed the illumination and fireworks, part of the rejoicing for the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. And now having been well educated by Dr. Collier, an aged intimate of the family, she took her place, at seventeen, as the head of the establishment of her widowed uncle, Sir Thomas Salusbury; her already brilliant acquirements procuring for her much deserved and honest

praise, as well as enough of mere adulation and flattery, in the stilted and affected style of the times. At this period she was happy. Then came the beginning of a long sad chapter in her history; her marriage to a man whom she did not love, and who did not love her, who married her because he had determined to do so, and who never treated her with proper respect. Her state of marital bondage would have proved intolerable had she been left to brood over it; but her daily intercourse with Dr. Johnson, and with those who were glad to approach him through her, and with those who admired her for her own talents, directed her thoughts into a more agreeable channel, and saved her much mental anguish. Moreover, amid all her trials, we see the proofs of a high-principled sense of duty in the manner in which she successfully exerted herself to gain for her husband the height of his ambition, a seat in Parliament. Admirable, too, was the promptitude and coolness with which she undertook to conduct his business, when, having become the dupe of designing men, and speculated so unwisely in his trade as a brewer, as to involve himself deeply, he sank beneath the wreck of his fortune into a state of imbecility. He died, and then, with tolerable means at command, she was again free. She married a second time,—taking, to the great horror of fashionable society, and the indignation of her daughters, Gabrielli Piozzi, an Italian, a public singer,—and for love. Her abrupt severance from Dr. Johnson and her marriage were matters of much conversation, and even severe newspaper animadversion: but she could well afford to bear all; for she was happy again, loved and loving. She was a widow in the latter years of her life.

Such is a brief summary of the history of Mrs. Piozzi. The chief interest will be found in the first volume, and especially in the latter part of it, where the autobiography is placed. Mr. Hayward's contribution is not very artistic; it betrays marks of having been compiled under the pressure of professional business; and many of the letters in the second volume might well have been omitted, seeing that they furnish nothing more than proofs of the vitality to the last of the writer. Still, as we have already said, the portraits of contemporaries, and the facts abundantly scattered about, will be found of value to the student of history, who may perchance find old details presented in a new light.

**The Divine Covenants; their Nature and Design: or, The Covenants considered as successive Stages in the Development of the Divine Purposes of Mercy.** By John Kelly. Jackson and Walford. 1861.

THE present year's issue of the Congregational Library: an institution to which theological literature is indebted for the production, within the last twenty-five years, of several works of permanent value. The subject appears to have been chosen by Mr. Kelly under the impression that it, together with several kindred branches of theological inquiry, has fallen unduly into neglect. We are not indisposed to agree with him. We have too little of broad

theology—understanding that expression not in the sense of creedless latitudinarianism, but in the sense of just and wide-grasping generalization. We have seen immense advancements in scientific exegesis, and in literal criticism; but this is far from being the only branch of theology which the Church requires. To ascertain the precise meaning of a given passage of Scripture, to master the contents of an entire book, to be proficient in the science of Biblical Introduction, these are all achievements inferior and preparatory to that higher science which, contemplating revelation as a whole, endeavours to lay down a just and systematic order in the arrangement and in the mutual relations of the doctrines therein contained. This higher science may not necessarily require so much learning as the other, but it requires more wisdom and deeper thought. Of the sound orthodoxy of Mr. Kelly's volume we can speak without reserve. He is untainted with modern doubts upon the nature of atonement and sacrifice. The book may have been intended as a banner to be displayed for the purpose of re-assuring those who may have feared that Congregationalists were drifting towards Rationalism. It stoutly upholds one peculiarity of Calvinism—the unconditional perseverance of the saints; but contends as stoutly for the unrestricted offer of Gospel salvation. The several covenants—the Noachic, the Abrahamic, the Sinaitic, the Davidic, and the Prophetic—are severally considered in their individual, progressive, didactic, and typical characters. Mr. Kelly declines to speak of 'the Adamic Covenant,' thinking the term inapplicable. In the last two chapters, the mediatorship of Christ, and the actual administration of the New Covenant under the Gospel economy, are brought under consideration.

The work is that of a sound old-fashioned theologian, but without prolixity. There is little or no speculation, but a clear statement of the vital truth, as it appeared successively, and with growing fulness, to Noah, Abraham, Moses, David, and the later Prophets. It is a book calculated to afford valuable help both to those who wish to understand, and to those who desire more clearly to explain, that redeeming work of Christ of which the Scriptures are full; and we shall be happy to meet with it in the libraries of our ministers. When will the Wesleyan body institute a yearly issue similar to the Congregational Lecture?

**Revolutions in English History.** By Robert Vaughan, D.D.  
Vol. II. **Revolutions in Religion.** Parkers. 1861.

DR. VAUGHAN'S former volume was entitled *Revolutions of Race*. If we were merely to judge from the titles, we should not be led to infer that the work, of which these are the first two instalments, is a continuous history. But so, in fact, it is. The history of the formative period of a nation's career is, mainly and essentially, that of its revolutions. And these, in themselves, Dr. Vaughan teaches us, exemplify a certain law of succession. First came 'the Revolutions of Race:' the Celt dominated and civilized by the Roman; the Romanized

Celtic population conquered by and amalgamated with the Saxon and the Dane; so as at length to present the complex unity of Anglo-Saxon England under its Danish and Saxon kings; Anglo-Saxon England conquered and ruled by the Normans, until in the fourteenth century the conquerors and conquered are completely fused into one nation, and the Anglo-Norman kingdom is fixed so far as regards the elements of race, and the characteristic and (so to speak) constitutional tendencies of the nation in respect of political self-government. Next come 'the Revolutions of Religion,' the secret springs of which must be traced up to the times of Wickliffe, or possibly even earlier; but the manifest rise and course of which are included within the period of the Tudor reigns, from Henry VII. to Elizabeth, the period embraced in the present volume. Then come the great Revolutions in Government, synchronizing with the Stuart period; and finally, 'Revolutions in Social Power,' embracing the progress of Toleration, the expansion of the Constitution, the development of our national industry, the founding of our Colonial Empire, and the later growth of our intellectual, moral, and religious life. This last section of revolutions must, we imagine, occupy as many volumes, if it is to be treated effectively, as all the preceding history; so that Dr. Vaughan's work will probably not be completed under half-a-dozen goodly volumes, such as the two which have been already published.

It will thus be seen, that this work is, in effect, a kind of History of England. It is less descriptive than discursive, and more suggestive than picturesque. Facts in this history have importance in proportion not to the breadth of surface which they covered, as they originally took place, or to the brilliancy of the colouring in which they then appeared to the public eye; but to their force and influence as causes in determining the future development of events. The value and intrinsic interest of such a history, if competently written, to all earnest and truly philosophic thinkers, and, especially, to all Englishmen who would understand the growth of their nation's life, and of their country's greatness, is obvious. The idea of the work is most happy, and, so far as we know, original. No intelligent student can apprehend it without feeling that the very conception of it opens to him a fruitful line of thought and suggestion. And, as respects the general competency of the historian, Dr. Vaughan's high character as a critic and historical student, and especially as the historian of Wickliffe, is a sufficient guarantee. We have been entirely satisfied with these two volumes. If we were to suggest any subject which we should like to see more fully treated, it is the actual condition of the people from the tenth to the sixteenth century. Although Dr. Vaughan has not neglected this subject, he has hardly, we think, done it as ample justice as he might have done,—let us say what we think, as he should have done. Here the picturesque might have most usefully come in, and the state of the country and population, at various epochs, might have been set forth in detail and bright colouring; and here too lessons might have been brought out in reference to the rise

of pauperism, the peculiar evils of the one-sided feudalism which has prevailed in England, and the prime conditions of national frugality and independence, as affected by the nature of the land tenure, which Dr. Vaughan has omitted to take note of. We confess, too, that a little more detail and painting as to the history of Henry in his domestic relations would have pleased us well. With only this volume before us, we should know next to nothing of Henry and his wives, except so far as regards the first two, of whom we have just sufficient information. In a book, however, which deals with great causes and permanent effects, and which traces the main channels of progress, and follows the sweep of a nation's grand career, it will seldom be possible for the historian to pause in order to mark events of merely collateral importance, even though they may be of great individual interest.

Dr. Vaughan is a Nonconformist of extensive reading and of high intellectual culture, distinguished among his brethren for breadth of view and general liberality of sentiment. Such a history as we have described, by such a man, must possess a peculiar interest and value. Churchmen, in particular, should be anxious to study the development of such a man's opinions, and to consider the conclusions to which he has come. Hitherto, we have met with no narrowness of sentiment. Such a Nonconformist as Vaughan, and such Churchmen as Hare and Kingsley, in their reading of history, see alike in more things than the extreme representatives of parties within the Church of England. Dr. Vaughan's views respecting Nationalists and Romanists, Romanists and Protestants, Anglicans and Romanists, and Anglicans and Puritans, seem to us to be eminently fair and exceedingly instructive. His denominational bias in favour of the Puritans is held in admirable control by his judicial impartiality as an historian. Of course, he condemns the Anglicans, on the whole. All but Anglican bigots do the same.

An Exposition of the First Epistle of St. John. By the Rev. W. J. Handcock. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1861.

Biblical Commentary on the Epistles of St. John. By Dr. John H. A. Ebrard. Translated by the Rev. W. B. Pope. Edinburgh: Clark's Foreign Theological Library. 1860.

Præfatio Johannis Epistolæ Argumentum, Nexus, et Consilium. Commentatio Exegetica, Auctore D. Erdmann. Berolini. 1855.

It augurs well, when the writings of St. John are in favour with Christian scholars and divines; and we are glad to be able, at one and the same time, to call the attention of our readers to three commentaries on the whole or part of his Epistles. The first of these is all the more welcome, because, though it is smaller and less elaborate than its fellows, and though Germany has given it its prevailing cast and colouring, the author belongs to ourselves, and has produced



a work which thoughtful students of Scripture cannot fail to read with admiration and profit. Mr. Handcock writes like a man who is in love with his subject; and every part of his book proves that, whether his principles of interpretation and his views of particular passages will hold or no, he has taken abundant pains to certify himself of the firmness of his footing. He may be indebted to others, perhaps, for the general conception and hue of his exegesis; but he is altogether removed from the company of mere compilers and copyists by the laboriousness of his critical inductions, by the patience with which he has thought out the great points of his Exposition, and by the freedom and symmetry which mark the shaping of his materials. We could wish he had less faith than he seems to have in certain philological crotchets, which show their quaint faces here and there amidst the sound and healthy scholarship of the volume. They would fare ill in the hands of Klotz and Winer, and should be quietly got rid of at the first opportunity. It is a retrograde criticism, to say nothing more, which makes καὶ mean 'therefore,' and ἀλλὰ 'except.' There is more than one doctrine of our author's respecting the Greek verb, which would sadly shock the sensibilities of some of our learned friends of the basin of the Rhine. We are not sure, too, that we might not make out a case of prejudice against the writer in reference to several readings which he adopts; and, were we put to it, we should find it hard to defend him from the charge of unseasonable dogmatism in the expression of many of his opinions and judgments. How he can refuse, for example, to accept ἀγγελία for ἐπαγγελία in chapter i. verse 5, when it is found not 'in some manuscripts' only, but in almost all the leading uncials, and in chapter ii. verse 13 can retain the fourth γράφω of the passage, in face of overwhelming authority on the side of γράφα, we are at a loss to understand; and though we have no sympathy with a criticism which is afraid to speak its mind, we confess to a strong love for a frequent admixture of the potential with the indicative in the lips of an expositor of Scripture, and for the absence, where doubt is possible, of anything like the language of a rigid and peremptory confidence. A further drawback on the pleasure with which we have read Mr. Handcock's commentary, consists in the occurrence in every part of it of a theological phraseology which is new to this country, and which, we think, should be left, for the most part, in the hands of our Platonizing transcendentalists. 'Humanity,' 'life-power,' 'world-organs,' and those strange 'spheres' of ethical being, 'cosmic' and 'extramundane,' which meet us at every turn, are an uncouth tribe of terms, adding little or nothing to our stock of ideas; and, if not in the work before us, at any rate too often standing as the representatives of mere dreams or of very impalpable and dubious realities. We are by no means satisfied that St. John's views of the *κόσμος*, the *ζωή*, the *πνεῦμα*, and their respective relations, were at all such as our author supposes them to have been. We believe they were far more simple, more definite, more concrete, more akin to men's every-day thoughts and experiences. And we should be more than sorry to see a style of exposition come to prevail among us,

which would tend, as we conceive, to becloud and mystify to us those grand and glorious truths, of which the child-like language of St. John is the inspired vehicle. Mr. Hancock's theology is in the fullest sense evangelical. All the great articles of the faith are contained and taught in his volume. But the terminology he has employed, and the idealistic mould and complexion of his writing, sort ill with his dogmatics; and he must not be surprised if he is misunderstood, even where he may be able to give the best possible account of himself. Indeed, we cannot but think, that, without designing it, he now and then runs as near the edge of error as a wise man would care to do. We would point to pages 104 and 105 of his book, as at once an example of what we mean, and a sufficient justification of our criticisms. But whatever minor blemishes may belong to this work, they must not be allowed to keep out of sight its many beauties and excellencies. It is the production of a heart warm with Christian feeling, and deeply imbued with the love of Christian truth in its highest and purest forms. The intelligence of the man of mind and information, the patience of the practised student and thinker, and the cheerful ease which long familiarity with a congenial subject confer on a writer, are all conspicuous in Mr. Hancock's pleasant and valuable book. The ungainly terms apart, of which we spoke just now, we hardly know when we have met with more charming writing of the kind than may be found in this little volume. Unaffected, unembarrassed, clear, forcible, tender—there is a sacred sweetness and sunshine about it we cannot too highly estimate and commend. Sure we are that no one, be he scholar, theologian, or whatever else, will lay this work down after such a reading of it as it deserves without being a wiser and better man, and without a strong sense, likewise, of obligation to the piety, ingenuity, learning, and diligence of its author.—Ebrard on St. John's Epistles is well known on the Continent, and requires no praise from us to secure for it the eager and profound attention of all critical readers of the word of God who are at home in German. It is a work worthy of the great opponent of Strauss, and is distinguished for its masculine sense, its exact logic, its massive though not cumbrous erudition, and the fine religious tone which animates and pervades it. We have compared several parts of the translation with the German, and have no hesitation in saying that we never fell in with a foreign theological work to which so much justice has been done in the rendering. Without being slavish, the English edition of Ebrard is an accurate, vigorous, and graceful reproduction of the original; and—what is no small virtue in a book of this class—it has been carried through the press with an all but faultless nicety of literary castigation.—In reference to Erdmann, the third of the names on our list, our limits forbid us to make more than a single note. He writes in Latin, and, like Mr. Hancock, deals with the First Epistle only. His Commentary is a sober, compact, well-digested, acute, and luminous work, which, without any parade of learning, sheds important light on many difficult passages of the Epistle, and suffers nothing by comparison

with those of his more celebrated successor in this fair field of biblical discussion.

**The Prophet Enoch: or, The Sons of God and the Sons of Men. A Poem.** By James Burton Robertson, Esq., Translator of F. Schlegel's 'Philosophy of History.' London: James Blackwood.

THE title-page contains a somewhat odd mixture; but the preface, which occupies at least twenty pages, is really amusing. Mr. Robertson, it appears, composed this poem several years ago, but has hitherto not ventured to publish it, assigning as his reason that, in this country, 'for about forty years, poetry, with one or two favoured exceptions, has been neglected and almost proscribed.' Now, however, believing that he has discovered 'some symptoms of a happier change in the public taste,' he ventures into print—as small fishing-smacks (this is not the poet's comparison) peep timidly out of harbour when the weather shows some indications of becoming fair. The poem contains six cantos, and is about half the length of the *Paradise Lost*; but Mr. Robertson naively intimates that, in one important particular at least, he has been able to improve upon Milton's design. About half of the work is devoted to the revelations of an angel, who discourses to Enoch of the future history of mankind;—this, Mr. Robertson explains, is more congruous than making Adam the subject of such a communication, as Milton has done. We are further favoured with the names and addresses of two Englishmen and of half a dozen Germans, to whom the author submitted his poem in manuscript: their highly eulogistic criticisms are quoted, with equally eulogistic notices of themselves politely tendered in return. The poem is not altogether unreadable; but its pictures of patriarchal life are wanting in ease and naturalness; there is not the grand simplicity which the subject requires; and the talk of his antediluvians is just that of men of the nineteenth century. We do not wish by any means to speak of the work with contempt, but we have failed to discover anything, either in conception, in spirit, in rhythm, or in diction, which entitles it to peculiar admiration: and certainly, if an unpoetic age is to be borne aloft into the 'ether pure,' it must be upon stronger pinions than this muse is possessed of.

**Religion in Earnest: a Memorial of Mrs. Mary Lyth, of York.** By her Son, John Lyth. Sold by J. Mason. 1861.

THIS volume may fairly be singled out, from among the copious catalogue of religious biographies, for special notice. It is full of character. Mrs. Lyth was a fine specimen of a Methodist of the best old school,—sedate, sober, cheerful, quiet, zealous,—with great force of character, mental powers above the average, and a piety which was nourished by much study and meditation, and was exemplified in a

thorough discharge of home duties first, as the head of a numerous family, and of works of benevolence and Christian usefulness. The tone of the book is thoroughly good, its literary merits are highly respectable, and we wish it a wide circulation.

The Christian Verity stated; in Reply to a Unitarian. By Walter Chamberlain, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's, Bolton-le-Moors. London: Wertheim and Macintosh. 1861.

UNITARIANISM is beginning to bestir itself. Who would have thought, a few years ago, of Unitarians employing city missionaries in connexion with their own body, for house-to-house visitation and reading of the Scriptures? This is now being done in Manchester, where the Unitarian resides to whom the work before us is intended as a reply. Dr. Beard is known as one of the ablest and most learned ministers of that denomination; and it is a small essay of his, *Reasons for being a Unitarian*, which has called forth Mr. Chamberlain's production, in which, however, he does not confine himself to Dr. Beard's arguments, but aims at taking a comprehensive and popular view of the entire question at issue between the Socinian and the orthodox belief. It is written with modesty, and in a kindly spirit; and if a superabundance of italics denotes a corresponding strength of argumentation, it is sure to succeed. To us it appears that the chief question to be settled, as between orthodoxy and Unitarianism, refers to the use and limitation of reason in matters of religion. Their textual criticism, everybody now knows, will not bear examination; but when a man first professes to receive the Scriptures as a revelation, in some sort at least, and at the same time refuses to receive anything which he cannot comprehend; when, in other words, he professes to receive the Divine, and yet resolves to reject the mysterious, he places himself in a dilemma from which there is no escape, except by interpreting the Divine revelation in a forced or a non-natural sense. A noble argument might be constructed, founded exclusively upon the recorded utterances of the Lord Himself, with this issue—that Christ, judged by His own sayings, was either a Divine Person in the sense in which the Church uses that term, or He was a deceiver and an impostor. If the sayings of Christ are collected and studied with this view, it will be seen that they leave no other alternative; that He is, by His words not less than by His works, His own witness. His miracles have always been insisted on; His words, considered with this especial view, have not even yet received the consideration which they deserve. Mr. Chamberlain has not altogether overlooked this argument, but it is not brought out into prominence. The work is carefully done, and is calculated to strengthen such doubters as are willing to receive as sufficient the Scripture testimony. But so long as a man regards the doctrine of the Trinity as essentially an absurdity, and so long as he considers himself fairly entitled, on the ground of possessing rational powers, to lay this down as an axiom or principle

*in limine*, it is of no use to argue with him upon the meaning of this or that Scripture text.

**The Restoration of Apostles and Prophets; in the Catholic Apostolic Church.** London: Bosworth and Harrison. 1861.

THIS narrative does not profess to be a full and complete history of all the events connected with 'the present restoration of the Church,' that is, the rise and growth of Irvingism; but it does profess to give the principal features thereof, 'as proofs or illustrations of its heavenly origin and character.' Accordingly, in the first seventy pages, we have a history of its commencement at Glasgow about 1828, and of miraculous cures, the gift of tongues, miraculous communings, revelations, and the like, connected chiefly, though by no means exclusively, with the ministrations of Edward Irving. The writer then goes on to narrate how, by degrees, the holy order of apostles and prophets was instituted; and the present position of Irvingism is thus stated: 'Hitherto with slow and noiseless step the apostles have proceeded, from year to year, as the Providence of God has opened the way, and as the Spirit guided them; and although the present fruit of their labours may be small, the seeds of an abundant harvest have been sown. Our present position, if it seem like standing still, is a standing on the brink of a future full of wonders.' (Page 184.) In about five years, these wonders may be expected to commence. 'Judging according to outward appearances only, there may seem at present a very inadequate result of a more than five-and-twenty years' restoration of apostles and prophets; but we have been bidden to remember the longer period of thirty years, so often employed in the perfecting of God's instruments.' Joseph's dreams, the writer goes on to say, were not fulfilled till he was thirty years old; David was not crowned, the Baptist did not preach, Jesus did not publicly appear, till the same time: *therefore*—(how delightfully conclusive the arguing!)—five years more may be expected to elapse before Irvingism bursts out before the world in all the splendour and glory promised to the Church by Isaiah and all the Prophets!

**Ten Years' Wanderings among the Ethiopians; with Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Civilized and Uncivilized Tribes, from Senegal to Gaboon.** By Thomas J. Hutchinson, F.R.G.S. Hurst and Blackett. 1861.

IN his two former publications, Mr. Hutchinson gave a much more favourable portraiture of African character than that which appears in this volume. It is easy for gentlemen whose employment confines them almost exclusively to the coast, of whose time a large portion is spent in cruising on ship-board, and only a small portion in actual intercourse with the natives, to excite suspicion with regard to the correctness of the assertions of missionaries whose whole lives are spent in

intercourse with them. Mr. Hutchinson's former volumes exhibited this tendency; the present does not. By way of justifying the different complexion of this from his previous narratives, he says, 'I shall only advance the plea of never having set forth anything in my description of these people but the naked and unadorned truth as it stood before me.'

This volume is not a journal of travels; it is a collection of notes and statistics, of stories and disquisitions, thrown together without any apparent plan, and in a somewhat confused manner. It contains, however, some valuable materials, chiefly of a political or quasi-political kind, and a few incidents are cleverly told. The interest of every volume upon Western Africa must more or less centre in the questions of slavery and of the slave trade. The domestic slavery which is indigenous to the whole continent, Mr. Hutchinson regards as a very mild form of servitude, which he does not wish to see discontinued at present; indeed, he regards it, 'with the notable exceptions of Dahomy and Ashanti, as, in fact, little more than a *nominis umbra*.' Perhaps this is a point upon which further information may modify his views. Of the existence of cannibalism among the interior tribes he produces evidence which can scarcely leave room for further doubt; and his accounts of the prevalence of human sacrifice more than sustain the statements of the missionaries. Like every true Englishman, he abominates the slave trade; and his facts and documents with reference to the French system of 'voluntary emigrants' are such as to remove all doubts, if any doubts can possibly have remained, with regard to the actual operation of that system, which is only the slave trade under another name. For example, with regard to the middle passage, he mentions that the French steamer 'Stella,' which left Longuebonne, on the S.W. coast, with a cargo of 950 'voluntary' emigrants, arrived at Guadaloupe, after a thirty days' voyage, with only 647; 303 of the number, or 10 per day, having perished on the voyage;—a mortality which may be compared with the most frightful records of the *bonâ fide* slave trade.

Mr. Hutchinson gives an account, which is in some of its features amusing, of the recent attempt of the Spanish to colonize the island of Fernando Po, and of the expulsion therefrom of some Baptist missionaries. Like other Romish governments, the Spaniards took with them to that island a detachment of priests, whose faith seems to have been strong in the *vi et armis* method of propagating Christianity. The references to mission work in this volume are numerous and on the whole respectful, but so indeterminate and contradictory as to deprive them of any great value. The author is more at home in giving facts and statistics relative to the Liverpool trade. On the whole, the volume, though not without considerable interest, contributes little or nothing that is really an addition to our previous knowledge of Western Africa.



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